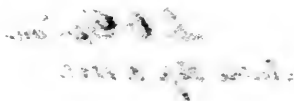


L. C. Deane.
Natick Sep. 3. 1835.



THE
YOUNG LADIES' CLASS BOOK;

A SELECTION OF

LESSONS FOR READING,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY EBENEZER BAILEY,
PRINCIPAL OF THE YOUNG LADIES' HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON.

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The names of American writers are in small capitals.

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Young Ladies' Class Book

THE

YOUNG LADIES' CLASS BOOK.

LESSON I.

On Elocution and Reading.—N. A. REVIEW.

THE business of training our youth in elocution must be commenced in childhood. The first school is the nursery. There, at least, may be formed a distinct articulation, which is the first requisite for good speaking. How rarely is it found in perfection among our orators! Words, says one, referring to articulation, should “be delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins, newly issued from the mint; deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight.” How rarely do we hear a speaker, whose tongue, teeth and lips do their office so perfectly as, in any wise, to answer to this beautiful description! And the common faults in articulation, it should be remembered, take their rise from the very nursery. But let us refer to other particulars.

Grace in eloquence—in the pulpit, at the bar—cannot be separated from grace in the ordinary manners, in private life, in the social circle, in the family. It cannot well be superinduced upon all the other acquisitions of youth, any more than that nameless, but invaluable quality, called good breeding. You may, therefore, begin the work of forming the orator with your child; not merely by teaching him to declaim, but, what is of much more consequence, by observing and correcting his daily manners, motions and attitudes.

You can say, when he comes into your apartment, or presents you with something, a book or letter, in an awkward and blundering manner, “Just return, and enter this room again,” or, “Present me that book in a different manner,” or,

“Put yourself into a different attitude.” You can explain to him the difference between thrusting or pushing out his hand and arm, in straight lines and at acute angles, and moving them in flowing, circular lines, and easy, graceful action. He will readily understand you. Nothing is more true than that “the motions of children are originally graceful;” and it is by suffering them to be perverted, that we lay the foundation for invincible awkwardness in later life.

We go, next, to the schools for children. It ought to be a leading object, in these schools, to teach the art of reading. It ought to occupy three-fold more time than it does. The teachers of these schools should labor to improve *themselves*. They should feel, that to them, for a time, are committed the future orators of the land.

We had rather have a child, even of the other sex, return to us from school a first-rate reader, than a first-rate performer on the piano-forte. We should feel that we had a far better pledge for the intelligence and talent of our child. The accomplishment, in its perfection, would give more pleasure. The voice of song is not sweeter than the voice of eloquence; and there may be eloquent readers, as well as eloquent speakers. We speak of *perfection* in this art; and it is something, we must say in defence of our preference, which we have never yet seen. Let the same pains be devoted to reading, as are required to form an accomplished performer on an instrument; let us have—as the ancients had—the formers of the voice, the music-masters of the *reading* voice; let us see years devoted to this accomplishment, and then we should be prepared to stand the comparison.

It is, indeed, a most intellectual accomplishment. So is music, too, in its perfection. We do by no means undervalue this noble and most delightful art; to which Socrates applied himself, even in his old age. But one recommendation of the art of reading is, that it requires a constant exercise of mind. It demands continual and close reflection and thought, and the finest discrimination of thought. It involves, in its perfection, the whole art of criticism on language. A man may possess a fine genius, without being a perfect reader; but he cannot be a perfect reader without genius.

LESSON II.

Education of Females.—STORY.

IF Christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to woman, as an intellectual and moral being, it is as true that the present age, above all others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to reverence its influence. It was the fashion of other times, to treat the literary acquirements of the sex as starched pedantry, or vain pretension; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues, which constitute the charm of society. We had abundant homilies read upon their amiable weaknesses and sentimental delicacy, upon their timid gentleness and submissive dependence; as if to taste the fruit of knowledge were a deadly sin, and ignorance were the sole guardian of innocence. Their whole lives were “sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought;” and concealment of intellectual power was often resorted to, to escape the dangerous imputation of masculine strength.

In the higher walks of life, the satirist was not without color for the suggestion, that it was

“A youth of folly, an old age of cards;”

and that, elsewhere, “most women had no character at all,” beyond that of purity and devotion to their families. Admirable as are these qualities, it seemed an abuse of the gifts of Providence, to deny to mothers the power of instructing their children, to wives the privilege of sharing the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, to sisters and daughters the delight of ministering knowledge in the fireside circle, to youth and beauty the charm of refined sense, to age and infirmity the consolation of studies, which elevate the soul, and gladden the listless hours of despondency.

These things have, in a great measure, passed away. The prejudices, which dishonored the sex, have yielded to the influence of truth. By slow but sure advances, education has extended itself through all ranks of female society. There is no longer any dread lest the culture of science

should foster that masculine boldness or restless independence, which alarms by its sallies, or wounds by its inconsistencies. We have seen that here, as every where else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; that the refinement of literature adds lustre to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like those of the diamond, attest at once its power and its purity.

There is not a rank of female society, however high, which does not now pay homage to literature, or that would not blush even at the suspicion of that ignorance, which, a half century ago, was neither uncommon nor discreditable. There is not a parent, whose pride may not glow at the thought, that his daughter's happiness is, in a great measure, within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of fashion.

A new path is thus opened for female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of misfortune, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity or modesty. Man no longer aspires to an exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals or allies in almost every department of knowledge; and they are to be found among those, whose elegance of manners and blamelessness of life command his respect, as much as their talents excite his admiration.



LESSON III.

Breathings of Spring.—MRS. HEMANS.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring?—Sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute;
'Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring!—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they, too, hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener! thou hast burst their sleep!
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And penciling the wood-anemone:
Silent they seem; yet each to thoughtful eye
Glow with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the *heart*, O Spring—
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art:
What wak'st thou in the heart?

Too much, oh! there too much!—we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus, yet, roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see!
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone!

Looks of familiar love, that never more,
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,
And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why reviv'st thou these?

Vain longings for the dead !—why come they back

With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms ?

Oh ! is it not, that from thine earthly track

Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs ?

Yes, gentle Spring ; no sorrow dims thine air,

Breathed by our loved ones *there* !

LESSON IV.

The Winged Worshippers.—C. SPRAGUE.

[Addressed to two Swallows, that flew into Church during Divine Service.]

GAY, guiltless pair,

What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?

Ye have no need of prayer,

Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,

Where mortals to their Maker bend ?

Can your pure spirits fear

The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew

The crimes for which we come to weep :

Penance is not for you,

Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given

To wake sweet nature's untaught lays ;

Beneath the arch of heaven

To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,

Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,

And join the choirs that sing

In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar
On nature's charms to feed,
And nature's own great God adore.

LESSON V.

SELECT PARAGRAPHS.

Memory.—ROGERS.

HAIL, Memory, hail! In thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age, unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought, and her shadowy brood, thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,—
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blessed.

True Dignity.—BEATTIE.

VAIN man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid ;—
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid ;—
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid ?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm ;—
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?
Behold the victor vanquished by the worm !
Behold what deeds of wo the locusts can perform !

True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below ;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,
Shrinks not, though fortune aim her deadliest blow.

Beauty.—GAY.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind and harmony within ?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply ?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare ?
No :—those at first the unwary heart may gain ;
But these, these only, can the heart retain.

Indolence.—THOMSON.

THEIR only labor was to kill the time ;
And labor dire it is, and weary wo.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme :
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
Straight on their couch their limbs again they throw,
Where, hours on hours, they, sighing, lie reclined,
And court the vapory god, soft-breathing in the wind.

Change.—YOUNG.

Look nature through ; 'tis revolution all :
All change ; no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer, gay
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn : Winter, gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away ;—
Then melts into the Spring. Soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades ;
As in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend—
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

LESSON VI.*Contrasted Soliloquies.*—JANE TAYLOR.

“ALAS!” exclaimed a silver-headed sage, “how narrow is the utmost extent of human science!—how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge ; but how little do I know ! The farther I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain limit, all is but confusion or conjecture ; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant, consists greatly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

“It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the distances of the planets ; I can calculate their periodical movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions ; but with regard to their construction, and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know more than the clown ?

“Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed the elements ; and have given names

to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

"I remark that all bodies, unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain, which draws all things to a common centre? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause; but can I explain or comprehend it?

"Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the *animal*, *vegetable* and *mineral* kingdoms; and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families: but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil, that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret, that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

"I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it *instinct*, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute, as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me, as are the learned languages to the unlettered rustic: I understand as little of their policy and laws, as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

"But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in *metaphysical* speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connexion. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition is either communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded, if I attempt to account for it

“Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those *languages*, by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of other times! And what have I gathered from these, but the mortifying fact, that man has ever been struggling with his own impotence, and vainly endeavoring to overleap the bounds which limit his anxious inquiries?”

“Alas! then, what have I gained by my laborious researches, but an humbling conviction of my weakness and ignorance? How little has man, at his best estate, of which to boast! What folly in him to glory in his contracted powers, or to value himself upon his imperfect acquisitions!”

“Well,” exclaimed a young lady, just returned from school, “my education is at last finished!—indeed, it would be strange, if, after five years’ hard application, any thing were left incomplete. Happily, *that* is all over now; and I have nothing to do, but to exercise my various accomplishments.

“Let me see!—As to *French*, I am mistress of that, and speak it, if possible, with more fluency than English. *Italian* I can read with ease, and pronounce very well; as well, at least, as any of my friends; and that is all one need wish for in Italian. *Music* I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano, it will be delightful to play when we have company; I must still continue to practise a little;—the only thing, I think, that I need now improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which every body allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

“My *drawings* are universally admired,—especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly: besides this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my *dancing* and *waltzing*,—in which our master himself owned that he could take me no farther;—just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

“As to *common* things, *geography*, and *history*, and *poetry*, and *philosophy*,—thank my stars, I have got through them all! so that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed.—Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through!—the only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!”



LESSON VII.

To the Rainbow.—CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHAL ARCH, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all, that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamed of gems and gold,
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When, o'er the green, undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign?

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth, delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam:
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young, thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark,
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

LESSON VIII.

Christian Hymn of Triumph;—from "The Martyr of Antioch."—MILMAN.

SING to the Lord! let harp, and lute, and voice,
Up to the expanding gates of heaven rejoice,
While the bright martyrs to their rest are borne!
Sing to the Lord! their blood-stained course is run,
And every head its diadem hath won,

Rich as the purple of the summer morn—
Sing the triumphant champions of their God,
While burn their mounting feet along their sky-ward road.

Sing to the Lord! for her, in beauty's prime,
Snatched from this wintry earth's ungenial clime,
In the eternal spring of paradise to bloom;
For her the world displayed its brightest treasure,
And the airs panted with the songs of pleasure.

Before earth's throne she chose the lowly tomb,
The vale of tears with willing footsteps trod,
Bearing her cross with thee, incarnate Son of God

Sing to the Lord! it is not shed in vain,
The blood of martyrs! from its freshening rain
High springs the church, like some fount-shadowing palm:
The nations crowd beneath its branching shade,
Of its green leaves are kingly diadems made,
And, wrapt within its deep, embosoming calm,
Earth shrinks to slumber like the breezeless deep,
And war's tempestuous vultures fold their wings and sleep.

Sing to the Lord! no more the angels fly—
Far in the bosom of the stainless sky—

The sound of fierce, licentious sacrifice.
From shrin'd alcove and stately pedestal,
The marble gods in cumbrous ruin fall;

Headless, in dust, the awe of nations lies;
Jove's thunder crumbles in his mouldering hand,
And mute as sepulchres the hymnless temples stand.

Sing to the Lord ! from damp, prophetic cave
No more the loose-haired Sybils burst and rave ;
Nor watch the augurs pale the wandering bird :
No more on hill or in the murky wood,
Mid frantic shout and dissonant music rude,
In human tones are wailing victims heard ;
Nor fathers, by the reeking altar stone,
Cowl their dark heads to escape their children's dying groan.

Sing to the Lord ! no more the dead are laid
In cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
To sleep the eternal sleep, that knows no morn :
There, eager still to burst death's brazen bands,
The angel of the resurrection stands ;
While, on its own immortal pinions borne,
Following the breaker of the imprisoning tomb,
Forth springs the exulting soul, and shakes away its gloom.

Sing to the Lord ! the desert rocks break out,
And the thronged cities in one gladdening shout,—
The farthest shores by pilgrim step explored ;
Spread all your wings, ye winds, and waft around,
Even to the starry cope's pale waning bound,
Earth's universal homage to the Lord ;
Lift up thine head, imperial capitol,
Proud on thy height to see the bannered cross unroll.

Sing to the Lord ! when time itself shall cease,
And final Ruin's desolating peace
Enwrap this wide and restless world of man ;
When the Judge rides upon the enthroning wind,
And o'er all generations of mankind
Eternal Vengeance waves its winnowing fan ;
To vast infinity's remotest space,
While ages run their everlasting race,
Shall all the beatific hosts prolong,
Wide as the glory of the Lamb, the Lamb's triumphant song.

LESSON IX.

Consolations of Religion to the Poor.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken ;
She is a widow ; she is old and poor ;
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er ;
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure, begs no more
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Sceptics, would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms, and charms her being's night ?

She lives in her affections ; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children ; all
Her hopes are with the arm she trusts will save
Her treasured jewels : though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high, to fall,
And writhe in her debasement,—yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings, cannot pall
Her unperverted palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave,
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers,—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Low-bowed, before her Maker : then no more
She muses on the griefs of former days ;
Her full heart melts, and flows in Heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her : Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb

Becomes her fondest pillow ; all its gloom
Is scattered. What a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here ! and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee :
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

LESSON X.

Character of a wise and amiable Woman.—FREEMAN.

THE woman, whom I would exhibit to your view, possesses a sound understanding. She is virtuous, not from impulse, instinct, and a childish simplicity ; for she knows that evil exists, as well as good ; but she abhors the former, and resolutely chooses the latter. As she has carefully weighed the nature and consequences of her actions, her moral principles are fixed ; and she has deliberately formed a plan of life, to which she conscientiously adheres. Her character is her own ; her knowledge and virtues are original, and are not the faint copies of another character. Convinced that the duty of every human being, consists in performing well the part, which is assigned by divine Providence, she directs her principal attention to this object ; and, whether as a wife, a mother, or the head of a family, she is always diligent and discreet.

She is exempt from affectation, the folly of little minds. Far from her heart is the desire of acquiring a reputation, or of rendering herself interesting, by imbecilities and imperfections. Thus she is delicate, but not timid : she has too much good sense, ever to be afraid where there is no danger ; and she leaves the affectation of terror to women, who, from the want of a correct education, are ignorant of what is truly becoming. She is still farther removed from the affectation of sensibility ; she has sympathy and tears for the calamities of her friends ; but there is no artificial whining on her tongue ; nor does she ever manifest more grief than she really feels.

In so enlightened an understanding, humility appears with

peculiar grace. Every wise woman must be humble ; because every wise woman must know, that no human being has anything to be proud of. The gifts, which she possesses, she has received ; she cannot therefore glory in them, as if they were of her own creation. There is no ostentation in any part of her behavior : she does not affect to conceal her virtues and talents, but she never ambitiously displays them. She is still more pleasingly adorned with the graces of mildness and gentleness.

Her manners are placid, the tones of her voice are sweet, and her eye benignant ; because her heart is meek and kind. From the combination of these virtues arises that general effect, which is denominated *loveliness*,—a quality which renders her the object of the complacency of all her friends, and the delight of every one who approaches her. Believing that she was born, not for herself only, but for others, she endeavors to communicate happiness to all who are around her ; in particular, to her intimate connexions.

Her children, those immortal beings, who are committed to her care, that they may be formed to knowledge and virtue, are the principal objects of her attention. She sows in their minds the seeds of piety and goodness ; she waters them with the dew of heavenly instruction ; and she eradicates every weed of evil, as soon as it appears. Thus does she benefit the church, her country, and the world, by training up sincere Christians, useful citizens, and good men. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that, with so benevolent a heart, she remembers the poor, and that she affords them, not only pity, but substantial relief.

As she is a wise woman, who is not afraid to exercise her understanding, her experience and observation soon convince her, that the world, though it abounds with many pleasures, is not an unmixed state of enjoyment. Whilst, therefore, she is careful to bring no misfortunes on herself by imprudence, folly, and extravagance, she looks with a calm and steady eye on the unavoidable afflictions through which she is doomed to pass ; and she arms her mind with fortitude, that she may endure, with resolution and cheerfulness, the severest trials.

When sickness and distress at last come, she submits to them with patience and resignation. A peevish complaint does not escape from her lips; nor does she once murmur because the hand of her heavenly Father lies heavy upon her. She is, if possible, more serene, more mild, more gentle, on the bed of disease, than she was in the seasons of health and felicity. So affectionate is she to her surrounding friends, and so grateful for the attentions which they pay to her, that they almost forget that she suffers any pain.

The love of God crowns all her virtues: religion is deeply fixed in her heart; but here, as in all her behavior, she is without parade. Her piety is sincere and ardent, but humble and retired. * * * * * A mind, in which strength and gentleness are thus united, may be compared to the soft light of the moon, which shines with the perpetual rays of the sun. We are, at first view, ready to imagine that it is more lovely than great, more charming than dignified; but we soon become convinced, that it is filled with true wisdom, and endowed with noble purposes.



LESSON XI.

Scene of Filial Affection.—Lear, Cordelia and Physician.—
SHAKSPEARE.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Her medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!—
Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? My enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire : and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded.—Ah ! he wakes ; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord ? How fares your majesty ?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave ;
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me ?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know ; when did you die ?

Cor. Still, still far wide—

Phys. He's scarce awake ; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been ? where am I ? fair daylight ?
I'm mightily abused ; I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say ;
I will not swear these are my hands : let's see—
I feel this pin prick : would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. Oh ! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me—
Nay, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me ;
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man ;
Yet I am doubtful : for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is ; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments ; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Pray, do not mock me ;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am ; I am.—

Lear. Be your tears wet ? yes ; I pray you, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause ; they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Cor. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam ;—
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more
Till farther settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me ;
Pray you now forget and forgive ;
I am old and foolish.

LESSON XII.

Scenery at the Notch of the White Mountains.—Dwight.

THE Notch of the White Mountains is a phrase appropriated to a very narrow defile, extending two miles in length between two huge cliffs, apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. This convulsion was, in my own view, that of the deluge. There are here, and throughout New England, no eminent proofs of volcanic violence, nor any strong exhibitions of the power of earthquakes. Nor has history recorded any earthquake or volcano, in other countries, of sufficient efficacy to produce the phenomena of this place. The objects rent asunder are too great, the ruin is too vast and too complete, to have been accomplished by these agents. The change appears to have been effected when the surface of the earth extensively subsided ; when countries and continents assumed a new face ; and a general commotion of the elements produced a disruption of some mountains, and merged others beneath the common level of desolation. Nothing less than this will account for the sun-dering of a long range of great rocks, or rather of vast

mountains; or for the existing evidences of the immense force, by which the rupture was effected.

The entrance of the chasm is formed by two rocks, standing perpendicularly, at the distance of twenty-two feet from each other; one about twenty feet in height, the other about twelve. Half of the space is occupied by a brook which is the head stream of the Saco; the other half, by the road. The stream is lost and invisible beneath a mass of fragments, partly blown out of the road, and partly thrown down by some great convulsion.

When we entered the Notch, we were struck with the wild and solemn appearance of every thing before us. The scale, on which all the objects in view were formed, was the scale of grandeur only. The rocks, rude and ragged in a manner rarely paralleled, were fashioned and piled by a hand operating only in the boldest and most irregular manner. As we advanced, these appearances increased rapidly. Huge masses of granite, of every abrupt form, and hoary with a moss which seemed the product of ages, speedily rose to a mountainous height. Before us, the view widened fast to the south-east. Behind us, it closed almost instantaneously, and presented nothing to the eye but an impassable barrier of mountains.

About half a mile from the entrance of the chasm, we saw, in full view, the most beautiful cascade, perhaps, in the world. It issued from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and at the distance from us of about two miles. The stream ran over a series of rocks almost perpendicular, with a course so little broken as to preserve the appearance of a uniform current, and yet so far disturbed as to be perfectly white. The sun shone with the clearest splendor, from a station in the heavens the most advantageous to our prospect; and the cascade glittered down the vast steep, like a stream of burnished silver.

At the distance of three quarters of a mile from the entrance, we passed a brook, known, in this region, by the name of *the flume*; from the strong resemblance to that object, exhibited by the channel, which it has worn, for a considerable length, in a bed of rocks; the sides being perpendicular to the bottom. This elegant piece of water we

determined to examine farther; and, alighting from our horses, we walked up the acclivity perhaps a furlong. The stream fell from a height of two hundred and forty, or two hundred and fifty feet over three precipices; the second receding a small distance from the front of the first, and the third from that of the second. Down the first and second it fell in a single current; and down the third in three, which united their streams, at the bottom, in a fine basin, formed, by the hand of Nature, in the rocks immediately beneath us. It is impossible for a brook of this size to be modelled into more diversified or more delightful forms; or for a cascade to descend over precipices more happily fitted to finish its beauty.

The cliffs, together with a level at their foot, furnished a considerable opening, surrounded by the forest. The sunbeams, penetrating through the trees, painted here a great variety of fine images of light, and edged an equally numerous and diversified collection of shadows; both dancing on the waters, and alternately silvering and obscuring their course. Purer water was never seen. Exclusively of its murmurs, the world around us was solemn and silent. Every thing assumed the character of enchantment; and, had I been educated in the Grecian mythology, I should scarcely have been surprised to find an assemblage of Dryads, Naiads and Oreades, sporting on the little plain below our feet. The purity of this water was discernible, not only by its limpid appearance, and its taste, but from several other circumstances. Its course is wholly over hard granite; and the rocks and the stones, in its bed and at its side, instead of being covered with adventitious substances, were washed perfectly clean; and, by their neat appearance, added not a little to the beauty of the scenery.

From this spot the mountains speedily began to open with increased majesty; and, in several instances, rose to a perpendicular height little less than a mile. The bosom of both ranges was overspread, in all the inferior regions, by a mixture of evergreens with trees, whose leaves are deciduous. The annual foliage had been already changed by the frost. Of the effects of this change it is, perhaps, impossible for an

inhabitant of Great Britain to form an adequate conception, without visiting an American forest.

In this country, it is often among the most splendid beauties of nature. All the leaves of trees, which are not evergreens, are, by the first severe frost, changed from their verdure, towards the perfection of that color, which they are capable of ultimately assuming, through yellow, orange and red, to a pretty deep brown. As the frost affects different trees, and different leaves of the same tree, in very different degrees, a vast multitude of tinctures is commonly found on those of a single tree, and always on those of a grove or forest. These colors also, in all their varieties, are generally full; and, in many instances, are among the most exquisite, which are found in the regions of nature. Different sorts of trees are susceptible of different degrees of this beauty. Among them, the maple is preëminently distinguished by the prodigious varieties, the finished beauty, and the intense lustre of its hues; varying through all the dyes between a rich green and the most perfect crimson, or, more definitely, the red of the prismatic image.

I have remarked, that the annual foliage on these mountains, had been already changed by the frost. Of course, the darkness of the evergreens was finely illumined by the brilliant yellow of the birch, the beech and the cherry, and the more brilliant orange and crimson of the maple. The effect of this universal diffusion of gay and splendid light, was, to render the preponderating deep green more solemn. The mind, encircled by this scenery, irresistibly remembered, that the light was the light of decay, autumnal and melancholy. The dark was the gloom of evening, approximating to night. Over the whole, the azure of the sky cast a deep, misty blue; blending, towards the summit, every other hue, and predominating over all.

As the eye ascended these steeps, the light decayed, and gradually ceased. On the inferior summits rose crowns of conical firs and spruces. On the superior eminences, the trees, growing less and less, yielded to the chilling atmosphere, and marked the limit of forest vegetation. Above, the surface was covered with a mass of shrubs, terminat-

ing, at a still higher elevation, in a shroud of dark-colored moss.

As we passed onward, through this singular valley, occasional torrents, formed by the rains and dissolving snows, at the close of winter, had left behind them, in many places, perpetual monuments of their progress, in perpendicular, narrow and irregular paths, of immense length, where they had washed the precipices naked and white, from the summit of the mountain to the base. Wide and deep chasms also met the eye, both on the summits and the sides; and strongly impressed the imagination with the thought, that a hand of immeasurable power had rent asunder the solid rocks, and tumbled them into the subjacent valley. Over all, hoary cliffs, rising with proud supremacy, frowned awfully on the world below, and finished the landscape.

By our side, the Saco was alternately visible and lost, and increased, almost at every step, by the junction of tributary streams. Its course was a perpetual cascade; and, with its sprightly murmurs, furnished the only contrast to the scenery around us.



LESSON XIII.

"The Fashion of this World passeth away."—PIERPONT.

THE earth, and all that dwell upon the face of it, speak a language that is in mournful and melancholy accordance with that of an apostle—"The fashion of this world passeth away." A testimony, thus concurrent, is solemn, and we cannot distrust it. It is eloquent, and we cannot but feel it. We are wise if we open our eyes and our ears to the evidence, which nature gives to the truths of revelation, and labor that we may impress distinctly and deeply upon our minds the moral lessons, which that evidence is calculated to enforce.

The mournful, but gentle voice of Autumn, invites us forth, that we may see, for ourselves, how the fashion of this world is passing away, in regard to the dress in which it so lately

presented itself to our view. The gardens and the groves,—how are they changed! The deep verdure of their leaves is gone. The many-colored woodland, which, but a few weeks since, was arrayed in a uniform and lively green, now presents a gaudier show indeed, but one of which all the hues are sickly, and are all but the various forms of death. In the garden, the brown and naked stalk has succeeded to the broad blossoms of summer, as they had, but lately, to the young leaves and swelling buds of spring. The orchards, that, but a few short months ago, were white with promise, and that loaded with perfume the very winds that visited them, are now resigning their faded leaves and their mellow fruit.

The wayfaring man, who contemplates these changes, that present themselves to his eye, in Nature's dress, cannot be insensible that her voice has also changed. To his ear there is something more religious in the whisper of the winds, something more awful in their roar; and even the waters of the brook have changed their tone, and go by him with a hollower murmur. And how soon shall all these things be changed again! The course of the stream shall be checked. Its voice shall be stifled by the snows, in which the earth shall wrap herself, during her long and renovating sleep of winter.

In these respects the fashion of the world passeth away, we will not say with every year, but with each successive season of every year. Their general effect is moral and highly salutary. In them all we hear a voice, which speaks to us what we may not, and what we cannot, speak to one another. They are full of the gentle, but faithful admonitions of a parental Providence, who would remind us by the changes, which we so often see going on around us, that "we, too, shall all be changed." Yet these are changes in the fashion of this world, which, from their very frequency, lose a part of their effect. The fashions which pass away with the departing seasons, we know, will be brought back again, when the same seasons return; and those scenes, which we know will be again presented, we believe that we shall live to witness and enjoy.

But there are alterations in the fashion of the world, which time is more slow in producing, and which, when we

witness them, are more striking, more melancholy, and of more abiding influence. Who will doubt this? for who has not felt it? and who is he that has ever felt, and has now forgotten it? Surely not you, my friend, who, by the appointments of an overruling Providence, have been compelled to spend your days as a stranger and a pilgrim in the earth. Did you, in your young manhood, leave your home among the hills, the scenes and the companions of your youthful sports, or of your earliest toils? Were you long struggling with a wayward fortune, in distant lands, or in seas that rolled under the line, or that encircled the poles in their cold embrace? Did sickness humble the pride of your manhood, or did care whiten your temples before the time?

How often, in your wanderings, did the peaceful image of your home present itself to your mind! How often did you visit that sacred spot, in your dreams by night! and how faithful to your last impressions was the garb in which, when you were far away, your long forsaken home arrayed itself! The fields and the forests that were around it, underwent no change in their appearance to your imagination. The trees, that had given you fruit or shade, continued to give the same fruits and the same shade to the inmates of your paternal dwelling; and even in those objects of filial or fraternal affection, no change appeared to have been wrought by time, during your long absence.

But when, at length, you return, how different is the scene, that comes before you in its melancholy reality, from that which you left in your youth, and of which a faithful picture has been carried near to your heart, in all your wanderings! Those who were once your neighbors and school-fellows, and whom you meet, as you come near to your father's house, either you do not recognize, or you are grieved that they do not recognize you.

The woods, which clothed the hills around, and in which you had often indulged the vague, but delicious anticipations of childhood, have been cleared away; and the stream that once dashed through them, breaking their religious silence by its evening hymn, and whitening, as it rushed through their shade, "to meet the sun upon the upland lawn," now creeps faintly along its contracted channel, through fields

that have been stripped of their golden harvest, and through pastures embrowned by a scorching sun. The fruit trees are decayed. The shade trees have been uprooted by a storm, or their hollow trunks and dry boughs remain, venerable, but mournful witnesses to the truth, that the fashion of this world passeth away.

More melancholy still are the witnesses that meet you as you enter your father's house. She, on whose bosom you hung in your infancy, and whom you had hoped once more to embrace, has long been sleeping in the dark and narrow house. Your father's form, how changed! Of the locks that clustered around his brow, how few remain! and those few, how thin! how white! His full toned and manly voice has lost its strength, and trembles as he inquires if this is indeed his son. The sister, whom you left a child, is now a wife, and a mother; the wife of one whom you never knew, one who looks upon you as a stranger, and one towards whom it is impossible for you to kindle up a brother's love, now that you have found so little in the scenes of your childhood, to satisfy the affectionate anticipations with which you returned to them.

While you are contemplating these melancholy changes, and the chill of disappointment is going through your heart, the feeling comes upon you, in all its bitterness, that the mournful ravages, which time has wrought upon the scenes and the objects of your attachment, will not, and cannot be repaired by time, in any of his future rounds. Returning years can furnish you with no proper objects for the fresh and glowing affections of youth; and even if those objects could be furnished, it is too late, now, for you to feel for them the correspondent affection. The song of your mountain-stream can never more soothe your ear. The grove that you loved shall invite you to meditation and to worship no more. Another may, indeed, spring up in its place; but you shall not live to see it. It may shade your grave; but your heart shall never feel its charm.

Your affections are robbed of the treasures, to which they clung so closely and so long, and that forever. The earth, where it had appeared most lovely, is changed. The things that were nearest to your heart, have changed with it. The

fashion in which the world was arrayed, when it took hold on you with the strongest attachment, has passed away; its mysterious power to charm you has fled; all its holiest enchantments are broken, and you feel that nothing remains as it was, but the abiding outline of its surface—its valleys, where the still waters find their way, and the stern visage of its everlasting hills.

LESSON XIV.

The same,—concluded.

NOR does the fashion of the world pass away, in regard to the ever-varying appearances of its exterior alone, its vegetable productions, that flourish and fade with every year, or those that endure for ages beyond the utmost limit of animal life. It is, indeed, an eloquent commentary upon the apostle's remark, to see the oak, that shaded one generation of men after another, even before it had attained its maturity, and, in the fulness of its strength, had stretched forth its giant arms over many succeeding generations, yield to decay at last, and fall, of its own weight, after having gloried in its strength for centuries.

It is an eloquent commentary, to see the fashion of those things passing away, in which the proudest efforts of human skill or human power have been displayed; to see the curious traveller inquiring and searching upon the banks of the Euphrates for the site of ancient Babylon, or measuring the huge masses of rock, that composed the temple of the sun at Palmyra, or digging in the valley of the Nile, to bring to light the stupendous relics of ancient architecture, that have, for thousands of years, been buried in the sands of the desert.

It is even an eloquent exposition of the apostle's remark, to see the towers that were raised by the power of feudal princes, and the abbeys and cathedrals that were the scenes of monastic devotion, now that they are crumbling and falling away, their tottering walls curtained with ivy, and the

bird of night, the only tenant of those forsaken abodes of a stern despotism, and of a still more stern superstition.

But not the products of the earth, nor yet the works of man, alone change and pass away. In many particulars, the great mass of earth itself is liable to change, and has been moulded into different forms. Hills have been sunk beneath the depths of the sea, and the depths of the sea, in their turn, have been laid bare, or thrown up into stupendous mountains. Of most of these wonderful changes, it is true, history gives us no account. But that they have occurred, the deep places of the earth, its hardest rocks, its gigantic hills, alike bear witness.

Many of us have seen, with our own eyes, those creatures, that were once passing "through the paths of the seas," taken from their marble beds in the mountain's bosom, hundreds of miles from those bars and doors, within which the sea is now shut up, and by which its proud waves are now stayed : we cannot say *forever* stayed ; for the regions of the earth, that, by one mighty convulsion, have been rescued from the deep, may, by other mighty convulsions, be given back to its dominion ; and those rich plains, that are now the theatre of vegetative life and beauty, may, in time, be sunk under the weltering deep, as other fertile plains have been before them.

In a moral, not less than in a physical sense, the fashion of this world passeth away. The passions of mankind, it is true, remain the same in their general character ; but in different ages and nations, under different systems of morals, philosophy and religion, they are subjected to a very different discipline, and are directed towards different objects. But, if we except his general moral nature, what is there in man, in which the caprices of fashion are not continually displayed ?

* * * * *

If, then, the beauties of the year are so fading, and its bounties so soon perish ; if the loveliest scenes of nature lose their power to charm, and a few revolving years break the spell, that binds us to those whom we love best ; if the very figure of the earth is changed by its own convulsions ;

if the forms of human government, and the monuments of human power and skill, cannot endure ; if nothing on "the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth," preserves its form unchanged, what is there that remains forever the same ? What is there, over which autumnal winds and wintry frosts have no power ? what, that does not pass away, while we are contending with wayward fortune, or struggling with calamity ? what, that is proof against the fluctuations of human opinion, and the might of ocean's waves, and the convulsions, by which mountains are heaved up from the abyss, or thrown from their deep foundations ?

It is the God by whom these mighty works are done ; by whose hand this great globe was first moulded, and has ever since been fashioned according to his will. "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the Everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary ?"

To him, then, we can go, and to him let us go, in a filial assurance that there is no variableness in him. Though the glories of the year fade, though our young affections are blighted, and our expectations from this world are disappointed, we know that he has the power to make all these melancholy scenes of salutary influence, and conducive to "the soul's eternal health." Though the opinions of the world, and our own opinions in respect to him, may change, there is no change in the love with which he regards and forever embraces us. God passeth not away, nor do his laws. Those laws require, that we, and all that is around us, should change and pass away. Those laws govern us, and will do so forever. They bind us to our highest good. Then let us yield them a prompt and a perpetual obedience.

"The Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary." Nor does that faith in him grow weary, which he demands and deserves from us ; faith in his wisdom to guide and govern us, faith in his gracious promises to crown our efforts, in his service, with a reward that is glorious and enduring. Though "the mountain falling cometh to naught," though the solid globe be shaken in its course, the hand that heaved the mountains to the heavens, and upholds them there, and that curbs the earth in its bright career, is extend-

ed to uphold all, who cast themselves upon it with the prayer that they may be protected, and with the belief that they shall be.

LESSON XV.

Passing away.—MARIA J. JEWSBURY.

I ASKED the stars, in the pomp of night,
Gilding its blackness with crowns of light,
Bright with beauty, and girt with power,
Whether eternity were not their dower ;
And dirge-like music stole from their spheres,
Bearing this message to mortal ears :—

“ We have no light that hath not been given ;
We have no strength but shall soon be riven ;
We have no power wherein man may trust ;
Like him are we, things of time and dust ;
And the legend we blazon with beam and ray,
And the song of our silence, is—‘ Passing away.’

“ We shall fade in our beauty, the fair and bright,
Like lamps that have served for a festal night ;
We shall fall from our spheres, the old and strong,
Like rose-leaves swept by the breeze along ;
The worshipped as gods in the olden day,
We shall be like a vain dream—Passing away.”

From the stars of heaven, and the flowers of earth,
From the pageant of power, and the voice of mirth,
From the mists of morn on the mountain's brow,
From childhood's song, and affection's vow,—
From all, save that o'er which soul bears sway,
Breathes but one record—‘ Passing away.’

‘ Passing away,’ sing the breeze and rill,
As they sweep on their course by vale and hill ;—

Through the varying scenes of each earthly clime,
'Tis the lesson of nature, the voice of time;
And man at last, like his fathers gray,
Writes in his own dust—'Passing away.'

LESSON XVI.

The Death of the Flowers.—BRYANT.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and
sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland,
glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side :
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief ;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.



LESSON XVII.

The Autumn Evening.—PEABODY.

BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom :
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low, the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly, on the wandering cloud,
The sunset beam is cast !
'Tis like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now, above the dews of night,
The yellow star appears :
So *faith* springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore ;
And eyelids, that are sealed in death,
Shall ope, to close no more.

LESSON XVIII.

Autumn Woods.—BRYANT.

ERE, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,—
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks ; the sweet south-west, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,—
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet,—
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where, bickering through the shrubs, its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

Beneath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

O Autumn, why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,—
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad ?

Ah ! 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray,
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain, low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

LESSON XIX.

Instability of Character.—ALISON.

WHEREVER we turn our eyes upon the world, we meet with men, who seem never to have formed to themselves any fixed plan, either of intellectual or moral pursuit, and who suffer themselves to be led by no other principles than those of constitutional humor or casual caprice. Even with excellent powers of understanding, they are ever changing their studies and their designs; attracted by what is new in knowledge, rather than by what is useful, and seemingly unconscious of any other ends of science or of learning, than to amuse the passing hour. They are, still more frequently, inconstant and unstable in their affections; perpetually changing their connexions, their companions and their friendships, and violating often the finest, as well as the most sacred ties of life, less from violence of passion, than from mere levity and fickleness of mind. Their time, their talents, their advantages, whether of power or of wealth, are all consumed rather than employed; and life, at last, often closes upon them, before they are conscious either for what it was given, or what will be required. * * * *

The necessities of nature, whatever the idle and the querulous may think, are ever friendly to human character, and almost unavoidably produce some degree of steadiness of purpose, and energy of pursuit. They, whose labor is, every day, to provide for the day that is passing, have an object from which they are not permitted to deviate, which summons their powers into continual activity, and which insensibly gives to their general character the same features of steadiness and of energy. Even in the middle conditions of life, among those who, in the various professions and occupations which cultivated society creates, are providing for themselves and for their families, this character of instability is seldom found. The virtuous and important purpose they have in view,—the habits of foresight and activity which are demanded,—the rivalry with their fellow candidates for profit or for praise,—all tend to form them to some strength

and energy of mind, and, whatever may be the other failings to which they are exposed, at least to save them from caprice and instability.

It is among those, to whom fortune and education have given every means to improve, and every power to bless humanity, that this character of weakness is, unhappily, most frequently to be found. They, who, in their early years, have never felt the necessities of life,—to whom “to-morrow has always been as to-day, and yet more abundant,”—and who see themselves, at once, in possession of all that other men are struggling to acquire,—are raised above the influence of those motives which animate the activity of the generality of men. The pressure is removed, which usually hardens the human character into any degree of consistence and solidity.

It may be right in others, they think, to labor;—it is right in them to enjoy. Others are bound to direct all their talents to one purpose or end;—they are happily free from the thralldom,—and the whole circle of human pleasures and pursuits is thrown open to them, in which they may range at will. It may be honorable in humbler men, they imagine, to devote themselves to the sober path of duty. In them, on the contrary, it is honorable to avail themselves of the advantages, which nature has given them; and, in a gay exemption from all serious pursuits, to exhibit to a lower world the envied privilege of their rank.

Amid such impressions, the first foundations of this fatal weakness of character are laid. While neither necessity nor duty seems as yet to compel them to form any settled plans of pursuit or of conduct, they naturally yield themselves to the more pleasing guidance of imagination; and the character of their understanding soon marks the incompetence of the guide. The regular paths of science seem too laborious and too tedious for their attempt. They satisfy themselves, therefore, with the acquisition of some loose and superficial knowledge. The sober details of business seem beneath their regard, and can always be devolved upon some inferior or friend; and even in the acquisitions which are made, it is the new, the splendid, or the fashionable, that is sought, instead of the solid or the useful. The habits of levity and

caprice, thus too naturally begun, gain insensibly a progressive influence over their minds; and thus youth, and the irrecoverable years of youth, are often passed, not in vice, perhaps, but in frivolous amusements, or, what is worse than these, in frivolous and unmanly pursuits.



LESSON XX.

The same,—concluded.

THIS disposition of mind unfits men, in a singular manner, for the performance of their parts in social life. Whatever may be the opinions of youth, life cannot proceed far without bringing with it many serious duties to all;—scenes, where labor, perseverance and self-denial must be exerted, and where the character is brought to a severe and unsparing trial. For these scenes of trial, the men of the unstable character, we are considering, are, unhappily, little fitted. They want all the habits of thought and of activity, which are requisite for honor and success. It is “an armor which they have not proved;” and they thus enter upon the eventful field of life, with all its private and public duties, unarmed for the rude struggle, which is every where prepared for them.

They begin then, perhaps, to lament the levity and thoughtlessness of their former days; but youth and all its invaluable hours are gone; habits have acquired dominion;—others are passing them in the road of fame and honor;—and, shrinking from a contest in which they no longer dare hope for success, they finally retire to hide their disgrace in indolence and obscurity. From this melancholy period, the character sinks every day more deeply down into insignificance and uselessness. The poor remainder of life is given to frivolous pursuits or capricious amusements; and, not unfrequently, their gray hairs are disgraced, by vainly imitating the follies and the levities of youth.

It is with still more fatal consequences that this disposition is attended, in respect to moral excellence. In a world such

as this, in which the beneficence of the Almighty hath opened so many sources of enjoyment, it requires, in every situation, the steady employment of faith and of fortitude to withstand their assault; and no discipline can ever lead to honor and to virtue, but that which inspires resolution, and habituates to self-command. In this respect, too, the men of this unstable character come singularly unprepared for the combat. The scenes, in which they have been engaged, have nurtured no firmness or energy of mind. No great objects of pursuit have opened upon them, which might animate voluntary exertion; and, what is perhaps of more consequence, in the same proportion, in which the active powers of their minds have been unemployed, their passive sensibilities to pleasure have been increased.

To dispositions thus diseased, the simple pleasures, and the sober tranquillities of domestic virtue, are ill adapted. Their habits have accustomed them to freedom of pursuit, and variety of indulgence; and they tire, in the midst of happiness, merely from the sameness of possession. Other amusements are looked for;—gayer associates are soon found;—and vice, ever in the rear of folly, begins, by unmarked steps, to take final possession of the heart. It is at this fatal period, that the sad effects of this disposition upon the happiness of social life begin to display themselves; and that all the sacred duties of domestic life are sometimes seen to be sacrificed without remorse.

It is almost unnecessary, I feel, to add, that this instability of character is equally fatal to human happiness. If it be in such vices as have been described, that the character finally ends, it were a treachery to nature and to virtue, to speak of happiness along with them. Even upon the most favorable supposition, though nothing more than weakness and indolence should be the result, there are still considerations which it is hard to bear. Every man has some sense of what God and the world require of him;—some consciousness, however indistinct, of the purposes for which the mighty advantages of nature and fortune were given: and to every man, time, as it passes, has a voice which no mortal heart can forget. It seems to ask us what we have done, and what we are doing; and, in every periodical return, it leaves,

inevitably, "that bitterness of woe which the heart alone knoweth."

It is painful to us all, we know, to lie down at night, and think that the duties of the day have not been done. It is more painful to close the year, and to think that it has been wasted in idleness and folly. But what, alas! must be the feelings of those, who lie down at last upon the bed of death, and look back upon their past lives with no remembrances of goodness! who can recall only riches wasted, and power abused, and talents misemployed,—and see that grave opening to receive them, upon which no tear will be shed, and no memorial of virtue raised!

Let it then be remembered, even in the midst of youth and of prosperity, that life hath its duties as well as its pleasures; and that no situation can exempt the Christian from the obligations of labor and of exertion. Let it be remembered, that weakness is ever the parent of vice; and that it is in the genial hours of youth, that all those habits of thought and of conduct are acquired, which determine the happiness or the misery of future days. Let it, lastly, be remembered, that all the honors of time and of eternity belong only to wisdom and perseverance.



LESSON XXI.

Stability of Character.—ALISON.

STABILITY of character is, in all pursuits, the surest foundation of success. It is a common error of the indolent and the imprudent, to attribute the success of others to some peculiar talents, or original superiority of mind, which is not to be found in the generality of men. Of the falseness of this opinion, the slightest observation of human life may satisfy us. The difference of talents, indeed, and the varieties of original character, may produce a difference in the aims and in the designs of men; and superior minds will naturally form to themselves superior objects of ambition. But the attainment of these ends, the accomplishment of these de-

signs, is, in all cases, the consequence of one means alone,—that of steadfastness and perseverance in pursuit.

“It is the hand of the diligent,” saith the wise man, “that maketh rich.” It is the same diligence, when directed to other ends, that maketh great. Every thing which we see with admiration in the world around us, or of which we read with delight in the annals of history,—the acquisitions of knowledge, the discoveries of science, the powers of art, the glories of arms, the dignities of private, or the splendors of public virtue,—all have sprung from the same fountain of mind, from that steady but unseen perseverance, which has been exerted in their pursuit. The possession of genius alone, is, alas ! no certain herald of success ; and how many melancholy instances has the world afforded to us all, of how little avail mere natural talents are to the prosperity of their possessors, and of the frequency with which they have led to ruin and disgrace, when unaccompanied with firmness and energy of mind !

This stability of character is the surest promise of honor. It supposes, indeed, all the qualities of mind that are regarded by the world with respect ; and which constitute the honorable and dignified in human character. It supposes that profound sense of duty, which we every where look for as the foundation of virtue, and for the want of which no other attainments can ever compensate. It supposes a chastened and regulated imagination, which looks ever to “the things that are excellent,” and which is incapable of being diverted from their pursuit, either by the intoxications of prosperous, or the depressions of adverse fortune. It supposes, still more, a firm and intrepid heart, which neither pleasure has been able to seduce, nor indolence to enervate, nor danger to intimidate ; and which, in many a scene of trial, and under many severities of discipline, has hardened itself at last into the firmness and consistency of virtue.

A character of this kind can never be looked upon without admiration ; and, wherever we meet it, whether amid the splendors of prosperity, or the severities of adversity, we feel ourselves disposed to pay it a pure and an unbidden homage. The display of wild and unregulated talents may sometimes, indeed, excite a temporary admiration ; but it is the admira-

tion we pay to the useless glare of the meteor, which is extinguished while it is beheld; while the sentiment we feel for the steady course of principled virtue, is the admiration with which we regard the majestic path of the sun, as he slowly pursues his way, to give light and life to nature.

This stability of character is, in another view, the surest foundation of happiness. There are, doubtless, many ways in which our happiness is dependent upon the conduct and the sentiments of others; but the great and perennial source of every man's happiness is in his own bosom,—in that secret fountain of the heart, from which the “waters of joy or of bitterness” perpetually flow.

It is from this source, the man of steadfast and persevering virtue derives his peculiar happiness; and the slightest recurrence to our own experience can tell us both its nature and its degree. It is pleasing, we all know, to review the day that is past, and to think that its duties have been done; to think that the purpose, with which we rose, has been accomplished; that, in the busy scene which surrounds us, we have done our part, and that no temptation has been able to subdue our firmness and our resolution. Such are the sentiments with which, in every year of life, and still more in that solemn moment when life is drawing to its close, the man of persevering virtue is able to review the time that is past. It lies before him, as it were, in order and regularity; and, while he travels over again the various stages of his progress, memory restores to him many images to soothe and to animate his heart. The days of trial are past; the hardships he has suffered, the labors he has undergone, are remembered no more; but his good deeds remain, and from the grave of time seem to rise up again to bless him, and to speak to him of peace and hope.

Such are, then, the consequences of firmness and stability of character; and such the rewards which he may look for, who, solemnly devoting himself to the discharge of the duties of that station or condition which Providence has assigned him, pursues them with steady and undeviating labor. It is the character which unites all that is valuable or noble in human life, the tranquillity of conscience, the honors of wisdom, and the dignity of virtue.

LESSON XXII.

The first Wanderer.—MARIA J. JEWSBURY.

CREATION'S HEIR!—the first, the last,
That knew the world his own;—
Yet stood he, mid his kingdom vast,
A fugitive—o'erthrown!
Faded and frail his glorious form,
And changed his soul within,
Whilst Fear and Sorrow, Strife and Storm,
Told the dark secret—*Sin!*

Unaided and alone on earth,
He bade the heavens give ear;—
But every star that sang his birth,
Kept silence in its sphere:
He saw, round Eden's distant steep,
Angelic legions stray;—
Alas! he knew them sent to keep
His guilty foot away.

Then, reckless, turned he to his own,—
The world before him spread;—
But Nature's was an altered tone,
And breathed rebuke and dread:
Fierce thunder-peal, and rocking gale,
Answered the storm-swept sea,
Whilst crashing forests joined the wail;
And all said—"Cursed for thee."

This, spoke the lion's prowling roar,
And this, the victim's cry;
This, written in defenceless gore,
Forever met his eye:
And not alone each sterner power
Proclaimed just Heaven's decree,—
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
Alike said—"Cursed for thee."

Though mortal, doomed to many a length
Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength;—
They, too, proclaimed the ban.
'Twas heard, amid their hostile spears,
Seen, in the murderer's doom,
Breathed, from the widow's silent tears,
Felt, in the infant's tomb.

Ask not the wanderer's after-fate,
His being, birth, or name,—
Enough that all have shared his state,
That man is still the same.
Still brier and thorn his life o'ergrow,
Still strives his soul within ;
Whilst Care, and Pain, and Sorrow show
The same dark secret—*Sin*.



LESSON XXIII.

The Village Grave-Yard.—GREENWOOD.

IN the beginning of the fine month of October, I was travelling, with a friend, in one of our Northern States, on a tour of recreation and pleasure. We were tired of the city, its noise, its smoke, and its unmeaning dissipation ; and, with the feelings of emancipated prisoners, we had been breathing, for a few weeks, the perfume of the vales, and the elastic atmosphere of the uplands. Some minutes before the sunset of a most lovely day, we entered a neat little village, whose tapering spire we had caught sight of, at intervals, an hour before, as our road made an unexpected turn, or led us to the top of a hill. Having no motive to urge a farther progress, and being unwilling to ride in an unknown country after night-fall, we stopped at the inn, and determined to lodge there.

Leaving my companion to arrange our accommodations with the landlord, I strolled on towards the meeting-house.

Its situation had attracted my notice. There was much more taste and beauty in it than is common. It did not stand, as I have seen some meeting-houses stand, in the most frequented part of the village, blockaded by wagons and horses, with a court-house before it, an engine-house behind it, a store-house under it, and a tavern on each side; it stood away from all these things, as it ought, and was placed on a spot of gently rising ground, a short distance from the main road, at the end of a green lane, and so near to a grove of oaks and walnuts, that one of the foremost and largest trees brushed against the pulpit window. On the left, and lower down, there was a fertile meadow, through which a clear brook wound its course, fell over a rock, and then hid itself in the thickest part of the grove. A little to the right of the meeting-house was the grave-yard.

I never shun a grave-yard. The thoughtful melancholy, which it inspires, is grateful, rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that dark mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon; and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there; but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity, are gone. Men are there; but their passions are hushed, and their spirits are still:—malevolence has lost its power of harming; appetite is sated, ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done raving, all disputes are ended, all revelry is over; the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and the most dangerous sins are safely confined by the thickly-piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting, in silence, for the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God.

I never shun a grave-yard, and I entered this. There were trees growing in it, here and there, though it was not regularly planted; and I thought that it looked better than if it had been. The only paths were those, which had been worn by the slow feet of sorrow and sympathy, as they followed love and friendship to the grave: and this, too, was well; for I dislike a smoothly rolled gravel-walk in a place like this. In a corner of the ground rose a gentle knoll, the top of which was covered by a clump of pines. Here my

walk ended ; I threw myself down on the slippery couch of withered pine leaves, which the breath of many winters had shaken from the boughs above, leaned my head upon my hand, and gave myself up to the feelings, which the place and the time excited.

The sun's edge had just touched the hazy outlines of the western hills ; it was the signal for the breeze to be hushed, and it was breathing like an expiring infant, softly, and at distant intervals, before it died away. The trees before me, as the wind passed over them, waved to and fro, and trailed their long branches across the tomb-stones, with a low, moaning sound, which fell upon the ear like the voice of grief, and seemed to utter the conscious tribute of nature's sympathy, over the last abode of mortal man. A low, confused hum came from the village ; the brook was murmuring in the wood behind me ; and, lulled by all these soothing sounds, I fell asleep.

But whether my eyes closed, or not, I am unable to say ; for the same scene appeared to be before them ; the same trees were waving, and not a green mound had changed its form. I was still contemplating the same trophies of the unsparing victor, the same mementoes of human evanescence. Some were standing upright ; others were inclined to the ground ; some were sunk so deeply in the earth, that their blue tops were just visible above the long grass which surrounded them ; and others were spotted or covered with the thin yellow moss of the grave-yard. I was reading the inscriptions on the stones which were nearest to me : they recorded the virtues of those who slept beneath them, and told the traveler that they hoped for a happy rising.

Ah ! said I—or I dreamed that I said so—this is the testimony of wounded hearts—the fond belief of that affection, which remembers error and evil no longer ; but could the grave give up its dead—could they, who have been brought to these cold, dark houses, go back again into the land of the living, and once more number the days which they had spent there—how differently would they then spend them ! and when they came to die, how much firmer would be their hope ! and when they were again laid in the ground, how much more faithful would be the tales, which these same

stones would tell over them ! The epitaph of praise would be well deserved by their virtues, and the silence of partiality no longer required for their sins.

I had scarcely spoken, when the ground began to tremble beneath me. Its motion, hardly perceptible at first, increased every moment in violence, and it soon heaved and struggled fearfully ; while in the short quiet, between shock and shock, I heard such unearthly sounds, that the very blood in my heart felt cold ; subterraneous cries and groans issued from every part of the grave-yard, and these were mingled with a hollow, crashing noise, as if the mouldering bones were bursting from their coffins.

Suddenly all these sounds stopped ; the earth on each grave was thrown up ; and human figures, of every age, and clad in the garments of death, rose from the ground, and stood by the side of their grave-stones. Their arms were crossed upon their bosoms ; their countenances were deadly pale, and raised to heaven. The looks of the young children alone were placid and unconscious ; but over the features of all the rest, a shadow of unutterable meaning passed and repassed, as their eyes turned with terror from the open graves, and strained anxiously upward. Some appeared to be more calm than others ; and when they looked above, it was with an expression of more confidence, though not less humility ; but a convulsive shuddering was on the frames of all, and on their faces that same shadow of unutterable meaning. While they stood thus, I perceived that their bloodless lips began to move ; and, though I heard no voice, I knew, by the motion of their lips, that the word would have been—Pardon !

But this did not continue long : they gradually became more fearless ; their features acquired the appearance of security, and at last of indifference ; the blood came to their lips ; the shuddering ceased, and the shadow passed away.

And now the scene before me changed. The tombs and grave-stones had been turned, I knew not how, into dwellings ; and the grave-yard became a village. Every now and then, I caught a view of the same faces and forms, which I had seen before ; but other passions were traced upon their faces, and their forms were no longer clad in the garments

of death. The silence of their still prayer was succeeded by the sounds of labor, and society, and merriment. Sometimes, I could see them meet together with inflamed features and angry words; and sometimes I distinguished the outcry of violence, the oath of passion, and the blasphemy of sin. And yet there were a few, who would often come to the threshold of their dwellings, and lift their eyes to heaven, and utter the still prayer of pardon; while others, passing by, would mock them.

I was astonished and grieved, and was just going to express my feelings, when I perceived, by my side, a beautiful and majestic form, taller and brighter than the sons of men, and it thus addressed me: "Mortal, thou hast now seen the frailty of thy race, and learned that thy thoughts were vain. Even if men should be wakened from their cold sleep, and raised from the grave, the world would still be full of enticement and trials; appetite would solicit, and passion would burn, as strongly as before; the imperfections of their nature would accompany their return, and the commerce of life would soon obliterate the recollection of death. It is only when this scene of things is exchanged for another, that new gifts will bestow new powers, that higher objects will banish low desires, that the mind will be elevated by celestial converse, the soul be endued with immortal vigor, and man be prepared for the course of eternity."

The angel then turned from me, and, with a voice which I hear even now, cried, "Back to your graves, ye frail ones! and rise no more, till the elements are melted." Immediately a sound swept by me, like the rushing wind; the dwellings shrunk back into their original forms, and I was left alone in the grave-yard, with nought but the silent stones and the whispering trees around me.

The sun had long been down; a few of the largest stars were timidly beginning to shine, the bats had left their lurking places, my cheek was wet with the dew, and I was chilled by the breath of evening. I arose, and returned to the inn.

LESSON XXIV.

Consumption.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew,—
When all, that was bright and fair, is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

Oh! there is a sweetness in Beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud, whereon the queen of night
Has poured her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth, and the spring of feeling,—
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that Pleasure hath,
Are poured from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,—
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song,
The maiden may trip in the dance along,

And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart, in its fulness, flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repressed ;
For short is the stay of grief in her breast :—
In this enlivened and gladsome hour,
The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the Heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose ;
And the lip, that swelled with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow ;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,—
When the tide of life from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honor the sun at his golden set :—
Oh ! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling !

So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.

And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires,
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last, fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to Heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.



LESSON XXV.

The Wife.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude, with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters, which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that, at times, it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching, than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly, because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly, because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect is kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned; and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced a harmonious combination: he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture, with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how, in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond, confiding air, with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward, on the flowery

path of early and well suited marriage, with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced to almost penury. For a time, he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable was, the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news.

She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek; the song will die away from those lips; the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down, like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me, one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question, he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it, sooner or later: you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will

soon perceive, that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve: it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh! but, my friend, to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects! how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegances of life, all the pleasures of society, to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! to tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere, in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—How can she bear poverty? She has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? She has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation, at once, to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show; you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged: and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—" "I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—God bless her!—God bless her!" cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her; it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to

prove that she loves you for yourself. There is, in every true woman's heart, a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes, in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and, following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home, and unburthen his sad heart to his wife.



LESSON XXVI.

The same,—concluded.

I MUST confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one, whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin, in fashionable life, is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie, the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

"And how did she bear it?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind; for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked if this was all, that had lately made me unhappy.—But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract: she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels, as yet, no privation: she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences or elegances. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task,—that of breaking it to her,—the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse; the keeping up a hollow show, that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and, as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day, superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I; "has any thing happened to her?"

"What?" said he, darting an impatient glance; "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation? to be caged in a

miserable cottage? to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she, then, repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich: you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh! but, my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience: she has been introduced into an humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments; she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment; she has, for the first time, looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant; almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture, that I could not gainsay; so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road, up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees, as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers, tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket-gate opened upon a footpath, that wound through some shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air, of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward, to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the

gravel-walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished ; a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white ; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair ; a fresh bloom was on her cheek ; her whole countenance beamed with smiles. I had never seen her look so lovely.

“My dear George,” cried she, “I am so glad you are come ! I have been watching and watching for you ; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I’ve set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage ; and I’ve been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them ; and we have such excellent cream, and every thing is so sweet and still here.—Oh !” said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face, “Oh ! we shall be so happy !”

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom ; he folded his arms round her ; he kissed her again and again ; —he could not speak ; but the tears gushed into his eyes ; and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.



LESSON XXVII.

Elysium.—MRS. HEMANS

FAIR wert thou, in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers,
And summer-winds, and low-toned, silvery streams,
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel-bowers !

Where, as they passed, bright hours
Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things !

Fair wert thou, with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains!—but *thy* golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Eolian sound went by,
From fountain voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh!
And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death!

And the transparent sky
Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
Of harps that, midst the woods, made harmony
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain
With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewildering music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of waving Asphodel?
Who, called and severed from the countless dead,
Amidst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise,
With the bright wine at nation's feasts, went round!
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays,
On the morn's wing, had sent their mighty sound,
And, in all regions, found
Their echoes midst the mountains!—and become,
In man's deep heart, as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought !
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied ,
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths, had sought
The soul's far birth-place—but without a guide !

Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But they, of whose abode,
Midst her green valleys, earth retained no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A void and silent place
In some sweet home ;—thou hadst no wreaths for *these*,
Thou sunny land ! with all thy deathless trees !

The peasant, at his door,
Might sink to die, when vintage-feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind !—From thy bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head ;

Thou wert for nobler dead !
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell !

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
Shut up the woes and burning thoughts of years,
As in the ashes of an urn comprest ;

—*He* might not be thy guest !
No gentle breathings from thy distant sky
Came o'er *his* path, and whispered, “ Liberty !”

Calm, on its leaf-strown bier,
Unlike a gift of nature to decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before its mother lay ;

E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile !—Elysium ! what wert *thou*,
To her, who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow ?

Thou hadst no home, green land,
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's first flowers just opening in her hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown,
Which in its clear eye shone,
Like the spring's wakening!—But that light was past—
—Where went the dew-drop, swept before the blast?

Not where thy soft winds played,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!—
Fade, with thy bowers, thou land of visions, fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep!
Fade, with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love!

For the most loved are they,
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion-voice
In regal halls! the shades o'erhang their way;
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps!—till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And the world knows not then,—
Not then, nor ever,—what pure thoughts are fled!
Yet these are they, that, on the souls of men,
Come back, when Night her folding veil hath spread,
The long-remembered dead!
But not with *thee* might aught save glory dwell—
—Fade, fade away, thou shore of Asphodel!



LESSON XXVIII.

Better Moments.—WILLIS.

MY mother's voice! how often creep
Its accents o'er my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.

I can forget her melting prayer,
While leaping pulses madly fly ;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood, flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give eye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years ;
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out, at eventide,
Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting leaves, and diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night ;
When all was beauty—then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And, when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain,
Showered on me from some silver star :
Then, as on childhood's bended knee,
I've poured her low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be,

To rise in heaven, like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray east,—when birds were waking,—
With a slow murmur, in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze,—
And this when I was forth, perchance,
As a worn reveller from the dance;—
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching, upon wave and tree,
The subtile arrows from his quiver,—

I say, a voice has thrilled me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or creeping from the silent glen,
Like words from the departing night—
Hath stricken me, and I have pressed
On the wet grass my fevered brow,
And, pouring forth the earliest,
First prayer, with which I learned to bow,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me, as in by-past years,
And, yielding to the blessed gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
As humble as a very child.



LESSON XXIX.

The Mountain of Miseries.—ADDISON.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that, if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in

order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division.

As I was ruminating upon this remark, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me, to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to

it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy-laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones strip themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries.

There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice, in particular, of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found, that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom, which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which, I threw it from me like a mask. It happened, very luckily, that one who stood by me had, just before, thrown

down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

LESSON XXX.

The same,—concluded.

As we were regarding, very attentively, this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion, at this time, was not to be expressed. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but, on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with: whether it be that all the evils which befall us, are, in some measure, suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that, as I

looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph; for, as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs and two long trapsticks. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it; while the other made such awkward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it, on a line that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure: after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear.

There was sent, in her stead, a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most com-

modious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, nor to envy the happiness of another ; since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings : for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

LESSON XXXI.

Advantages of a Taste for the Beauties of Nature.—

PERCIVAL.

THAT perception and sensibility to beauty, which, when cultivated and improved, we term taste, is most general and uniform with respect to those objects, which are not liable to variation from accident, caprice, or fashion. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder. But the emotions of different spectators, though similar in kind, differ widely in degree ; for, to relish with full delight the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be uncorrupted by avarice, sensuality, or ambition ; quick in her sensibilities, elevated in her sentiments, and devout in her affections.

If this enthusiasm were cherished by each individual, in that degree which is consistent with the indispensable duties of his station, the felicity of human life would be considerably augmented. From this source the refined and vivid pleasures of the imagination are almost entirely derived. The elegant arts owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects : and where would be the charms of poetry, if divested of the imagery and embellish-

ments which she borrows from rural scenes? Painters, statuary and poets, therefore, are always ambitious to acknowledge themselves the pupils of nature; and, as their skill increases, they grow more and more delighted with every view of the animal and vegetable world.

The scenes of nature contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity, which heightens their beauties, and is necessary to our full enjoyment of them. By a secret sympathy, the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates, and the frame within assimilates itself to that without. In this state of sweet composure, we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox is viewed with generous complacency; the guileless sheep, with pity; and the playful lamb, with emotions of tenderness and love. We rejoice with the horse in his liberty and exemption from toil, while he ranges at large through enamelled pastures. We are charmed with the songs of birds, soothed with the buzz of insects, and pleased with the sportive motion of fishes, because these are expressions of enjoyment; and, having felt a common interest in the gratifications of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings, or become wantonly instrumental in producing them.

But the taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes, than those which have been enumerated. The cultivation of it not only refines and humanizes, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being, who is the Author of all that is fair, sublime and good in the creation. Scepticism and irreligion are hardly compatible with the sensibility of heart, which arises from a just and lively relish of the wisdom, harmony and order subsisting in the world around us. Emotions of piety must spring up spontaneously in the bosom, that is in unison with all animated nature. Actuated by this beneficial and divine inspiration, man finds a fane in every grove; and, glowing with devout fervor, he joins his song to the universal chorus, or muses the praise of the Almighty in more expressive silence.

LESSON XXXII.

The Common Lot.—MONTGOMERY.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man :—and who was he?—
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth ;
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perished from the earth ;
This truth survives alone :—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate, triumphed in his breast ;
His bliss and wo,—a smile, a tear :—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall,—
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled ;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more ;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
Oh ! she was fair ; but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encountered all that troubles thee :
He was whatever thou hast been :
He is what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins since the world began,
 Of him afford no other trace
 Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN.



LESSON XXXIII.

The Deserted Wife.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

HE comes not. I have watched the moon go down,
 But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
 He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
 The while he holds his riot in that town.
 Yet he will come and chide, and I shall weep;
 And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
 To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
 Oh! how I love a mother's watch to keep
 Over those sleeping eyes,—that smile, which cheers
 My heart, though sunk in sorrow fixed and deep!

I had a husband once, who loved me. Now
 He ever wears a frown upon his brow.

* * * * *

But yet I cannot hate. Oh! there were hours,
 When I could hang forever on his eye,
 And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
 Strowed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.

I loved him then—he loved me too. My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often sting me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed, and waste, upon the vile,
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness; and, should sickness come, and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.



LESSON XXXIV.

The Last Man.—CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality.
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time:
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,—
In plague and famine some:
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting, with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by,
Saying, "We're twins in death, proud Sun :
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,—
'Tis Mercy bids thee go ;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will ;—
Yet mourn not I thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day ;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang,
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go, let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again :
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in Disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"E'en I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath

To see thou shalt not boast :
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost.

“This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark.
No ; it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led Captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death.

“Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up,
On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell that night which hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God.”



LESSON XXXV.

Government of the Temper.—MRS. CHAPONE.

THE principal virtues or vices of a woman, must be of a private and domestic kind. Within the circle of her own family and dependents lies her sphere of action ; the scene of almost all those tasks and trials, which must determine her character and her fate, here and hereafter. Reflect, for a moment, how much the happiness of her husband, children and servants, must depend on her temper, and you will see

that the greatest good or evil, which she ever may have in her power to do, may arise from her correcting or indulging its infirmities. * * * *

It is true, we are not all equally happy in our dispositions; but human virtue consists in cherishing and cultivating every good inclination, and in checking and subduing every propensity to evil. If you had been born with a bad temper, it might have been made a good one, at least with regard to its outward effects, by education, reason and principle; and, though you are so happy as to have a good one while young, do not suppose it will always continue so, if you neglect to maintain a proper command over it. Power, sickness, disappointments, or worldly cares, may corrupt and embitter the finest disposition, if they are not counteracted by reason and religion.

It is observed that every temper is inclined, in some degree, either to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to each of the three in turn: it is necessary, therefore, to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable. With regard to the first, it is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would think shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young woman from giving way to it; for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill-behavior by passion as by intoxication; and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as of the other. Gentleness, meekness and patience are peculiar distinctions; and an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature.

It is plain, from experience, that the most passionate people can command themselves, when they have a motive sufficiently strong, such as the presence of those they fear, or to whom they particularly desire to recommend themselves. It is, therefore, no excuse to persons, whom you have injured by unkind reproaches and unjust aspersions, to tell them you were in a passion: the allowing yourself to speak to them in a passion, is a proof of an insolent disrespect, which the meanest of your fellow-creatures would have a right to resent.

When once you find yourself heated so far, as to desire to

say what you know would be provoking and wounding to another, you should immediately resolve either to be silent, or to quit the room, rather than give utterance to any thing dictated by so bad an inclination. Be assured, you are then unfit to reason or to reprove, or to hear reason from others. It is, therefore, your part to retire from such an occasion to sin; and wait till you are cool, before you presume to judge of what has passed.

By accustoming yourself thus to conquer and disappoint your anger, you will, by degrees, find it grow weak and manageable, so as to leave your reason at liberty. You will be able to restrain your tongue from evil, and your looks and gestures from all expressions of violence and ill-will. Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Whoever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent or unreasonable anger.

In the case of real injuries, which justify and call for resentment, there is a noble and generous kind of anger, a proper and necessary part of our nature, which has nothing in it sinful or degrading. I would not wish you insensible to this; for the person, who feels not an injury, must be incapable of being properly affected by benefits. With those who treat you ill, without provocation, you ought to maintain your own dignity.

But, in order to do this, whilst you show a sense of their improper behavior, you must preserve calmness, and even good-breeding; and thereby convince them of the impotence, as well as injustice, of their malice. You must also weigh every circumstance with candor and charity, and consider whether your showing the resentment deserved, may not produce ill consequences to innocent persons; and whether it may not occasion the breach of some duty, or necessary connexion, to which you ought to sacrifice even your just resentments.

Above all things, take care that a particular offence to you does not make you unjust to the general character of the offending person. Generous anger does not preclude esteem for whatever is really estimable, nor does it destroy good-will

to the person of its object: it even inspires the desire of overcoming him by benefits, and wishes to inflict no other punishment, than the regret of having injured one who deserved his kindness; it is always placable, and ready to be reconciled, as soon as the offender is convinced of his error; nor can any subsequent injury provoke it to recur to past disobligations, which had been once forgiven.

The consciousness of injured innocence naturally produces dignity, and usually prevents excess of anger. Our passion is most unruly, when we are conscious of blame, and when we apprehend that we have laid ourselves open to contempt. Where we know we have been wrong, the least injustice in the degree of blame imputed to us, excites our bitterest resentment; but, where we know ourselves faultless, the sharpest accusation excites pity or contempt, rather than rage.



LESSON XXXVI.

Peevishness.—MRS. CHAPONE.

PEEVISHNESS, though not so violent and fatal in its immediate effects, is still more unamiable than passion, and, if possible, more destructive of happiness, inasmuch as it operates more continually. Though the fretful man injures us less, he disgusts us more, than the passionate one; because he betrays a low and little mind, intent on trifles, and engrossed by a paltry self-love, which knows not how to bear the very apprehension of any inconvenience.

It is self-love, then, which we must combat, when we find ourselves assaulted by this infirmity; and, by voluntarily enduring inconveniences, we shall habituate ourselves to bear them with ease and good-humor, when occasioned by others. Perhaps this is the best kind of religious mortification; as the chief end of denying ourselves any innocent indulgences, must be to acquire a habit of command over our passions and inclinations, particularly such as are likely to lead us into evil.

Another method of conquering this enemy, is to abstract our minds from that attention to trifling circumstances, which usually creates this uneasiness. Those, who are engaged in high and important pursuits, are very little affected by small inconveniences. I would, therefore, wish your mind to have always some object in pursuit worthy of it, that it may not be engrossed by such as are in themselves scarce worth a moment's anxiety.

It is chiefly in the decline of life, when amusements fail, and when the more importunate passions subside, that this infirmity is observed to grow upon us; and perhaps it will seldom fail to do so, unless carefully watched, and counteracted by reason. But though the aged and infirm are most liable to this evil,—and they alone are to be pitied for it,—yet we sometimes see the young, the healthy, and those who enjoy most outward blessings, inexcusably guilty of it.

The smallest disappointment in pleasure, or difficulty in the most trifling employment, will put wilful young people out of temper; and their very amusements frequently become sources of vexation and peevishness. How often have I seen a girl, preparing for a ball, or for some other public appearance, unable to satisfy her own vanity, fret over every ornament she put on, quarrel with her maid, with her clothes, her hair; and, growing still more unlovely as she grew more cross, be ready to fight with her looking-glass, for not making her as handsome as she wished to be! She did not consider, that the traces of this ill-humor on her countenance, would be a greater disadvantage to her appearance, than any defect in her dress; or even than the plainest features enlivened by joy and good-humor.

There is a degree of resignation necessary even to the enjoyment of pleasure; we must be ready and willing to give up some part of what we could wish for, before we can enjoy that which is indulged to us. I have no doubt that she, who frets all the while she is dressing for an assembly, will suffer still greater uneasiness when she is there. The same craving, restless vanity will there endure a thousand mortifications, which, in the midst of seeming pleasure, will secretly corrode her heart; whilst the meek and humble generally find more gratification than they expected, and return home pleased

and enlivened from every scene of amusement, though they could have stayed away from it with perfect ease and contentment.



LESSON XXXVII.

Obstinacy.—MRS. CHAPONE.

SULLENNESS, or obstinacy, is, perhaps, a worse fault of temper than either passion or peevishness; and, if indulged, may end in the most fatal extremes of stubborn melancholy, malice and revenge. The resentment which, instead of being expressed, is nursed in secret, and continually aggravated by the imagination, will, in time, become the ruling passion; and then how horrible must be his case, whose kind and pleasurable affections are all swallowed up by the tormenting as well as detestable sentiments of hatred and revenge!

Brood not over a resentment, which, perhaps, was at first ill-grounded, and which is undoubtedly heightened by a heated imagination. But, when you have first subdued your own temper, so as to be able to speak calmly, reasonably and kindly, then expostulate with the person you suppose to be in fault; hear what she has to say; and either reconcile yourself to her, or quiet your mind under the injury by the principle of Christian charity.

But if it should appear, that you yourself have been most to blame, or if you have been in an error, acknowledge it fairly and handsomely; if you feel any reluctance to do so, be certain that it arises from pride, to conquer which is an absolute duty. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and a generous confession oftentimes more than atones for the fault which requires it. Truth and justice demand, that we should acknowledge conviction as soon as we feel it, and not maintain an erroneous opinion, or justify a wrong conduct, merely from the false shame of confessing our past ignorance. A false shame it undoubtedly is, and as impolitic as unjust, since your error is already seen by those who endeavor to set you right; but your conviction, and the candor and generosi-

ty of owning it freely, may still be an honor to you, and would greatly recommend you to the person with whom you disputed.

Nothing is more endearing than such a confession; and you will find such a satisfaction in your own consciousness, and in the renewed tenderness and esteem you will gain from the person concerned, that your task, for the future, will be made more easy, and your reluctance to be convinced will, on every occasion, grow less and less.

The love of truth, and a real desire of improvement, ought to be the only motives of argumentation; and, where these are sincere, no difficulty can be made of embracing the truth, as soon as it is perceived. But, in fact, people oftener dispute from vanity and pride, which make it a grievous mortification to allow that we are the wiser for what we have heard from another. To receive advice, reproof and instruction, properly, is the surest sign of a sincere and humble heart, and shows a greatness of mind, which commands our respect and reverence, while it appears so willingly to yield to us the superiority. * * * *

I know not whether that strange *caprice*, that inequality of taste and behavior, so commonly attributed to our sex, may be properly called a fault of temper; as it seems not to be connected with, or arising from, our animal frame, but to be rather the fruit of our own self-indulgence, degenerating, by degrees, into such a wantonness of will as knows not how to please itself.

When, instead of regulating our actions by reason and principle, we suffer ourselves to be guided by every slight and momentary impulse of inclination, we shall, doubtless, appear so variable and inconstant, that nobody can guess, by our behavior to-day, what may be expected from us to-morrow; nor can we ourselves tell whether what we delighted in a week ago, will now afford us the least degree of pleasure. It is in vain for others to attempt to please us; we cannot please ourselves, though all we could wish for waits our choice. Thus does a capricious woman become "sick of herself, through very selfishness;" and, when this is the case, it is easy to judge how sick others must be of her, and how contemptible and disgusting she must appear. This wretched state is the usual consequence of power and flattery.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Evening Prayer at a Girl's School.—MRS. HEMANS.

HUSH! 'tis a holy hour; the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

Gaze on,—'tis lovely! childhood's lip and cheek
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought;
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity.

Oh! joyous creatures, that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds, with slumber's honey-dew oppressed,
Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun,—
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes;—

Though fresh within your breasts the untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread;
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her wo!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sunless riches, from Affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray

Her lot is on you—to be found, untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain;—
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray.

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight.
Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven!



LESSON XXXIX.

Seasons of Prayer.—H. WARE, JR.

To prayer! to prayer!—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all, below and above—
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
Oh! then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer!—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer!—for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
It speaks of creation's early bloom,
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's ey
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
Oh ! hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows :—
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
Let it swell up to Heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell !
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer. ..

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul, through him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow :—
Oh ! what are earth and its pleasures now ?
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
There is peace in his eye, that upward bends ;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air ;
For his last thoughts are God's,—his last words, prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !—
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave ;
It points to the glory where he shall reign,
Who whispered, “ Thy brother shall rise again.

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss !—
But gladder, purer than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing ;

But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake! awake! and gird up thy strength,
To join that holy band at length.
To Him, who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.



LESSON XL.

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Solitude.—BYRON.

'Tis night, when meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When youth itself survives young love and joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

Thus, bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear—
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean ;—
'This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued ;—
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

LESSON XII.

Art of Pleasing.—CHESTERFIELD

THE desire of being pleased is universal ; the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what we wish they should do to us. There are, indeed, some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable ; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favors or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which, perhaps, you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures : but this is not all ; for a true, heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as

far as innocently we may. Let us, then, not only scatter benefits, but even strow flowers, for our fellow-travellers in the rugged ways of the world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not show the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independence, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities always do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his perhaps small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in!

Civility is the essential article toward pleasing, and is the result of good nature and good sense: but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to good company. A good-natured ploughman may be intentionally as civil as the politest courier; but his manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary outwork of manners: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible and to the well-bred part of the world.

LESSON XLII.

Politeness.—MISS TALBOT.

POLITENESS is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shows itself to general acquaintance in an obliging, unconstrained civility, as it does to more particular ones in distinguished acts of kindness. This good nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic cares, which custom and fashion have established, if, by these means, it can procure, in any degree, the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind; thus paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles, which tend to please or to oblige; and, though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can scarce be perfect without a complete knowledge of the world. In society, it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony; while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation. It represses the desire of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable. It takes off the edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit.

To superiors, it appears in a respectful freedom. No greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity. To inferiors, it shows itself in an unassuming good nature. Its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the goodness of your heart. To equals, it is every thing that is charming; it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to

every little exactness of behavior, and all the time appears perfectly disengaged and careless.

Such and so amiable is true politeness ; by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes ; and, by the generality of mankind, confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which, in truth, is only one instance of it.

There is a kind of character, which does not, in the least, deserve to be reckoned polite, though it is exact in every punctilio of behavior ; such as would not, for the world, omit paying you the civility of a bow, or fail in the least circumstance of decorum. But then these people do this merely for their own sake : whether you are pleased or embarrassed with it, is little of their care. They have performed their own parts, and are satisfied.



LESSON XLIII.

Confessions of a bashful Man.—ANONYMOUS.

You must know, that, in my person, I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair ; but of such extreme sensibility to shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

I now purchased an estate in the country ; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled. Often, when I have rode or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day. Determined,

however, at length, to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner, left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a Baronet, with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living, with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions.—Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice!

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The Baronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being

richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics; in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments, to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk dress was not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation; and for some minutes I seemed to be in a boiling caldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I

trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made, during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me ; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar : rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony ; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water ; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire ; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness : but, oh ! how shall I tell the sequel ?

Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do ? I could not swallow ; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes ; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters ; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh ; while I sprung

from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

LESSON XLIV.

Intemperate Love of Praise.—BLAIR.

THE intemperate love of praise not only weakens the true principles of probity, by substituting inferior motives in their stead, but frequently also impels men to actions which are directly criminal. It obliges them to follow the current of popular opinion, whithersoever it may carry them. They will be afraid to appear in their own form, or to utter their genuine sentiments. Their whole character will become fictitious, opinions will be assumed, speech and behavior modelled, and even the countenance formed, as prevailing taste exacts.

From one who has submitted to such prostitution, for the sake of praise, you can no longer expect fidelity or attachment on any trying occasion. In private life, he will be a timorous and treacherous friend. In public conduct, he will be subtle and versatile; ready to desert the cause which he had espoused, and to veer with every shifting wind of popular favor. In fine, all becomes unsound and hollow in that heart, where, instead of regard to the divine approbation, there reigns the sovereign desire of pleasing men.

This passion, when it becomes predominant, most commonly defeats its own end, and deprives men of the honor which they are so eager to gain. Without preserving liberty and independence, we can never command respect. That servility of spirit, which subjects us to the opinion of others, and renders us tributaries to the world for the sake of applause, is what all mankind despise. They look up with reverence to one, who, unawed by their censures, acts according to his own sense of things, and follows the free impulse of an honorable mind.

But him, who hangs totally on their judgment, they consider as their vassal. They even enjoy a malignant pleasure in

humbling his vanity, and withholding that praise which he is seen to court. By artifice and show, he may shine for a time in the public eye ; but it is only as long as he can support the belief of acting from principle. When the inconsistencies, into which he falls, detect his character, his reputation passes away like the pageant of a day. No man ever obtained lasting fame, who did not, on several occasions, contradict the prejudices of popular opinion.

There is no course of behavior, which will, at all times, please all men. That which pleases most generally, and which only commands durable praise, is religion and virtue. Sincere piety towards God, kind affection to men, and fidelity in the discharge of all the duties of life ; a conscience pure and undefiled : a heart firm to justice and to truth, superior to all terrors that would shake, and insensible of all pleasures that would betray it ; unconquerable by the opposition of the world, and resigned to God alone ; these are the qualities which render a man truly respectable and great.

Such a character may, in evil times, incur unjust reproach. But the clouds, which envy or prejudice has gathered around it, will gradually disperse : and its brightness will come forth, in the end, as the noon day. As soon as it is thoroughly known, it finds a witness in every breast. It forces approbation, even from the most degenerate. The human heart is so formed as to be attuned, if we may use the expression, to its praise. In fact, it is this firm and inflexible virtue, this determined regard to principle beyond all opinion, which has crowned the characters of such as now stand highest in the rolls of lasting fame. The truly illustrious are they, who did not court the praise of the world, but who performed the actions which deserve it.

As an immoderate passion for human praise is dangerous to virtue, and unfavorable to true honor ; so it is destructive of self-enjoyment and inward peace. Regard to the praise of God, prescribes a simple and consistent tenor of conduct, which, in all situations, is the same ; which engages us in no perplexities, and requires no artful refinement. But he, who turns aside from the straight road of duty, in order to gain applause, involves himself in an intricate labyrinth. He will be often embarrassed concerning the course which he ought

to hold. His mind will be always on the stretch. He will be obliged to listen with anxious attention to every whisper of the popular voice. The demands of those masters, whom he has submitted to serve, will prove frequently contradictory and inconsistent. He has prepared a yoke for his neck, which he must resolve to bear, how much soever it may gall him.

The toils of virtue are honorable. The mind is supported under them by the consciousness of acting a right and becoming part. But the labors to which he is doomed, who is enslaved to the desire of praise, are aggravated by reflection both on the uncertainty of the recompense which he pursues, and on the debasement to which he submits. Conscience will, from time to time, remind him of the improper sacrifices which he has made, and of the forfeiture which he has incurred, of the praise of God for the sake of praise from men. Suppose him to receive all the rewards which the mistaken opinion of the world can bestow, its loudest applause will often be unable to drown the upbraidings of an inward voice; and if a man is reduced to be ashamed of himself, what avails it him to be caressed by others?

But, in truth, the reward towards which he looks, who proposes human praise as his ultimate object, will be always flying, like a shadow, before him. So capricious and uncertain, so fickle and mutable, is the favor of the multitude, that it proves the most unsatisfactory of all pursuits in which men can be engaged. He, who sets his heart on it, is preparing for himself perpetual mortifications. If the greatest and best can seldom retain it long, we may easily believe, that from the vain and undeserving it will suddenly escape.

There is no character but what, on some side, is vulnerable by censure. He who lifts himself up to the observation and notice of the world, is, of all men, the least likely to avoid it; for he draws upon himself a thousand eyes, that will narrowly inspect him in every part. Every opportunity will be watched of bringing him down to the common level. His errors will be more divulged, and his infirmities more magnified, than those of others. In proportion to his eagerness for praise, will be his sensibility to reproach. Nor is it reproach alone that will wound him. He will be as much

dejected by silence and neglect. He puts himself under the power of every one to humble him, by withholding expected praise. Even when praise is bestowed, he is mortified by its being either faint or trite. He pines when his reputation stagnates. The degree of applause, to which he has been accustomed, grows insipid; and to be always praised from the same topics, becomes, at last, much the same with not being praised at all.

All these chagrins and disquietudes are happily avoided by him, who keeps so troublesome a passion within its due bounds; who is more desirous of being truly worthy, than of being thought so; who pursues the praise of the world with manly temperance, and in subordination to the praise of God. He is neither made giddy by the intoxicating vapor of applause, nor humbled and cast down by the unmerited attacks of censure. Resting on a higher approbation, he enjoys himself, in peace, whether human praise stays with him, or flies away.



LESSON XLV.

God's First Temples. A Hymn.—BRYANT.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power

And inaccessible Majesty. Ah! why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.

Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,

Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die : but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death ; yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed

Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them; and there have been holy men,
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and, in thy presence, reassured
 My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
 And tremble, and are still.

O God! when thou

Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by!
 Oh! from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad, unchained elements, to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.



LESSON XLVI.

Morning Hymn.—MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous, then!
 Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing. Ye in heaven:
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol,
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end!

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb, that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song; resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers;
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls ! ye birds
That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good : and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !



LESSON XLVII.

Description of the Custom of Whitewashing.—HOPKINSON.

WHEN a young couple are about to enter into the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of *whitewashing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connexion, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. You would wonder what this privilege of whitewashing is :—I will endeavor to give you some idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year, in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases ; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is nigh at hand. When the lady is unusually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the filthiness of every thing about her—these are signs which ought not to be neglected ; yet they are not decisive, as they sometimes come on and go off again, without producing any farther effect.

But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow, with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets with lime dissolved in water, there is then no time to be lost; he immediately locks up the apartment or closet, where his papers or his private property are kept, and, putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight; for a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage; his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended, and the very scullion, who cleans the brasses in the kitchen, becomes of more consideration and importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate, and run from an evil, which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are, in a few minutes, stripped of their furniture; paintings, prints and looking-glasses lie in a huddled heap about the floors; the curtains are torn from the testers, the beds crammed into the windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles, crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats and ragged breeches.

Here, may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass; for the foreground of the picture, gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, spits and pots, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There, a closet has disgorged its contents—cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, tops of teapots, and stoppers of departed decanters;—from the rag-hole in the garret to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged.

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is, to smear the walls and ceilings of every room and closet with brushes dipped in a solution of lime, called *whitewash*; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with rough brushes wet with soap-suds, and dipped in stone-cutter's sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the penthouse, at the risk of her neck, and, with a mug in her hand and a bucket within

reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told, that an action at law was once brought against one of these water-nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but, after a long argument, it was determined by the whole court, that the action would not lie, inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences; and so the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited; for he lost not only his suit of clothes, but his suit at law.

These smearings and scratchings, washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremony is, to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship-launch, when all the hands within reach are collected together; recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleaning match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things clean; it matters not how many useful, ornamental or valuable articles are mutilated, or suffer death, under the operation; a mahogany chair and carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made clean at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention.

For instance, a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; smaller prints are piled upon it, and the superincumbent weight cracks the glasses of the lower tier; but this is of no consequence. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table: others are made to lean against that, until the pressure of the whole, forces the corner of the table through the canvass of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil, used on this occasion, are suffered to leak through and spoil the engraving; no matter, if the glass is clean, and the frame shine, it is sufficient: the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able mathematician has made an accurate calculation, founded on long experience, and has discovered that the losses and destruction incident to two whitewashings, are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

The cleaning frolic over, matters begin to resume their

pristine appearance. The storm abates, and all would be well again; but it is impossible that so great a convulsion, in so small a community, should not produce some farther effects. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore throats or sore eyes, occasioned by the caustic quality of the lime, or with severe colds from the exhalations of wet floors or damp walls.

I knew a gentleman, who was fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considered this, which I have called a custom, as a real periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning was ingenious and whimsical, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but, after much study, he conceived he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables; and a few prints of the cheapest sort were hung against the walls.

His hope was, that, when the whitewashing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub and smear and scour to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this outpost, while he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should; since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once a year, and to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher, which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper: this is generally done; and, though it cannot abolish, it at least shortens, the period of female dominion. The paper is decorated with flowers of various fancies, and made so ornamental, that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress; he generally has the privilege of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, and stands like the

land of Goshen amid the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever on his guard; for, should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the housemaid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph, with buckets, brooms and brushes; takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*—to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment.

LESSON XLVIII.

Importance of considering both Sides of a Question.—
BEAUMONT.

IN the days of knight-errantry and paganism, one of the old British princes set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, in a point where four roads met together. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left hand rested upon a shield; the outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver. On the former was inscribed, in the old British language, "To the goddess ever favorable;" and on the other, "For four victories obtained successively over the Picts and other inhabitants of the northern islands."

It happened, one day, that two knights, completely armed, one in black armor, the other in white, arrived from opposite parts of the country at this statue, just about the same time; and, as neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to read the inscription, and observe the excellence of its workmanship.

After contemplating it for some time, "This golden shield,"—says the black knight—"Golden shield!" cried the white knight, who was as strictly observing the opposite side, "why, if I have my eyes, it is silver."—"I know nothing of your eyes," replied the black knight; "but, if ever I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one."—"Yes," returned the white knight, smiling, "it is very probable, indeed, that they should expose a shield of gold in so public a place as this!

For my part, I wonder even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for the devotion of some people who pass this way; and it appears, by the date, that this has been here above three years."

The black knight could not bear the smile with which this was delivered, and grew so warm in the dispute, that it soon ended in a challenge: they both, therefore, turned their horses, and rode back so far as to have sufficient space for their career; then, fixing their spears in their rests, they flew at each other with the greatest fury and impetuosity. Their shock was so rude, and the blow on each side so effectual, that they both fell to the ground much wounded and bruised; and lay there for some time, as in a trance.

A good Druid, who was travelling that way, found them in this condition. The Druids were the physicians of those times, as well as the priests. He had a sovereign balsam about him, which he had composed himself; for he was very skilful in all the plants that grew in the fields or in the forests: he stanch'd their blood, applied his balsam to their wounds, and brought them, as it were, from death to life again. As soon as they were sufficiently recovered, he began to inquire into the occasion of their quarrel. "Why, this man," cried the black knight, "will have it that yonder shield is silver."—"And he will have it," replied the white knight, "that it is gold." And then they told him all the particulars of the affair.

"Ah!" said the Druid with a sigh, "you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong: had either of you given himself time to look at the opposite side of the shield, as well as that which first presented itself to view, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided: however, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils, that have befallen you on this occasion. Permit me, therefore, to entreat you never to enter into any dispute, for the future, till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

LESSON XLIX.

The Flight of Xerxes.—MARIA J. JEWSBURY.

I SAW him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him ;
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him :
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,—
No daunting thoughts came o'er him ;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on *ocean* ; its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet ;—
On *earth* ; and saw from east to west,
His bannered millions meet ;—
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet !
He heard the imperial echoes ring,—
He heard, and *felt* himself a king.

I saw him next *alone* :—nor camp,
Nor chief, his steps attended ;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom Fortune high
So lately seemed to deify ;
He, who with Heaven contended,
Fled like a fugitive and slave !
Behind,—the foe ;—before,—the wave.

He stood,—fleet, army, treasure,—gone,—
Alone and in despair !
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For *they* were monarchs *there* ;

And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare :—
What a revenge—a trophy, this—
For thee, immortal Salamis !



LESSON L.

Pairing Time anticipated.—COWPER.

It chanced, upon a winter's day,
But warm, and bright and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.

At length, a bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak ;
And, silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus his mind :—
“My friends, be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet ;
I fear we shall have winter yet.”

A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied :—
“Methinks the gentleman,” quoth she,
“Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good will, would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,

Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado :—
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?”

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting and sidling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments, so well expressed,
Influenced mightily the rest :
All paired, and each pair built a nest.

But, though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast ;
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind—of late breathed gently forth—
Now shifted east, and east by north ;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow :
Stepping into their nests, they paddled ;
Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled :
Soon, every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses, the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry ;—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

LESSON LI.

Influence of Christianity in elevating the Character of Females.—J. G. CARTER.

THERE is one topic, intimately connected with the introduction and decline of Christianity, and subsequently with its revival in Europe, which the occasion strongly suggests, and which I cannot forbear briefly to touch upon. I allude to the new and more interesting character assumed by woman since those events. In the heathen world, and under the Jewish dispensation, she was the slave of man. Christianity constituted her his companion. But as our religion gradually lost its power, in the dark ages, she sunk down again to her deep moral degradation.

The age of chivalry, indeed, exalted her to be an object of adoration. But it was a profane adoration, not founded upon the respect due to a being of immortal hopes and destinies as well as man. This high character has been conceded to her at a later period, as she has slowly attained the rank ordained for her by Heaven. Although this change, in the relation of woman to man and to society, is both an evidence and a consequence of an improvement in the human condition, yet now her character is a cause operating to produce a still greater improvement. And if there be any one cause, to which we may look with more confidence than to others, for hastening the approach of a more perfect state of society, that cause is the elevated character of woman, as displayed in the full developement of all her moral and intellectual powers.

The influence of the female character, is now felt and acknowledged in all the relations of her life. I speak not now of those distinguished women, who instruct their age through the public press; nor of those, whose devout strains we take upon our lips when we worship; but of a much larger class; of those, whose influence is felt in the relations of neighbor, friend, daughter, wife, mother. Who waits at the couch of the sick, to administer tender charities while life lingers, or to perform the last acts of kindness when death

comes? Where shall we look for those examples of friendship, that most adorn our nature? those abiding friendships, which trust even when betrayed, and survive all changes of fortune? Where shall we find the brightest illustrations of filial piety? Have you ever seen a daughter, herself, perhaps, timid and helpless, watching the decline of an aged parent, and holding out, with heroic fortitude, to anticipate his wishes, to administer to his wants, and to sustain his tottering steps to the very borders of the grave?

But in no relation does woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of mother. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline, which is to form, of a being perhaps the most frail and helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of its great Creator. Her smiles call into exercise the first affections that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us, and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth.

What constitutes the centre of every home? Whither do our thoughts turn, when our feet are weary with wandering, and our hearts sick with disappointment? Where shall the truant and forgetful husband go for sympathy, unalloyed and without design, but to the bosom of her, who is ever ready and waiting to share in his adversity or his prosperity? And if there be a tribunal, where the sins and the follies of a forward child may hope for pardon and forgiveness, this side heaven, that tribunal is the heart of a fond and devoted mother.

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LESSON LII.

Letter on Watering-Places.—MRS. BARBAULD.

I AM a country gentleman, and enjoy an estate in Northamptonshire, which formerly enabled its possessors to assume some degree of consequence in the country ; but which, for several generations, has been growing less, only because it has not grown bigger. I mean, that, though I have not yet been obliged to mortgage my land, or fell my timber, its relative value is every day diminishing by the prodigious influx of wealth, real and artificial, which, for some time past, has been pouring into this kingdom. Hitherto, however, I have found my income equal to my wants. It has enabled me to inhabit a good house in town, for four months of the year, and to reside amongst my tenants and neighbors, for the remaining eight, with credit and hospitality.

I am, indeed, myself so fond of the country, and so averse in my nature to every thing of hurry and bustle, that, if I consulted only my own taste, I should never feel a wish to leave the shelter of my own oaks in the dreariest season of the year ; but I looked upon our annual visit to London as a proper compliance with the gayer disposition of my wife, and the natural curiosity of the younger part of the family. Besides, to say the truth, it had its advantages in avoiding a round of dinners and card-parties, which we must otherwise have engaged in for the winter season, or have been branded with the appellation of unsociable.

Our journey gave me an opportunity of furnishing my study with some new books and prints, and my wife of gratifying her neighbors with some ornamental trifles, before their value was sunk by becoming common, or of producing at her table or in her furniture some new-invented refinement of fashionable elegance. Our hall was the first that was lighted by an Argand lamp ; and I still remember how we were gratified by the astonishment of our guests, when my wife, with an audible voice, called to the footman for the tongs to help to the asparagus with. We found it pleasant, too, to be enabled to talk of capital artists and favorite actors ; and I

made the better figure in my political debates from having heard the most popular speakers in the House.

Once, too, to recruit my wife's spirits after a tedious confinement, we passed a season at Bath. In this manner, therefore, things went on very well in the main, till of late my family have discovered that we lead a very dull kind of life, and that it is impossible to exist with comfort, or, indeed, to enjoy a tolerable share of health, without spending good part of every summer at a watering-place. I held out as long as I could. One may be allowed to resist the plans of dissipation, but the plea of health cannot decently be withstood.

It was soon discovered that my eldest daughter wanted bracing, and my wife had a bilious complaint, against which our family physician declared that sea-bathing would be particularly serviceable. Therefore, though it was my own private opinion, that my daughter's nerves might have been as well braced by morning rides upon the Northamptonshire hills, as by evening dances in the public rooms, and that my wife's bile would have been greatly lessened by compliance with her husband, I acquiesced; and preparations were made for our journey.

These, indeed, were but slight; for the chief gratification proposed in this scheme was, an entire freedom from care and form. We should find every thing requisite in our lodgings; it was of no consequence whether the rooms we should occupy for a few months in the summer, were elegant or not; the simplicity of a country life would be the more enjoyed by the little shifts we should be put to; and all necessaries would be provided in our lodgings. It was not, therefore, till after we had taken them, that we discovered how far ready-furnished lodgings were from affording every article in the catalogue of necessaries. We did not, indeed, give them a very scrupulous examination; for the place was so full, that, when we arrived, late at night, and tired with our journey, all the beds at the inn were taken up, and an easy-chair and a carpet were all the accommodations we could obtain for our repose.

The next morning, therefore, we eagerly engaged the first lodgings we found vacant, and have ever since been disputing about the terms, which, from the hurry, were not sufficiently ascertained; and it is not even yet settled whether the little

blue garret, which serves us as a powdering room, is ours of right or by favor. The want of all sorts of conveniences is a constant excuse for the want of all order and neatness, which is so visible in our apartment; and we are continually lamenting that we are obliged to buy things of which we have such plenty at home.

It is my misfortune that I can do nothing without all my little conveniences about me; and, in order to write a common letter, I must have my study-table to lean my elbows on in sedentary luxury: you will judge, therefore, how little I am able to employ my leisure, when I tell you, that the only room they have been able to allot for my use is so filled and crowded with my daughters' hat-boxes, band-boxes, and wig-boxes, that I can scarcely move about in it, and am at this moment writing upon a spare trunk for want of a table.

I am, therefore, driven to saunter about with the rest of the party; but, instead of the fine clumps of trees and waving fields of corn I have been accustomed to have before my eyes, I see nothing but a naked beach, almost without a tree, exposed by turns to the cutting eastern blast and the glare of a July sun, and covered with a sand equally painful to the eyes and to the feet. The ocean is, indeed, an object of unspeakable grandeur; but when it has been contemplated in a storm and in a calm,—when we have seen the sun rise out of its bosom, and the moon silver its extended surface,—its variety is exhausted, and the eye begins to require the softer and more interesting scenes of cultivated nature.

My family have, indeed, been persuaded several times to enjoy the sea still more, by engaging in a little sailing-party; but as, unfortunately, Northamptonshire has not afforded them any opportunity of becoming seasoned sailors, these parties of pleasure are always attended with the most dreadful sickness. This, likewise, I am told, is very good for the constitution: it may be so, for aught I know; but I confess I am apt to imagine that taking an emetic at home would be equally salutary, and I am sure it would be more decent.

LESSON LIII.

The same,—concluded.

I HAVE endeavored to amuse myself with the company, but without much success. It consists of a very few great people, who make a set by themselves, and think they are entitled, by the freedom of a watering-place, to indulge themselves in all manner of *airs*; and the rest is a motley group of sharpers, merchants' clerks, idle men, and nervous women. I have been accustomed to be nice in my choice of acquaintance; but the greater part of our connexions here are such as we should be ashamed to acknowledge any where else.

As to the settled inhabitants of the place, all who do not enrich themselves by us, view us with dislike, because we raise the price of provisions; and those who do,—which, in one way or other, comprehends all the lower class,—have lost every trace of rural simplicity, and are versed in all arts of low cunning and chicane. The spirit of greediness and rapacity is no where so conspicuous as in lodging-houses.

At our seat in the country, our domestic concerns went on as by clock-work; a quarter of an hour in a week settled the bills, and few tradesmen wished, and none dared, to practise any imposition where all were known; and the consequence of their different behavior must have been their being marked, for life, for encouragement or for distrust. But here the continual fluctuation of company takes away all regard to character; the most respectable and ancient families have no influence any further than as they scatter their ready cash; and neither gratitude nor respect is felt where there is no bond of mutual attachment besides the necessities of the present day.

I should be happy if we had only to contend with this spirit during our present excursion; but the effect it has upon servants is most pernicious. Our family used to be remarkable for having its domestics grow gray in its service; but this expedition has already corrupted them: two we have this evening parted with, and the rest have learned so much of the tricks of their station, that we shall be obliged to discharge them as soon as we return home.

In the country, I had been accustomed to do good to the poor: there are charities here too;—we have joined in a subscription for a crazy poetess, and a raffle for the support of a sharper, who passes under the title of a German count. Unfortunately, to balance these various expenses, this place, which happens to be a great resort of smugglers, affords daily opportunities of making *bargains*. We drink spoiled teas, under the idea of their being cheap; and the little room we have is made less by the reception of cargoes of India taffetas, shawl-muslins, and real chintzes. All my authority here would be exerted in vain; for the buying of a bargain is a temptation which it is not in the nature of any woman to resist.

I am in hopes, however, the business may receive some check from an incident which happened a little time since: an acquaintance of ours had his carriage seized by the custom-house officers, on account of a piece of silk which one of his female cousins, without his knowledge, had stowed in it; and it was only released by its being proved, that what she had bought with so much satisfaction as contraband, was in reality the home-bred manufacture of Spitalfields.

In this manner has the season passed away. I spend a great deal of money, and make no figure; I am in the country, and see nothing of country simplicity or country occupations; I am in an obscure village, and yet cannot stir out without more observers than if I were walking in St. James's Park; I am cooped up in less room than my own dog-kennel, while my spacious halls are injured by standing empty; and I am paying for tasteless, unripe fruit, while my own choice wall-fruit is rotting by bushels under the trees.

In recompense for all this, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we occupy the very rooms which my lord — had just quitted; of picking up anecdotes, true or false, of people in high life; and of seizing the ridicule of every character that passes by us in the moving show-glass of the place,—a pastime which often affords us a good deal of mirth; but which, I confess, I can never join in without reflecting that what is our amusement is theirs likewise.

As to the great ostensible object of our excursion,—health,—I am afraid we cannot boast of much improvement. We have had a wet and cold summer; and these houses, which

are either old tenements vamped up, or new ones slightly run up for the accommodation of bathers during the season, have more contrivances for letting in the cooling breezes than for keeping them out,—a circumstance which I should presume sagacious physicians do not always attend to, when they order patients from their own warm, compact, substantial houses, to take the air in country lodgings ; of which the best apartments, during the winter, have only been inhabited by the rats, and where the poverty of the landlord prevents him from laying out more in repairs, than will serve to give them a showy and attractive appearance.

Be that as it may ;—the rooms we at present inhabit are so pervious to the breeze, that, in spite of all the ingenious expedients of listing doors, pasting paper on the inside of cupboards, laying sand-bags, puttying crevices, and condemning closet-doors, it has given me a severe touch of my old rheumatism ; and all my family are in one way or other affected with it : my eldest daughter, too, has got cold with her bathing, though the sea-water never gives any body cold !

In answer to these complaints, I am told by the good company here, that I have staid too long in the same air, and that now I ought to take a trip to the continent, and spend the winter at Nice, which would complete the business. I am entirely of their opinion, that it *would* complete the business.

LESSON LIV.

The Tear of Penitence ; an Extract from “ Paradise and the Peri.”—T. MOORE.

Now, upon Syria's land of roses,
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon ;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below !
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,—
More golden where the sun-light falls ;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light ;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,
With their rich, restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west, as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan !
And, then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherds' ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales ;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods so full of nightingales !

But nought can charm the luckless Peri ;
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the Sun look down
On that great temple, once his own,*
Whose lonely columns stands sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie concealed,
 Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, annealed
In upper fires, some tablet sealed
 With the great name of Solomon,

* The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore, so soon,
An erring spirit to the skies !

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither ;
Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even,
In the rich west, begun to wither ;
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they ;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems ;
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now, nestling mid the roses, lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and, on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount,
Impatient, fling him down to drink.

Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;
The ruined maid, the shrine profaned,
Oaths broken, and the threshold stained
With blood of guests ! *there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again !

Yet tranquil, now, that man of crime—
As if the balmy evening time
Softened his spirit—looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play :
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burned all night,
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of day-light sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,

From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod

Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lispings the eternal name of God

From Purity's own cherub mouth ;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again !
Oh! 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost, and peace gone by.

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace ?
“There *was* a time,” he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, “thou blessed child,

When, young, and, haply, pure as thou,
 I looked and prayed like thee; but now—'
 He hung his head; each nobler aim,
 And hope, and feeling, which had slept
 From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

* * * * *

And now behold him kneeling there,
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sun-beam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a soul forgiven.



LESSON LV.

Character and Decay of the North American Indians.— STORY.

THERE is, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Every where, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils, rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi

and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment, startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? the sachems and the tribes? the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin.

The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves

of their fathers. They shed no tears ; they utter no cries ; they heave no groans.

There is something in their hearts, which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both ; which chokes all utterance ; which has no aim nor method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know, and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read, in such a fate, much that we know not how to interpret ; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments ; much of apology for wrong and perfidy ; much of pity mingling with indignation ; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past ; much of painful recollections ; much of dark foreboding.

Philosophy may tell us, that conquest in other cases has adopted the conquered into its own bosom ; and thus, at no distant period, given them the common privileges of subjects ; but that the red men are incapable of such an assimilation. By their very nature and character, they can neither unite themselves with civil institutions, nor with safety be allowed to remain as distinct communities.

Policy may suggest, that their ferocious passions, their independent spirit, and their wandering life, disdain the restraints of society ; that they will submit to superior force only while it chains them to the earth by its pressure. A wilderness is essential to their habits and pursuits. They can neither be tamed nor overawed. They subsist by war or hunting ; and the game of the forest is relinquished only for the nobler game of man. The question, therefore, is necessarily reduced to the consideration, whether the country itself shall be abandoned by civilized man, or maintained by his sword as the right of the strongest.

It may be so ; perhaps, in the wisdom of Providence, it must be so. I pretend not to comprehend, or solve, such weighty difficulties. But neither philosophy nor policy can

shut out the feelings of nature. Humanity must continue to sigh at the constant sacrifices of this bold, but wasting race. And Religion, if she may not blush at the deed, must, as she sees the successive victims depart, cling to the altar with a drooping heart, and mourn over a destiny without hope and without example.



LESSON LVI.

Melancholy Fate of the Indians.—C. SPRAGUE.

I VENERATE the pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead:
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws,
He turned to nature for a creed;
 Beneath the pillared dome,
 We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there;
But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt;
To one divinity with us he knelt—
Freedom, the self-same freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore.

He saw the cloud, ordained to grow,
And burst upon his hills in wo;
He saw his people withering by,
Beneath the invader's evil eye;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones;
At midnight hour, he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight;
To tiger rage his soul was driven;
Mercy was not—nor sought nor given;
The pale man from his lands must fly;
He would be free—or he would die.

And was this savage? Say,
Ye ancient few,
Who struggled through
Young freedom's trial-day,
What first your sleeping wrath awoke?
On your own shores war's larum broke:
What turned to gall even kindred blood?
Round your own homes the oppressor stood:
This every warm affection chilled,
This every heart with vengeance thrilled,
And strengthened every hand;
From mound to mound,
The word went round—
“Death for our native land!”

Ye mothers, too, breathe ye no sigh,
For them who thus could dare to die!
Are all your own dark hours forgot,
Of soul-sick suffering here,—
Your pangs, as from yon mountain spot,*
Death spoke in every booming shot,
That knelled upon your ear?
How oft that gloomy, glorious tale ye tell,
As round your knees your children's children hang,
Of them, the gallant ones, ye loved so well,
Who to the conflict for their country sprang!
In pride, in all the pride of wo,
Ye tell of them, the brave, laid low,
Who for their birthplace bled;
In pride, the pride of triumph then,
Ye tell of them, the matchless men,
From whom the invaders fled.

And ye, this holy place who throng,
The annual theme to hear,
And bid the exulting song
Sound their great names from year to year;
Ye, who invoke the chisel's breathing grace,
In marble majesty their forms to trace;

* Bunker Hill.

Ye, who the sleeping rocks would raise,
To guard their dust and speak their praise ;
Ye, who, should some other band
With hostile foot defile the land,
Feel that ye, like them, would wake,
Like them the yoke of bondage break,
Nor leave a battle-blade undrawn,
Though every hill a sepulchre should yawn—
Say, have not ye one line for those,
One brother-line to spare,
Who rose but as your fathers rose,
And dared as ye would dare ?

Alas ! for them,—their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore :
No more for them the wild deer bounds ;
The plough is on their hunting grounds ;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skins o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry ;
Their children—look ! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
Their children go—to die.

O doubly lost ! Oblivion's shadows close
Around their triumphs and their woes.
On other realms, whose suns have set,
Reflected radiance lingers yet ;
There, sage and bard have shed a light
That never shall go down in night ;
There, time-crowned columns stand on high,
To tell of them who cannot die ;
Even we, who then were nothing, kneel
In homage there, and join earth's general peal.
But the doomed Indian leaves behind no trace,
To save his own, or serve another race :
With his frail breath his power has passed away ;
His deeds, his thoughts, are buried with his clay.
Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page,
Shall link him to a future age,

Or give him with the past a rank :
His heraldry is but a broken bow,
His history but a tale of wrong and wo,
His very name must be a blank.

Cold, with the beast he slew, he sleeps ;
O'er him no filial spirit weeps ;
No crowds throng round, no anthem-notes ascend,
To bless his coming and embalm his end ;
Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue,—
By foes alone his death-song must be sung ;
No chronicles but theirs shall tell
His mournful doom to future times ;
May these upon his virtues dwell,
And in his fate forget his crimes.

LESSON LVII.

Concluding Lines of the "Fall of the Indian."—McLELLAN.

YET sometimes, in the gay and noisy street
Of the great city, which usurps the place
Of the small Indian village, one shall see
Some miserable relic of that race,
Whose sorely-tarnished fortunes we have sung ;—
Yet how debased and fallen ! In his eye
The flame of noble daring is gone out,
And his brave face has lost its martial look.
His eye rests on the earth, as if the grave
Were his sole hope, his last and only home.
A poor, thin garb is wrapped about his frame,
Whose sorry plight but mocks his ancient state,
And in the bleak and pitiless storm he walks
With melancholy brow, and shivers as he goes.
His pride is dead ; his courage is no more ;
His name is but a by-word. All the tribes,
Who called this mighty continent their own,
Are homeless, friendless wanderers on earth !

LESSON LVIII.

Death-Song of Outalissi.—CAMPBELL.

“AND I could weep,”—the Oneida chief
His descant wildly thus begun,—
“But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father’s son,
Or bow this head in wo ;
For, by my wrongs and by my wrath,
To-morrow, Areouski’s breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe :
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman’s blood, the avenger’s joy !

“But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o’er the deep,
The spirits of the white man’s heaven
Forbid not thee to weep :
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father’s spirit grieve
To see thee, on the battle’s eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most :
She was the rainbow to thy sight,
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight.

“To-morrow, let us do or die !
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly ?
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
Seek we thy once-loved home ?
The hand is gone that cropped its flowers :
Unheard the clock repeats its hours ;
Cold is the hearth within those bowers ;
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead.

“Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o’ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves, to ruin grown,
Like me are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair.

“But hark! the tramp!—to-morrow, thou
In glory’s fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father’s awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll:
He bids my soul for battle thirst,—
He bids me dry the last, the first,
The only tears, that ever burst
From Outalissi’s soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.”

LESSON LIX.

Portrait of a worldly-minded Woman.—FREEMAN.

A WOMAN has spent her youth without the practice of any remarkable virtue, or the commission of any thing which is flagrantly wrong; and she is now united with a man, whose moral endowments are not more distinguished than her own; but who is industrious, rich and prosperous. Against the connexion she had no objection; and it is what her friends entirely approved. His standing in life is respectable; and they both pass along without scandal, but without much approbation of their own consciences, and without any loud applause from others; for the love of the world is the

principle, which predominates in their bosoms; and the world never highly praises its own votaries.

She is not absolutely destitute of the external appearance of religion; for she constantly attends church in the afternoon, unless she is detained by her guests; and in the morning, unless she is kept at home by a slight indisposition, or unfavorable weather, which, she supposes, happen more frequently on Sundays than other days; and which, it must be confessed, are several degrees less inconvenient and less unpleasant, than similar causes, which prevent her from going to a party of pleasure. This, however, is the end of her religion, such as it is; for when she is at church, she does not think herself under obligations to attend to what is passing there, and to join in the worship of her Maker.

She cannot, with propriety, be called a woman professing godliness; for she makes no public profession of love to her Savior: she does only what is customary; and she would do still less, if the omission was decōrous. Of domestic religion, there is not even a semblance. As her husband does not think proper to pray with his family, so she does not think proper to pray with her children, or to instruct them in the doctrines and duties of Christianity. On the gospel, however, no ridicule nor contempt is cast; and twice or thrice in a year, thanks are given to God at her table,—that is, when a minister of religion is one of her guests.

No time being consumed in devotion, much is left for the care of her house, to which she attends with worldly discretion. Her husband is industrious in acquiring wealth; and she is equally industrious in spending it in such a manner as to keep up a genteel appearance. She is prudent in managing her affairs, and suffers nothing to be wasted through thoughtlessness. In a word, she is a reasonable economist; and there is a loud call, though she is affluent, that she should be so, as her expenses are necessarily great.

But she is an economist, not for the indigent, but for herself; not that she may increase her means of doing good, but that she may adorn her person, and the persons of her children, with gold, and pearls, and costly array; not that she may make a feast for the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, but that she may make a dinner or a supper for

her rich neighbors, who will bid her again. Though the preparations for these expensive dining and evening parties, are more irksome than the toils of the common laborer, yet she submits to them with readiness; for she loves the world, and she loves the approbation, which she hopes the world will bestow on the brilliancy of her decorations, and the exquisite taste of her high-seasoned viands and delicious wines.

For this reputation, she foregoes the pleasure which she would feel, in giving bread to the fatherless, and in kindling the cheerful fire on the hearth of the aged widow. Thus, though she has many guests at her board, yet she is not hospitable; and though she gives much away, yet she is not charitable; for she gives to those who stand in no need of her gifts.

I call not this woman completely selfish; for she loves her family. She is sedulous in conferring on her daughters a polite education, and in settling them in the world as respectably, as she is established herself. For her sons she is still more anxious, because the sons of the rich are too much addicted to extravagance; and she is desirous to preserve them from dissipations, which would tarnish the good name, that she would have them enjoy in the world, and which, above all, would impair their fortunes. But here her affection terminates. She loves nothing out of the bosom of her own family: for the poor and the wretched she has no regard.

It is not strictly accurate to say, that she bestows nothing on them; because she sometimes gives in public charities, when it would not be decent to withhold her donations; and she sometimes gives more privately, when she is warmly solicited, and when all her friends and neighbors give: but, in both cases, she concedes her alms with a cold and unwilling mind. She considers it in the same light as her husband views the taxes which he pays to the government, as a debt which must be discharged, but from which she would be glad to escape.

As a rational woman, however, must not be supposed to conduct herself without reason, she endeavors to find excuses for her omissions. Her first and great apology is, that she has poor relations to provide for. In this apology there is

truth. Mortifying as she feels it to be, it must be confessed that she is clogged with indigent connexions, who are allowed to come to her house, when she has no apprehension that they will be seen by her wealthy visitants. As it would be a gross violation of decency, and what every one would condemn as monstrous, for her to permit them to famish, when she is so able to relieve them, she does, indeed, bestow something on them ; but she gives it sparingly, reluctantly and haughtily. She flatters herself, however, that she has now done every thing which can with justice be demanded of her, and that other indigent persons have not a claim on her bounty.

Another apology is, that the poor are vitious, and do not deserve her beneficence. By their idleness and intemperance they have brought themselves to poverty. They have little regard to truth ; and though it must be allowed that their distress is not altogether imaginary, yet they are ever disposed to exaggerate their sufferings. Whilst they are ready to devour one another, they are envious toward the rich, and the kindness of their benefactors they commonly repay with ingratitude. To justify these charges, she can produce many examples ; and she deems that they are sufficient excuses for her want of humanity. But she forgets, in the mean while, that the Christian woman, who sincerely loves God and her neighbor, in imitation of her heavenly Father, is kind to the evil as well as the good, to the unthankful as well as the grateful.



LESSON LX.

Portrait of a selfish Woman.—FREEMAN.

A YOUNG WOMAN, in a state of prosperity, is not yet much corrupted by the world, and has not entirely lost the simplicity and innocence of her early years. She has passed her childhood diligently and laudably, in the acquisition of those elegant accomplishments, which are so highly ornamental to the daughters of the rich ; and she is now the pride of

her parents, and the object of general admiration. Of religion she has some appearance, for she not only goes to church, but she attends there frequently and with pleasure. In truth, nothing, except a well-acted play or interesting novel, affords her so much delight, as a discourse, which is elegantly composed, and eloquently delivered, and which sparkles with brilliant metaphors and original similes.

She is, in particular, charmed with sweet-toned, pathetic sermons, which fill her eyes with tears, and her bosom with soft emotions; but for those plain discourses, which probe the human heart, which point out the danger of prosperity, and inculcate the necessity of self-denial and humility, she has very little relish. Humility, in particular, that grace which is so essential in the character of a true Christian, is a virtue to which she is a stranger. She entertains an exalted idea of her own dignity, and esteems nothing in this world so important, so sublime, so celestial, as a beautiful and accomplished young woman. But though she is not humble, yet she has somewhat of the appearance of humility; for she is modest in her thoughts, and delicate in her manners.

Religion with her is a matter of taste, but not of action. She makes judicious observations on the sermons which she hears, and on the prayers, as far as they are the subjects of criticism; but she neither prays with her heart, nor does she receive with meekness into her heart the engrafted word. Of godliness she has not yet made a profession; for this is a business which belongs to the old and the wretched, and not to the young and the cheerful. Her behavior in her family and in society, however, may in general be said to be without reproach. As she receives the homage of every one who approaches her, she is careful to return respect; and there is no want in her of that condescension, which is consistent with a high degree of self-complacence.

Of candor she possesses, if not a liberal, yet not an unusual portion. She never calumniates any one; and if she sometimes makes herself merry with the foibles of her absent friends, her wit is without malice, and is designed only to excite the mirth of the present company. In effect she loves, or at least thinks that she loves, her friends with uncommon ardor; and her private letters to them are replete with the

warmest expressions of affection, with the most generous and disinterested sentiments.

For charity she entertains a fond regard. Charity, that divine nymph, which descends from the skies, with an eye beaming with benignity, a cheek glowing with compassion, a foot light as a zephyr silently stepping near the couch of anguish, and a soft hand gently opened for the solace of the daughters of wo; charity, which she cannot figuratively describe, without literally describing the loveliness of her own face, and the graces of her own person; charity is so charming a form, that no mind, she thinks, can contemplate her without delightful emotions. Her refined taste in benevolence, and the books which she has read, teach her highly to value this godlike virtue; and she impatiently longs for an opportunity of displaying her liberality in such a magnificent style, as to overwhelm with gratitude the object of her bounty.

But the sufferer, whom she has imaged in her mind, is as elegant as herself; and though poor, yet without any of the mean concomitants of poverty. For the real poor, who daily pass before her eyes, who are gross and vulgar, rude in their speech, base in their sentiments, and squalid in their garments, she has little sympathy. Farthings would comfort them, but she gives them nothing; for her ambition is to pour handfuls of guineas into the lap of poor Maria, a lovely and unfortunate girl, who would thank her in pathetic and polished language. Thus she passes her youth, praising and affecting benevolence, but without the actual performance of good works; and, should not her heart in season be touched with piety and Christian charity, when she enters the conjugal state, she sinks into the cold and selfish matron.

LESSON LXI.

Fancy and Philosophy contrasted.—BEATTIE.

I CANNOT blame thy choice, the sage replied,
For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways;
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.

Eyes, dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest truth no light nor beauty find :

And who, my child, would trust the meteor blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined ?

Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :

To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of wo in tenfold night :

And often, where no real ills affright,

Its visionary fiends, an endless train,

Assail with equal or superior might,

And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

And yet, alas ! the real ills of life

Claim the full vigor of a mind prepared,—

Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,

Its guide experience, and truth its guard.

We fare on earth as other men have fared :

Were they successful ? Let not us despair.

Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?

Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare

How they have borne the load ourselves are doomed to bear.

* * * * *

But, now, let other themes our care engage ;

For, lo ! with modest, yet majestic grace,

To curb imagination's lawless rage,

And from within the cherished heart to brace,

Philosophy appears. The gloomy race,

By indolence and moping fancy bred—

Fear, discontent, solicitude—give place,

And hope and courage brighten in their stead,

While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

Then waken from long lethargy to life

The seeds of happiness and powers of thought :

Then jarring appetites forego their strife,

A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.

Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
 As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

And reason, now, through number, time and space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high ?
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedimmed with tears,
 Such glory bear ?—for, lo ! the shadows fly
 From nature's face ; confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears.

* * * * *

Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
 Stunned with the eternal turbulence of waves,
 Lo ! with dim eyes, that never learned to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famished native craves
 Of Heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,
 Or scorched on rocks, he pines from day to day ;
 But science gives the word ; and, lo ! he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

And even where nature loads the teeming plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane :
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore
 Stretch their enormous gloom ; which, to explore,
 Even fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood ;
 For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood ;
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

'Twas from philosophy man learned to tame
 The soil, by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo ! from the echoing axe and thundering flame,
 Poison, and plague, and yelling rage are fled.

The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale :
And from the breezy main and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

What dire necessities, on every hand,
Our art, our strength, our fortitude, require !
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire !
Yet science can elude their fatal ire
Awhile, and turn aside death's levelled dart,
Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
Flee to the shades of Academus' grove,
Where cares molest not ; discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth, breathed from the lips of love.

What cannot art and industry perform,
When science plans the progress of their toil ?
They smile at penury, disease and storm,
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-versed in man, the philosophic sage
Prepares, with lenient hand, their phrensy to assuage.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil and clime
Explored, a nation's various powers can bind,
And various orders, in one form sublime

Of policy, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
The assault of foreign or domestic crime;
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And industry and law, maintain their sway severe.



LESSON LXII.

Extracts from "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters."—
GREGORY.

THERE are many circumstances in your situation, that peculiarly require the supports of religion, to enable you to act in them with spirit and propriety. Your whole life is often a life of suffering. You cannot plunge into business, or dissipate yourselves in pleasure and riot, as men too often do, when under the pressure of misfortunes. You must bear your sorrows in silence, unknown and unpitied. You must often put on a face of serenity and cheerfulness, when your hearts are torn with anguish, or sinking in despair. Then your only resource is in the consolations of religion.

Be punctual in the stated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual cheerfulness to your tempers, give a firmness and steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

Cultivate an enlarged charity for all mankind, however they may differ from you in their religious opinions. That difference may probably arise from causes in which you had no share, and from which you can derive no merit.

The best effect of your religion will be a diffusive humanity to all in distress. Set apart a certain proportion of your income as sacred to charitable purposes. But in this, as well as in the practice of every other duty, carefully avoid ostentation. Vanity is always defeating her own purposes. Fame

is one of the natural rewards of virtue. Do not pursue her, and she will follow you.

Do not confine your charity to giving money. You may have many opportunities of showing a tender and compassionate spirit, where your money is not wanted. There is a false and unnatural refinement in sensibility, which makes some people shun the sight of every object in distress. Never indulge this, especially where your friends or acquaintances are concerned. Let the days of their misfortunes, when the world forgets or avoids them, be the season for you to exercise your humanity and friendship. The sight of human misery softens the heart, and makes it better: it checks the pride of health and prosperity; and the distress it occasions is amply compensated by the consciousness of doing your duty, and by the secret endearment which nature has annexed to all our sympathetic sorrows.

One of the chief beauties in a female character, is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible to applause. If you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women. But you may be dazzled by that admiration, which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility, which it indicates, may be a weakness and encumbrance in our sex; but in yours, it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush, when she is conscious of no crime. It is a sufficient answer, that nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so. Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dulness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable. The expression in the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy; yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it, become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humor is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.



LESSON LXIII.

The same,—concluded.

BEWARE of detraction, especially where your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice—I think, unjustly. Men are fully as guilty of it, when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason, be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regards. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Have a sacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts, who were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners extremely engaging in your sex; not that indiscriminate atten-

tion, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. This arises, either from an affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

Let me recommend to your attention, that elegance, which is not so much a quality itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter. It gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it, principally, as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners,—every virtue and every excellency in their most graceful and amiable forms.

You may, perhaps, think that I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and to make you entirely artificial. Far from it. I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation.

I would particularly recommend to you those exercises, that oblige you to be much abroad in the open air, such as walking, and riding on horseback. These will give vigor to your constitutions, and a bloom to your complexions. An attention to your health is a duty you owe to yourselves and to your friends. Bad health seldom fails to have an influence on the spirits and temper. The finest geniuses, the most delicate minds, have very frequently a correspondent delicacy of bodily constitution, which they are too apt to neglect. Their luxury lies in reading and late hours, equal enemies to health and beauty.

The domestic economy of a family is entirely a woman's province, and furnishes a variety of subjects for the exertion both of good sense and good taste. If you ever come to have the charge of a family, it ought to engage much of your time and attention; nor can you be excused from this by any extent of fortune, though, with a narrow one, the ruin that follows the neglect of it may be more immediate.

Do not confine your attention to dress to your public appearances. Accustom yourselves to an habitual neatness; so that, in the most careless undress, in your most unguarded

hours, you may have no reason to be ashamed of your appearance. You will not easily believe how much we consider your dress as expressive of your characters. Vanity, levity, slovenliness, folly, appear through it. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

In dancing, the principal points you are to attend to, are ease and grace. I would have you dance with spirit: but never allow yourselves to be so far transported with mirth, as to forget the delicacy of your sex. Many a girl, dancing in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to discover a spirit she little dreams of.

In the choice of your friends, have your principal regard to goodness of heart and fidelity. If they also possess taste and genius, that will make them still more agreeable and useful companions. You have particular reason to place confidence in those, who have shown affection for you in your early days, when you were incapable of making them any return. This is an obligation for which you cannot be too grateful.

If you have the good fortune to meet with any who deserve the name of friends, unbosom yourself to them with the most unsuspecting confidence. It is one of the world's maxims, never to trust any person with a secret, the discovery of which could give you any pain; but it is the maxim of a little mind and a cold heart, unless where it is the effect of frequent disappointments and bad usage. An open temper, if restrained but by tolerable prudence, will make you, on the whole, much happier than a reserved, suspicious one, although you may sometimes suffer by it. Coldness and distrust are but the too certain consequences of age and experience; but they are unpleasant feelings, and need not be anticipated before their time.

But, however open you may be in talking of your own affairs, never disclose the secrets of one friend to another. These are private deposits, which do not belong to you, nor have you any right to make use of them.

LESSON LXIV.

To a Log of Wood upon the Fire.—NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

POOR LOG ! I cannot hear thee sigh,
And groan, and hiss, and see thee die,
 To warm a poet,
Without evincing thy success,
And, as thou wanest less and less,
Inditing a farewell address,
 To let thee know it.

Peeping from earth, a bud unveiled,
Some busky bourn or dingle hailed
 Thy natal hour,
While infant winds around thee blew,
And thou wert fed with silver dew,
And tender sun-beams, oozing through
 Thy leafy bower.

Earth, water, air, thy growth prepared ;
And if perchance some robin, scared
 From neighboring manor,
Perched on thy crest, it rocked in air,
Making his ruddy feathers flare
In the sun's ray, as if they were
 A fairy banner.

Or if some nightingale impressed
Against thy branching top her breast,
 Heaving with passion,
And, in the leafy nights of June,
Outpoured her sorrows to the moon,
Thy trembling stem thou didst attune
 To each vibration.

Thou grew'st a goodly tree, with shoots
Fanning the sky, and earth-bound roots
 So grappled under,
That thou, whom perching birds could swing,
And zephyrs rock with lightest wing,
From thy firm trunk, unmoved, didst fling
 Tempest and thunder.

How oft thy lofty summits won
Morn's virgin smile, and hailed the sun
 With rustling motion,—
How oft, in silent depths of night,
When the moon sailed in cloudless light,
Thou hast stood awe-struck at the sight,
 In hushed devotion,—

'Twere vain to ask : for, doomed to fall,
The day appointed for us all
 O'er thee impended :
The hatchet, with remorseless blow,
First laid thee in the forest low,
Then cut thee into logs, and so
 Thy course was ended.

But not thine use ; for moral rules,
Worth all the wisdom of the schools,
 Thou may'st bequeath me ;
Bidding me cherish those who live
Above me, and, the more I thrive,
A wider shade and shelter give
 To those beneath me.

So when, at last, Death lays me low,
I may resign, as calm as thou,
 My hold terrestrial ;
Like thine my latter end be found
Diffusing light and warmth around,
And like thy smoke my spirit bound
 To realms celestial.

LESSON LXV.

A Family Scene.—MISS FERRIER.

THE first appearance of the Holm was highly prepossessing. It was a large, handsome-looking house, situated in a well-wooded park, by the side of a broad, placid river; and an air of seclusion and stillness reigned all around, which impressed the mind with images of peace and repose. The interior of the house was no less promising. There was a spacious hall, and a handsome staircase, with all appliances to boot; but, as the party approached the drawing-room, all the luxurious indolence of thought, inspired by the tranquillity of the scenery, was quickly dispelled by the discordant sounds which issued from thence; and, when the door was thrown open, the footman in vain attempted to announce the visitors.

In the middle of the room all the chairs were collected, to form a coach and horses for the Masters and Misses Fairbairn. One unruly-looking urchin sat in front, cracking a long whip with all his might; another acted as guard behind, and blew a shrill trumpet with all his strength; while a third, in a night-cap and flannel lappet, who had somewhat the air of having quarrelled with the rest of the party, paraded up and down, in solitary majesty, beating a drum. On a sofa sat Mrs. Fairbairn, a soft, fair, genteel-looking woman, with a crying child about three years old at her side, tearing paper into shreds, seemingly for the delight of littering the carpet, which was already strowed with headless dolls, tailless horses, and wheelless carts. As she rose to receive her visitors, it began to scream.

"I'm not going away, Charlotte, love,—don't be frightened," said the fond mother, with a look of ineffable pleasure.

"You shan't get up," screamed Charlotte, seizing her mother's gown fiercely, to detain her.

"My darling, you'll surely let me go to speak to uncle—good uncle, who brings you pretty things, you know;" but, during this colloquy, uncle and the ladies had made their way to the enthralled mother, and the bustle of a meeting and introduction was got over. The footman obtained chairs

with some difficulty, and placed them as close to the mistress of the house as possible, aware that, otherwise, it would not be easy to carry on even question and answer amid the tumult that reigned.

"You find us rather noisy, I am afraid," said Mrs. Fairbairn with a smile, and in a manner which evidently meant the reverse; "but this is Saturday, and the children are all in such spirits, and they won't stay away from me. Henry, my dear, don't crack your whip *quite* so loud, there's a good boy—that's a new whip his papa brought him from London; and he's so proud of it! William, my darling, don't you think your drum must be tired now? If I were you I would give it a rest. Alexander, your trumpet makes *rather* too much noise: one of these ladies has a headache; wait till you go out—there's my good boy,—and then you'll blow it at the cows and the sheep, you know, and frighten them—Oh! how you will frighten them with it!"

"No, I'll not blow it at the cows; I'll blow it at the horses, because then they'll think 'tis the mail-coach." And he was running off, when Henry jumped down from the coach-box.

"No, but you shan't frighten them with your trumpet, for I shall frighten them with my whip. Mamma, aren't horses best frightened with a whip?"—and a struggle ensued.

"Well, don't fight, my dears, and you shall both frighten them," cried their mamma.

"No, I'm determined he shan't frighten them; I shall do it," cried both together, as they rushed out of the room, and the drummer was preparing to follow.

"William, my darling, don't you go after these naughty boys; you know they're always very bad to you. You know they wouldn't let you into their coach with your drum." Here William began to cry.—"Well, never mind, you shall have a coach of your own—a much finer coach than theirs; I wouldn't go in to their ugly, dirty coach; and you shall have—" Here something of a consolatory nature was whispered; William was comforted, and even prevailed upon to relinquish his drum for his mamma's ivory work-box, the contents of which were soon scattered on the floor.

"These boys are gone without their hats," cried Mrs. Fairbairn, in a tone of distress. "Eliza, my dear, pull the

bell for Sally to get the boys' hats." Sally being despatched with the hats, something like a calm ensued, in the absence of him of the whip and the trumpet; but as it will be of short duration, it is necessary to take advantage of it in improving the introduction into an acquaintance with the Fairbairn family.

Mrs. Fairbairn was one of those ladies, who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be any thing else. All the duties, pleasures, charities and decencies of life, were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother; she was the grandmamma of her dear infants: her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts; and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband, from the time he became a father.

He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr. Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs. Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr. Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings, or refined taste; and although, at first, he did feel a little unpleasantly, when he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet, in time, he became accustomed to it,—then came to look upon Mrs. Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers,—and, finally, resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs. Fairbairn was the mother.

In all this there was more of selfish egotism, and animal instinct, than of rational affection, or Christian principle; but both parents piqued themselves upon their fondness for their offspring, as if it were a feeling peculiar to themselves, and not one they shared in common with the lowest and weakest of their species. Like them, too, it was upon the *bodies* of their children that they lavished their chief care and tenderness; for, as to the immortal interests of their souls, or the cultivation of their minds, or the improvement of their tempers, these were but little attended to, at least in comparison with their health and personal appearance.

Alas! if there "be not a gem so precious as the human soul," how often do these gems seem as pearls cast before

swine! for how seldom is it that a parent's greatest care is for the immortal happiness of that being, whose precarious and, at best, transient existence engrosses her every thought and desire! But, perhaps, Mrs. Fairbairn, like many a foolish, ignorant mother, did her best; and had she been satisfied with spoiling her children herself, for her own private amusement, and not have drawn in her visitors and acquaintances to share in it, the evil might have passed uncensured. But, instead of shutting herself up in her nursery, she chose to bring her nursery down to her drawing-room; and, instead of modestly denying her friends an entrance into her purgatory, she had a foolish pride in showing herself in the midst of her angels. In short, as the best things, when corrupted, always become the worst, so the purest and tenderest of human affections, when thus debased by selfishness and egotism, turn to the most tiresome and ridiculous of human weaknesses.



LESSON LXVI.

The same,—concluded.

"I HAVE been much to blame," said Mrs. Fairbairn, addressing Miss Bell, in a soft, whining, sick-child sort of voice, "for not having been at Bellevue long ago; but dear little Charlotte has been so plagued with her teeth, I could not think of leaving her; for she is so fond of me, she will go to nobody else: she screams when her maid offers to take her, and she won't go even to her papa."

"Is that possible?" said the major.

"I assure you it's very true; she's a very naughty girl sometimes"—bestowing a long and rapturous kiss on the child. "Who was it that beat poor papa for taking her from mamma last night? Well, don't cry: no, no, it wasn't my Charlotte. She knows every word that's said to her, and did from the time she was only a year old."

"That is wonderful!" said Miss Bell; "but how is my little favorite, Andrew?"

"He is not very stout yet, poor little fellow; and we must

be very careful of him." Then, turning to Miss St. Clair, "Our little Andrew has had the measles; and you know the dregs of the measles are a serious thing—much worse than the measles themselves. Andrew, Andrew Waddell, my love, come here, and speak to the ladies." And thereupon Andrew Waddell, in a night-cap, riding on a stick, drew near. Being the major's namesake, Miss Bell, in the ardor of her attachment, thought proper to coax Andrew Waddell on her knee, and even to open her watch for his entertainment.

"Ah! I see who spoils Andrew Waddell," cried the delighted mother.

The major chuckled; Miss Bell disclaimed; and, for the time, Andrew Waddell became the hero of the piece: the *blains* of the measles were carefully pointed out, and all his sufferings and sayings duly recapitulated. At length Miss Charlotte, indignant at finding herself eclipsed, began to scream and cry with all her strength.

"It's her teeth, darling little thing," said her mother, caressing her.

"I'm sure it's her teeth, sweet little dear," said Miss Bell.

"It undoubtedly must be her teeth, poor little girl," said the major.

"If you will feel her gum," said Mrs. Fairbairn, putting her own finger into the child's mouth, "you will feel how hot it is."

This was addressed in a sort of general way to the company, none of whom seemed eager to avail themselves of the privilege, till the major stepped forward, and having, with his fore-finger, made the circuit of Miss Charlotte's mouth, gave it as his decided opinion, that there was a tooth actually cutting the skin. Miss Bell followed the same course, and confirmed the interesting fact, adding, that it appeared to her to be "an uncommon large tooth."

At that moment, Mr. Fairbairn entered, bearing in his arms another of the family,—a fat, sour, new-waked-looking creature, sucking its finger. Scarcely was the introduction over,—"There's a pair of legs!" exclaimed he, holding out a pair of thick purple stumps with red worsted shoes at the end of them. "I don't suppose Miss St. Clair ever saw legs

like these in France ; these are porridge and milk legs, are they not, Bobby ?”

But Bobby continued to chew the cud of his own thumb in solemn silence.

“ Will you speak to me, Bobby ?” said Miss Bell, bent upon being amiable and agreeable ; but still Bobby was mute.

“ We think this little fellow rather long of speaking,” said Mr. Fairbairn ; “ we allege that his legs have run away with his tongue.”

“ How old is he ?” asked the major.

“ He is only nineteen months and ten days,” answered his mother ; “ so he has not lost much time ; but I would rather see a child fat and thriving, than have it very forward.”

“ No comparison !” was here uttered in a breath by the major and Miss Bell.

“ There’s a great difference in children in their time of speaking,” said the mamma. “ Alexander didn’t speak till he was two and a quarter ; and Henry, again, had a great many little words before he was seventeen months ; and Eliza and Charlotte both said “mamma” as plain as I do, at a year ; but girls always speak sooner than boys : as for William Pitt and Andrew Waddell, the twins, they both suffered so much from their teething, that they were longer of speaking than they would otherwise have been ; indeed, I never saw an infant suffer so much as Andrew Waddell did.”

A movement was here made by the visitors to depart.

“ Oh ! you mustn’t go without seeing the baby,” cried Mrs. Fairbairn. “ Mr. Fairbairn, will you pull the bell twice for baby ?”

The bell was twice rung, but no baby answered the summons.

“ She must be asleep,” said Mrs. Fairbairn ; “ but I will take you up to the nursery, and you will see her in her cradle.” And Mrs. Fairbairn led the way to the nursery, and opened the shutter, and uncovered the cradle, and displayed the baby.

“ Just five months—uncommon fine child—the image of Mr. Fairbairn—fat little thing—neat little hands—sweet little mouth—pretty little nose—nice little toes,” were as usual whispered over it.

Miss St. Clair flattered herself the exhibition was now over, and was again taking leave, when, to her dismay, the squires of the whip and the trumpet rushed in, proclaiming that it was pouring of rain. To leave the house was impossible; and, as it was getting late, there was nothing for it but staying dinner.

The children of this happy family always dined at table, and their food and manner of eating were the only subjects of conversation. Alexander did not like mashed potatoes—and Andrew Waddell could not eat broth—and Eliza could live upon fish—and William Pitt took too much small beer—and Henry ate as much meat as his papa—and all these peculiarities had descended to them from some one or other of their ancestors. The dinner was simple, on account of the children; and there was no dessert, as Bobby did not agree with fruit. But to make amends, Eliza's sampler was shown, and Henry and Alexander's copy-books were handed round the table, and Andrew Waddell stood up and repeated "My name is Norval," from beginning to end, and William Pitt was prevailed upon to sing the whole of "God save the King," in a little squeaking, meally voice, and was bravoed and applauded as though he had been Braham himself.

To paint a scene in itself so tiresome is, doubtless, but a poor amusement to my reader, who must often have endured similar persecution. For who has not suffered from the obtrusive fondness of parents for their offspring? and who has not felt what it was to be called upon, in the course of a morning visit, to enter into all the joys and the sorrows of the nursery, and to take a lively interest in all the feats and peculiarities of the family? Shakspeare's anathema against those who hated music, is scarcely too strong to be applied to those who dislike children. There is much enjoyment, sometimes, in making acquaintance with the little beings; much delight in hearing their artless and unsophisticated prattle, and something not displeasing even in witnessing their little freaks and wayward humors; but when a tiresome mother, instead of allowing the company to notice her child, torments every one to death in forcing or coaxing her child to notice the company, the charm is gone, and we experience only disgust.

LESSON LXVII.

Local Associations.—H. G. OTIS.

THERE are none, who have paid even a superficial attention to the process of their perceptions, who are not conscious that a prolific source of intellectual pleasures and pains, is found in our faculty of associating the remembrance of characters and events, which have most interested our affections and passions, with the spot whereon the former have lived and the latter have occurred. It is to the magic of this local influence, that we are indebted for the charm, which recalls the sports and pastimes of our childhood, the joyous days of youth, when buoyant spirits invested all surrounding objects with the color of the rose.

It is this, which brings before us, as we look back through the vista of riper years, past enjoyments and afflictions, aspiring hopes and bitter disappointments, the temptations we have encountered, the snares which have entangled us, the dangers we have escaped, the fidelity or treachery of friends. It is this, which enables us to surround ourselves with the images of those, who were associates in the scenes we contemplate, and to hold sweet converse with the spirits of the departed, whom we have loved or honored in the places which shall know them no more.

But the potency of these local associations, is not limited to the sphere of our personal experience. We are qualified by it to derive gratification from what we have heard and read of other times, to bring forth forgotten treasures from the recesses of memory, and recreate fancy in the fields of imagination. The regions, which have been famed in sacred or fabulous history; the mountains, plains, isles, rivers, celebrated in the classic page; the seas, traversed by the discoverers of new worlds; the fields, in which empires have been lost and won,—are scenes of enchantment for the visiter, who indulges the trains of perception which either rush unbidden on his mind, or are courted by its voluntary efforts. This faculty it is, which, united with a disposition to use it to advantage, alone gives dignity to the passion for visiting foreign

countries; and distinguishes the philosopher, who moralizes on the turf that covers the mouldering dust of ambition, valor, or patriotism, from the fashionable vagabond, who flutters among the flowers, which bloom over their graves.

Among all the objects of mental association, ancient buildings and ruins affect us with the deepest and most vivid emotions. They were the works of beings like ourselves. While a mist, impervious to mortal view, hangs over the future, all our fond imaginings of the things, which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," in the eternity to come, are inevitably associated with the men, the events and things, which have gone to join the eternity that is past.

When imagination has in vain essayed to rise beyond the stars, which "proclaim the story of their birth," inquisitive to know the occupations and condition of the sages and heroes, whom we hope to join in a higher empyrean, she drops her weary wing, and is compelled to alight among the fragments of "gorgeous palaces and cloud-capped towers," which cover their human ruins, and, by aid of these localities, to ruminate upon their virtues and their faults, on their deeds in the cabinet and in the field, and upon the revolutions of the successive ages in which they lived. To this propensity may be traced the sublimated feelings of the man, who, familiar with the stories of Sesostris, the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, surveys the pyramids, not merely as stupendous fabrics of mechanical skill, but as monuments of the pride and ambitious folly of kings, and of the debasement and oppression of the wretched myriads, by whose labors they were raised to the skies. To this must be referred the awe and contrition, which solemnize and melt the heart of the Christian, who looks into the holy sepulchre, and believes he sees the place where the Lord was laid.

From this originate the musings of the scholar, who, amid the ruins of the Parthenon and the Acropolis, transports his imagination to the age of Pericles and Phidias;—the reflections of all, not dead to sentiment, who descend to the subterranean habitations of Pompeii—handle the utensils that once ministered to the wants, and the ornaments subservient to the luxury, of a polished city—behold the rut of wheels

upon the pavement hidden for ages from human sight—and realize the awful hour, when the hum of industry and the song of joy, the wailing of the infant, and the garrulity of age, were suddenly and forever silenced by the fiery deluge, which buried the city, until accident and industry, after the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, revealed its ruins to the curiosity and cupidity of the passing age.



LESSON LXVIII.

To Seneca Lake.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.



LESSON LXIX.

Lake Superior.—S. G. GOODRICH.

FATHER OF LAKES, thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,
With listening ear in sadness broods,
Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves,
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods

Nor can the light canoes, that glide
Across thy breast like things of air,
Chase from thy lone and level tide,
The spell of stillness reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,
A sudden, startling image brings
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarl'd and braided boughs, that show
Their dim forms in the forest shade,
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes, round this shore,
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone ;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu ;
Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds and woods ;
Roll on, thou element of blue,
And fill these awful solitudes.

Thou hast no tale to tell of man ;—
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan
Deems as a bubble all your waves.



LESSON LXX.

Influence of the Female Character.—THACHER.

THE influence of woman on the intellectual character of the community, may not seem so great and obvious, as upon its civilization and manners. One reason is, that hitherto such influence has seldom been exerted in the most direct way of gaining celebrity—the writing of books. In our own age, indeed, this has almost ceased to be the case ; and, if we should inquire for those persons, whose writings, for the last half century, have produced the most practical and enduring effects, prejudice itself must confess, that the name of more than one illustrious woman would adorn the catalogue.

That the society and influence of woman have often prompted and refined the efforts of genius, may be granted by the most zealous advocate for the superiority of our sex.

But whatever may be thought of the influence of the sex, in these particulars, there is one point of view in which it is undeniably great and important.

The mother of your children is necessarily their first instructor. It is her task to watch over and assist their dawning faculties in their first expansion. And can it be of light importance in what manner this task is performed? Will it have no influence on the future mental character of the child, whether the first lights, which enter its understanding, are received from wisdom or folly? Are there no bad mental habits, no lasting biases, no dangerous associations, no deep-seated prejudices, which can be communicated from the mother, the fondest object of the affection and veneration of the child?

In fine, do the opinions of the age take no direction and no coloring from the modes of thinking, which prevail among one half of the minds that exist on earth? Unless you are willing to say, that an incalculably great amount of mental power is utterly wasted and thrown away; or else, with a Turkish arrogance and brutality, to deny that woman shares with you in the possession of a reasoning and immortal mind; you must acknowledge the vast importance of the influence, which the female sex exerts on the intellectual character of the community.

But it is in its moral effects on the mind and the heart of man, that the influence of woman is most powerful and important. In the diversity of tastes, habits, inclinations and pursuits of the two sexes, is found a most beneficent provision for controlling the force and extravagance of human passions. The objects which most strongly seize and stimulate the mind of man, rarely act, at the same time and with equal power, on the mind of woman.

While he delights in enterprise and action, and the exercise of the stronger energies of the soul, she is led to engage in calmer pursuits, and seek for gentler enjoyments. While he is summoned into the wide and busy theatre of a contentious world, where the love of power and the love of gain, in all their innumerable forms, occupy and tyrannize over the soul, she is walking in a more peaceful sphere; and though I say not that these passions are always unfelt by her, yet they lead her to the pursuit of very different objects. The

current, if it draws its waters in both from the same source, moves with her not only in a narrower stream, and less impetuous tide, but sets also in a different direction. Hence it is, that the influence of the society of woman, is, almost always, to soften the violence of those impulses, which would otherwise act with so constant and fatal an influence on the soul of man.

The domestic fireside is the great guardian of society against the excesses of human passions. When man, after his intercourse with the world,—where, alas! he finds so much to inflame him with a feverous anxiety for wealth and distinction,—retires, at evening, to the bosom of his family, he finds there a repose for his tormenting cares. He finds something to bring him back to human sympathies. The tenderness of his wife, and the caresses of his children, introduce a new train of softer thoughts and gentler feelings. He is reminded of what constitutes the real felicity of man; and, while his heart expands itself to the influence of the simple and intimate delights of the domestic circle, the demons of avarice and ambition, if not exorcised from his breast, at least for a time, relax their grasp. How deplorable would be the consequence, if all these were reversed; and woman, instead of checking the violence of these passions, were to employ her blandishments and charms to add fuel to their rage! How much wider would become the empire of guilt! What a portentous and intolerable amount would be added to the sum of the crimes and miseries of the human race!

But the influence of the female character, on the virtue of man, is not seen merely in restraining and softening the violence of human passions. To her is mainly committed the task of pouring into the opening mind of infancy its first impressions of duty, and of stamping on its susceptible heart the first image of its God. Who will not confess the influence of a mother in forming the heart of a child? What man is there, who cannot trace the origin of many of the best maxims of his life to the lips of her who gave him birth? How wide, how lasting, how sacred is that part of woman's influence! Who that thinks of it, who that ascribes any moral effect to education, who that believes that any good

may be produced, or any evil prevented by it, can need any arguments to prove the importance of the character and capacity of her, who gives its earliest bias to the infant mind?

There is yet another mode, by which woman may exert a powerful influence on the virtue of a community. It rests with her, in a preëminent degree, to give tone and elevation to the moral character of the age, by deciding the degree of virtue, that shall be necessary to afford a passport to her society. The extent of this influence has, perhaps, never been fully tried; and, if the character of our sex is not better, it is to be confessed that it is, in no trifling degree, to be ascribed to the fault of yours. If all the favor of woman were given only to the good; if it were known that the charms and attractions of beauty, and wisdom, and wit, were reserved only for the pure; if, in one word, something of a similar rigor were exerted to exclude the profligate and abandoned of our sex from your society, as is shown to those, who have fallen from virtue in your own,—how much would be done to reënforce the motives to moral purity among us, and impress, on the minds of all, a reverence for the sanctity and obligations of virtue!

The influence of woman on the moral sentiments of society, is intimately connected with her influence on its religious character; for religion and a pure and elevated morality, must ever stand in the relation to each other of effect and cause. The heart of woman is formed for the abode of Christian truth; and for reasons alike honorable to her character and to that of the gospel. From the nature of Christianity, this must be so. The foundation of evangelical religion is laid in a deep and constant sense of the presence, providence and influence of an invisible Spirit, who claims the adoration, reverence, gratitude and love of his creatures. By man, busied as he is in the cares, and absorbed in the pursuits, of the world, this great truth is, alas! too often and too easily forgotten and disregarded; while woman, less engrossed by occupation, more “at leisure to be good,” led often by her duties to retirement, at a distance from many temptations, and endowed with an imagination more easily excited and raised than

man's, is better prepared to admit and cherish, and be affected by, this solemn and glorious acknowledgment of a God.

Again; the gospel reveals to us a Savior, invested with little of that brilliant and dazzling glory, with which conquest and success would array him in the eyes of proud and aspiring man; but rather as a meek and magnanimous sufferer, clothed in all the mild and passive graces, all the sympathy with human wo, all the compassion for human frailty, all the benevolent interest in human welfare, which the heart of woman is formed to love; together with all that solemn and supernatural dignity, which the heart of woman is formed peculiarly to feel and to reverence. To obey the commands, and aspire to imitate the peculiar virtues, of such a being, must always be more natural and easy for her than for man.

So, too, it is with that future life which the gospel unveils, where all that is dark and doubtful in this shall be explained; where penitence shall be forgiven, and faith and virtue accepted; where the tear of sorrow shall be dried, the wounded bosom of bereavement be healed; where love and joy shall be unclouded and immortal. To these high and holy visions of faith I trust that man is not always insensible; but the superior sensibility of woman, as it makes her feel, more deeply, the emptiness and wants of human existence here, so it makes her welcome, with more deep and ardent emotions, the glad tidings of salvation, the thought of communion with God, the hope of the purity, happiness and peace of another and a better world.

In this peculiar susceptibility of religion in the female character, who does not discern a proof of the benignant care of Heaven of the best interest of man? How wise it is, that she, whose instructions and example must have so powerful an influence on the infant mind, should be formed to own and cherish the most sublime and important of truths! The vestal flame of piety, lighted up by Heaven in the breast of woman, diffuses its light and warmth over the world;—and dark would be the world, if it should ever be extinguished and lost.

LESSON LXXI.

A Scene in a private Mad-House.—M. G. LEWIS.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my wo !
She is not mad who kneels to thee ;
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair ;
My language shall be mild, though sad :
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad ; I am not mad.

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell ;
My fate unknown my friends bewail ;
Oh ! jailer, haste that fate to tell ;
Oh ! haste my father's heart to cheer :
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad ; I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;
He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;
His glimmering lamp, still, still I see—
'Tis gone, and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold !—No warmth ! no light !
Life, all thy comforts once I had ;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad ; no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain ;
What ! I,—the child of rank and wealth,—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health ?
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head ;
But 'tis not mad : no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
They'll make me mad; they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child:
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I *will* be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad; I am not mad.

Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes.
Help! help!—He's gone!—Oh! fearful wo,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
I *am* not mad, but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon;—for, lo you!—while I speak—
Mark how yon Demon's eye-balls glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends;—I feel the truth;
Your task is done!—*I'm mad! I'm mad!*

LESSON LXXII.

On the relative Value of Good Sense and Beauty in the Female Sex.—LITERARY GAZETTE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect, for external beauty. In vain do they represent it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stories of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may appear, and however we may, for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us, that all is not satisfactory; and though we may not be able to prove that they are wrong, we feel a conviction that it is impossible they should be right.

They are certainly right in blaming those, who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty, since vanity is, at all times, a fault: but there is a great difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it; and that beauty, however little merit a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very labored proof. Every one naturally wishes to please. To this end we know how important it is, that the first impression we produce should be favorable.

Now, this first impression is commonly produced through the medium of the eye; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist, for a long time, the opposing evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgment be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will, without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principle as Socrates, who used to say, that when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul.

The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of in-

agining that a fine person is, in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment; and those, who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely, with vain confidence, on its irresistible power to retain hearts as well as to subdue them. Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being, in our eyes, an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have, in reality, a much harder task to perform, than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme.

Could "the statue that enchants the world,"—the Venus de Medicis,—at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be, if she were not endowed with a soul answerable to the inimitable perfection of her heavenly form? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought, "What a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue!" her empire is at an end.

On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage: and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, it will appear that, though a woman with a cultivated mind may justly hope to please, without even any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Crea-

tor can hope only for a transitory empire, unless she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

The favored child of nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may be justly considered as the masterpiece of the creation; as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below. Man, the proud lord of the creation, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficent, is the love that she inspires. Even time himself shall respect the all-powerful magic of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory still, in the evening of life, hanging with fond affection over the blanchèd rose, shall view, through the vale of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise, whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun.



LESSON LXXIII.

Maternal Affection.—MRS. HEMANS.

LOVE! love!—there are soft smiles and gentle words,
And there are faces, skilful to put on
The look we trust in,—and 'tis mockery all!—
A faithless mist, a desert-vapor, wearing
The brightness of clear waters, thus to cheat
The thirst that semblance kindled! There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart. It is but pride, wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth. Ay, on the boy he looks,
The bright, glad creature springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name, the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength, ere long,
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is *man's* love!—What marvel? *You* ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,

While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings
His fair cheek rose and fell, and his bright hair
Waved softly to your breath! *You* ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazling, as in triumph, broke
On your dim, weary eye; not *yours* the face
Which, early faded through fond care for him,
Hung o'er his sleep, and, duly as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening! *You* ne'er smoothed
His couch, ne'er sung him to his rosy rest,
Caught his least whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance; pressed your lip to his,
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,
With patient, vigilant, never-wearied love!
No! these are *woman's* tasks!—In these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked.



LESSON LXXIV.

Napoleon at Rest.—PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while
His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone! Not one,
Of all the kings, whose crowns he gave,
Bends o'er his dust;—nor wife nor son
Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this sea-girt rock, the star,
That led him on from crown to crown,
Has sunk; and nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his couch ;—the ocean flood,
Far, far below, by storms is curled ;
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps ! The mountain cloud,
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here ! The far off world, at last,
Breathes free ; the hand that shook its thrones,
And to the earth its mitres cast,
Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Hark ! comes there, from the pyramids,
And from Siberian wastes of snow,
And Europe's hills, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him ?—No :

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,—
The mournful murmur of the surge,—
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.



LESSON LXXV.

The Warrior.—ANONYMOUS.

A GALLANT form is passing by ;
The plume bends o'er his lordly brow ;
A thousand tongues have raised on high
His song of triumph now :
Young knees are bending round his way,
And age makes bare his locks of gray.

Fair forms have lent their gladdest smile,
White hands have waved the conqueror on,
And flowers have decked his path the while,
By gentle fingers strown.
Soft tones have cheered him, and the brow
Of beauty beams uncovered now.

The bard has waked the song for him,
And poured his boldest numbers forth;
The wine-cup, sparkling to the brim,
Adds phrensy to the mirth;
And every tongue, and every eye,
Does homage to the passer by.

The gallant steed treads proudly on;
His foot falls firmly now, as when,
In strife, that iron heel went down,
Upon the hearts of men,
And, foremost in the ranks of strife,
Trod out the last dim spark of life.

Dream they of these, the glad and gay,
That bend around the conqueror's path?—
The horrors of the conflict day,
The gloomy field of death,
The ghastly stain, the severed head,
The raven stooping o'er the dead!

Dark thoughts, and fearful! yet they bring
No terrors to the triumph hour,
Nor stay the reckless worshipping
Of blended crime and power.
The fair of form, the mild of mood,
Do honor to the man of blood.

Men, Christians, pause! The air ye breathe
Is poisoned by your idol now;
And will you turn to him, and wreath
Your chaplets round his brow?

Nay, call his darkest deeds sublime,
And smile assent to giant crime?

Forbid it, Heaven!—A voice hath gone
In mildness and in meekness forth,
Hushing, before its silvery tone,
The stormy things of earth,
And whispering sweetly through the gloom
An earnest of the peace to come.



LESSON LXXVI.

War.—PORTEUS.

'TWAS man himself
Brought Death into the world; and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quickened his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.
First Envy, eldest born of Hell, imbrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death, which nature never made,
And God abhorred; with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. 'TWAS not enough,
By subtle fraud, to snatch a single life—
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.

Ah! why will kings forget that they are men?
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still, they breathe destruction, still go on

Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of death! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

LESSON LXXVII.

The Battle of Blenheim.—SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,—
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported, on the green,
His little grand-child, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
“'Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory.

“I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“Were slain in the great victory.”

“Now tell us what ’twas all about—”

Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out :
But every body said,” quoth he,
“That ’twas a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by :
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a hapless mother then,
And many an infant, died ;
But things like these, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the duke of Marlbo’ro’ won,
And our good prince Eugene.”
“Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"And every body praised the duke
Who such a fight did win."

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory"

LESSON LXXVIII.

The Study of History ; or a Solid and a Superficial Education contrasted.—From RUHNKEN.

Teacher. I HEAR that you have made great progress in history, and that you have at home a very able instructress in it.

Pupil. Yes, that is the case; our governess knows all history; and I have profited much from her instruction.

T. But what have you learned? Tell me.

P. All history.

T. But what is *all history*?

P. (*Hesitating.*) All history? Why it is—it is—what is in books.

T. Well, I have here many books on history, as Herodotus, Livy, Tacitus and others; I suppose you know those authors.

P. No, I do not; but I know the facts related in history.

T. I dare say you do; I see, however, that, out of your knowledge of *all history*, we must deduct a knowledge of the authors who have written it. But perhaps that governess of yours has informed you who Homer, Hesiod, Plato and the other poets and philosophers were?

P. I don't think she has; for, if she had, I should have remembered it.

T. Well, we must then make one farther deduction from your knowledge of *all history*; and that is, the history of the poets and philosophers.

P. Why, I said just now that I did not learn those things; I learned matters of fact and events.

T. But those *things*, as you call them, were *men*: however, I now understand you; the knowledge you acquired was a knowledge of *things*, but not of *men*; as, for instance, you learned that the city of Rome was built, but you did not learn any thing of the men that built it.

P. True, true. (*As if repeating by rote.*) Rome was built by Romulus and Remus, twin brothers, the sons of Rhea Sylvia and Mars; they were exposed, while infants, by king Amulius, and afterwards a shepherd brought them up and educated them—

T. Enough, enough, my good little friend; you have shown me now what you understand by the history of men and things. But, pray, tell me what other men and things you were instructed in; for instance, tell me who and what Sylla was.

P. He was a tyrant of Rome.

T. Was the term *tyrant* the name of an officer?

P. Indeed, I do not know; but Sylla is certainly called, in history, a *tyrant*.

T. But did you not learn that he was *dictator*? and what the authority and duties of that officer were? and the authority of the consuls, tribunes of the people, and other magistrates among the Romans?

P. No, I did not; for those things are hard, and are not so entertaining as great exploits, and would have taken up too much time.

T. As to that, you will perhaps be better able to judge hereafter. Well, then, from your knowledge of *all history*, we must strike off all knowledge of the offices of the Roman magistrates.

P. Ah! but we took more pleasure in reading about wars and exploits.

T. Well, did you ever hear of Carthage and the wars carried on against her?

P. Oh, yes; there were three Carthaginian wars.

T. Tell me, then, which party was victorious.

P. The Romans.

T. But were they victorious at the beginning?

P. Oh, no; [*as if repeating by rote*] they were beaten, in four battles, by Hannibal; at Ticinum, Trebia, the Thrasymene lake, and Cannæ.

T. Did your governess tell you the *causes* of these defeats of the Romans?

P. No, she did not tell us the causes, but the matters of fact.

T. Perhaps you understand yourself the causes why the Romans finally retrieved their affairs?

P. To be sure I do; the cause was their bravery.

T. But were they not brave also at the beginning of those wars?

P. Certainly they were.

T. Then their bravery was the cause of their being conquered and being conquerors?

P. Why—why—I don't know as to that; but I know I never was asked such hard questions before.

T. Well, well; I will ask you something easier. Is it to be supposed that the Romans would have come off victorious in that war, if the powerful sovereigns of that age had united their forces with the Carthaginians?

P. (*With an air of surprise.*) What sovereigns do you mean?

T. Why, do you not know, that in that age there were in Macedonia, Asia, Syria and Egypt, all those powerful kings who were the successors of Alexander the Great?

P. Oh, yes, I know that; but we used to take up their history in another chapter. I never thought of their living at the time of the second Punic war.

T. Do you not perceive, then, that their mutual rivalry was the cause why they did not unite their forces with the Carthaginians to oppose the Romans, in consequence of which, those same kings were afterwards conquered, one by one, by the Romans?

P. I perceive it now, since you have told me of it; and I derive much gratification from your remark.

T. It is indeed true, that the perception of the *causes* of

things is not only gratifying, but useful. However, we must still go on to make farther deductions from your stock of *all history*; we must deduct the knowledge of *causes*.

P. I cannot deny that, to be sure; but I am positive that, with the exceptions you have now made, we learned every thing else in history.

T. Well, tell me about some of the other things that you learned; tell me what is the beginning of history.

P. The creation of the world.

T. But I meant to ask you about men, and the affairs of men.

P. (*As if repeating by rote.*) The first human beings were Adam and Eve, whom God created on the sixth day, after his own image, and placed in paradise, from which they were afterwards expelled, and—

T. Don't go any farther, I beg of you; I see you have got some little book well by heart: but tell me now, generally, about what men and things, subsequent to those, were you instructed by your governess?

P. About the posterity of Adam, the patriarchs before and after the flood, and all about the Jewish nation, to the time of their overthrow.

T. But what makes you think that those things you learned are true?

P. Because they are delivered to us by divine inspiration in the Holy Scriptures.

T. But did you find the *Roman* history, and other things that you have learned, all in the Holy Scriptures?

P. Certainly not.

T. But yet you believe them?

P. Believe them! why not? They are related in other books that are worthy of credit.

T. Pray, what books are those?

P. Our governess had two; one, a small book, that we learned to recite; the other, a large work, in several volumes, from which she sometimes read to us.

T. But were the authors of those books witnesses of the events which they relate?

P. Oh, no; they lived either in our day, or within the memory of our fathers.

T. Where did they get their knowledge of the things mentioned in their books?

P. From other books that are worthy of credit.

T. Do you know those other books?

P. No, I do not.

T. How can you venture, then, to assert that those books are worthy of credit, when you do not know them?

P. I believe what our governess tells us.

T. Pray how many years old are you?

P. Fifteen.

T. Upon my word! You are now almost grown up, and your governess still treats you like a little child!

P. How so?

T. Why, because she teaches you history just as we tell stories to little children. But do you think the history she teaches you is true? or is it a matter of indifference to you, whether you are instructed in the truth or in fables?

P. Indeed, it is far from being indifferent to me; and I am sure that every thing she teaches us is true.

T. Well, if you know that to be the case, then you must know the manner in which you distinguish truth from falsehood.

P. No, I cannot say that; but I believe what the governess tells us, because she is a woman of truth.

T. But see how inconsistent you are! One while you say you *know* these things; then you say you *do not know*; and then, again, you say you *believe* in your governess!

P. I cannot answer you so easily as I can her; for she, somehow or other, asks me in an easier way.

T. Well, I will ask you something easier. What is history designed to tell us, truth or falsehood?

P. The truth, certainly.

T. Can any body, then, either teach or be taught history properly, without knowing how to distinguish truth from falsehood?

P. Why—I don't know—

T. You don't know! Do you know this, then, whether history is studied for the sake of any utility to be derived from it?

P. I suppose great utility is to be derived from it.

T. What are the advantages of it ?

P. Indeed, I do not know.

T. But did not your governess tell you that much of our knowledge is founded upon historical facts ? and that we are enabled by history to understand better and more readily other parts of human knowledge ? and that it is particularly useful in furnishing examples for the government of life, both in private and in public ?

P. No, she did not tell us that ; but I think what you tell me seems reasonable.

T. Well, then, answer me one question more :—if any man should go on heaping together money of every sort, and should pay no attention to see if his pieces of coin were good or bad, and should thus become possessed of much counterfeit money, would he not be under a very great disadvantage, when it should become necessary to make use of his money, and he should find it to be counterfeit ?

P. He certainly would.

T. Again ; we have just said that history is the foundation of knowledge : now, do you think it is of no consequence to a building, whether its foundations are solid and firm, or weak and slender ?

P. Most certainly, it is of great consequence.

T. You see, by this time, my little friend, what sort of a foundation *you* have in the history that you have learned. You imagined that you understood all history ; you now see how many deductions must be made from your knowledge. You have heard nothing of the historians themselves ; nothing of the philosophers and poets ; nothing of magistrates and other officers ; and, as I perceive, nothing of various other things relating to peace and war, times and places ; nothing of causes ; and, in short, nothing respecting the manner of discerning truth from falsehood : now, when all these things are taken away from your stock of *all history*, what is there remaining ?

P. I now begin to understand, and I am sorry for the labor I have spent in my history—

T. No, take courage ; for now you may promise yourself that you will know something, because you are sensible how much there is that you do not know ; and that you are in

need of something more substantial and efficacious, which shall qualify you for a more perfect knowledge of things and causes ; enable you to judge of truth and falsehood ; and, in short, make you acquainted with the history of history itself ; that is, that you may know what writers have treated of the subjects of history, and of what credit and authority those writers are.

P. Your remarks are very just ; and I beg of you to furnish me with some little book, from which I can learn all this in a short time.

T. My young friend, I see you think that all these things can be learned from a little book, like that which you used to recite to your governess. Now, I do not mean to say that you ought to be sorry for your own labor, or that of your governess ; because what you have thus acquired and fixed in your memory, though a puerile exercise, will not be without use ; but henceforward you must exercise your judgment, and pursue a liberal and exact course of study. This, however, is not to be acquired at once, or by the use of any little book, but by understanding the various books relating to the subject, and by diligently attending on the instruction of those, who teach history according to these principles.



LESSON LXXIX.

Conversation.—Extract from COWPER.

THOUGH Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To every man his modicum of sense,
And conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture and the sowing of the soil.
Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse ;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.

Ye powers, who rule the tongue,—if such there are,—
And make colloquial happiness your care,

Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate—
A duel in the form of a debate.
Vociferated logic kills me quite ;
A noisy man is always in the right :
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—" To be sure—no doubt !"

Dubius is such a scrupulous, good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
His evidence, if he were called by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense ;
Knows what he knows as if he knew it not ;
What he remembers seems to have forgot ;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centring, at last, in having none at all.

A story, in which native humor reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains :
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied ;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations, dull and dry,
Embellished with, " He said," and " So said I."
At every interview their route the same,
The repetition makes attention lame :
We bustle up, with unsuccessful speed,
And, in the saddest part, cry, " Droll indeed !"

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,

And bear the marks, upon a blushing face,
 Of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace.
 Our sensibilities are so acute,
 The fear of being silent makes us mute.
 True modesty is a discerning grace,
 And only blushes in the proper place;
 But counterfeit is blind, and skulks, through fear,
 Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t' appear;
 Humility the parent of the first,
 The last by vanity produced and nursed.

The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
 Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;
 "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," uttered softly, show,
 Ev'ry five minutes, how the minutes go;
 Each individual, suffering a constraint
 Poetry may, but colors cannot paint,
 As if in close committee on the sky,
 Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry!
 And finds a changing clime a happy source
 Of wise reflection and well-timed discourse!
 We next inquire, but softly, and by stealth,
 Like conservators of the public health,
 Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
 And coughs, and rheums, and phthisics, and catarrh.



LESSON LXXX.

On Discretion.—ADDISON.

I HAVE often thought, if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities, which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions, the

wisest men very often talk like the weakest ; for, indeed, the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

Tully has, therefore, very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend ; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behavior towards an enemy, is, indeed, very reasonable, as well as very prudential ; but the latter part of it, which regards our behavior towards a friend, savors more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, as the son of Sirach calls him, “ a betrayer of secrets,” the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action, and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there are none more useful than discretion ; it is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit, impertinence ; virtue itself looks like weakness ; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is, like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind ; endued

with an irresistible force, which, for want of sight, is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life. At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds.

Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man.

Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind, which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness, which is reserved for him in another world, loses nothing of its reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in

eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant.

For this reason, he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious; and his conduct is suitable to one, who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.



LESSON LXXXI.

Advantages of a well-cultivated Mind.—BIGLAND.

IT is not without reason that those, who have tasted the pleasures afforded by philosophy and literature, have lavished upon them the greatest eulogiums. The benefits they produce are too many to enumerate, valuable beyond estimation, and various as the scenes of human life. The man who has a knowledge of the works of God, in the creation of the universe, and his providential government of the immense system of the material and intellectual world, can never be without a copious fund of the most agreeable amusement. He can never be solitary; for in the most lonely solitude he is not destitute of company and conversation: his own ideas are his companions, and he can always converse with his own mind.

How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one, who has observed how heavily the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images and unaccustomed to think,

will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combinations may take a multiplicity of forms, and may be varied to infinity.

Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention, which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of the world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace and pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, which, singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but collectively considered, form an important aggregate, requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, and directed to objects of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye, images new, various, sublime, or beautiful.

The time of action will not always continue. The young ought ever to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless prematurely cut off by sickness or accident. They ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and, in whatever degree attained, only of a short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some frustration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from the view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexations arising from baffled projects or disappointed hopes, and relieve the *tedium* of that season of life, when new acquisitions can no more be

made, and the world can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature will then furnish us with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, as religion will afford its substantial consolation. A well-spent youth is the only sure foundation of a happy old age: no axiom of the mathematics is more true, or more easily demonstrated.

Old age, like death, comes unexpectedly on the unthinking and unprepared, although its approach be visible, and its arrival certain. Those who have, in the earlier part of life, neglected to furnish their minds with ideas, to fortify them by contemplation, and regulate them by reflection, seeing the season of youth and vigor irrecoverably past, its pleasing scenes annihilated, and its brilliant prospects left far behind, without the possibility of return, and feeling, at the same time, the irresistible encroachments of age, with its disagreeable appendages, are surprised and disconcerted by a change scarcely expected, or for which, at least, they had made no preparations. A person in this predicament, finding himself no longer capable of taking, as formerly, a part in the busy walks of life, of enjoying its active pleasures, and sharing its arduous enterprises, becomes peevish and uneasy, troublesome to others, and burdensome to himself. Destitute of the resources of philosophy, and a stranger to the amusing pursuits of literature, he is unacquainted with any agreeable method of filling up the vacuity left in his mind by his necessary recess from the active scenes of life.

All this is the consequence of squandering away the days of youth and vigor without acquiring the habit of thinking. The period of human life, short as it is, is of sufficient length for the acquisition of a considerable stock of useful and agreeable knowledge; and the circumstances of the world afford a superabundance of subjects for contemplation and inquiry. The various phenomena of the moral as well as physical world, the investigation of sciences, and the information communicated by literature, are calculated to attract

attention, exercise thought, excite reflection, and replenish the mind with an infinite variety of ideas.

The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes, which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves; and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.



LESSON LXXXII.

The Vulture of the Alps.—ANONYMOUS

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through
their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work
was o'er,
'They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard
of more.

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear:
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous;
But, wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:—

“It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

“One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising
high,

When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne’er may hear again.

“I hurried out to learn the cause; but, overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied
sight

I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care;
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through
the air.

“Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father’s eye,—
His infant made a vulture’s prey, with terror to descry;
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail, that innocent to save!

“My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly, to get free;
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and
screamed!

Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

“The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he
flew;

A mote upon the sun’s broad face he seemed unto my view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—
’Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

“All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was
ne’er forgot,

When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant’s fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

“I clambered up that rugged cliff,—I could not stay away,—
I knew they were my infant’s bones thus hastening to decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred;
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon the head.

“That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,
Who often stand, and, musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh.”
And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.



LESSON LXXXIII.

Song of the Stars.—BRYANT.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death,
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss, by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung;
And this was the song the bright ones sung:—

“Away, away! through the wide, wide sky,—
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.
Lo! yonder the living splendors play:
Away, on our joyous path away!

“Look, look! through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass!

And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

“ And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o’er the bright planets, and shed their dews ;
And, ’twixt them both, o’er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

“ Away, away !—in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,—
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,—
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

“ Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years :
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.”



LESSON LXXXIV.

Domestic Love.—CROLY.

DOMESTIC LOVE ! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide ;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide ;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed ;
And many a bird, to warble on the wing,
When morn her saffron robe o’er heaven and earth doth fling.

O love of loves! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key;
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—forever closed thy plume!



LESSON LXXXV.

Candor, in estimating the Attainments of others, recommended.—FREEMAN.

THERE are various causes, which lead us to think unfavorably of the abilities of each other. The most obvious is envy. When the knowledge of another man obscures our own, gives him a preëminence above us, or is, in any way, inconsistent with our interest, we are inclined to depreciate it, not only by speaking against it, but even by thinking of it unworthily. For we have such a command over our minds, that what we passionately wish to be true, we in time come to believe. There are, however, other causes, less hateful than envy, from which the want of candor proceeds.

As our knowledge is of different kinds, we are disposed to think uncandidly of the acquisitions of other men. We know the value of the knowledge which is in our own mind; we can perceive its uses; we remember the pains which it cost us to obtain it; but none of these things can we see without us. We suppose that what is performed easily by another, is not in itself difficult, though that ease may be the effect of previous labor. We are apt, therefore, to undervalue what we imagine can be done with so little effort; and we are apt to judge uncandidly, if it is not done in the best manner possible. As our own knowledge is thus conceived to be the most difficult, so it is also imagined to be of the greatest importance. We too often judge that the acquisitions

of other men are useless, and their exertions to obtain them unprofitable. Of what benefit, we inquire, can such things be to them or to the world?

The critic, who spends his time in the study of words, regards the discoveries of the astronomer as of small value. "Of what use," says he, "is it to determine whether the sun is greater or less than the earth; or whether a planet has four moons or five?" The astronomer, on the other hand, thinks the labors of the critic equally unprofitable, and that it is the idlest thing imaginable, to employ months and years in ascertaining the genuine readings of an ancient author. The mathematician is a dull, laborious slave, in the eyes of the poet, whilst the poet appears to the mathematician a rhyming trifler.—These several studies are, however, of benefit to the world; and the partial ideas, which we entertain respecting them, are forbidden by Christian charity; for they render us vain, prejudiced and uncandid.

Another cause, which leads men to betray a want of candor in judging of the knowledge of their neighbors, is this, that their taste is superior to their abilities. It is difficult to attain perfection in any art or science; but it is comparatively easy to form an idea of it in our minds. We can know when an aspirant falls short of this perfection, though we ourselves cannot rise as high; we can perceive his defects, though we are unable to mend them. In consequence of this cause, how few are allowed to be eminent in their profession! Upon how few are we willing to bestow that applause, which is due to their abilities!

Even when a man of splendid genius and the most enlarged attainments, exhibits proofs of his knowledge and talents, we are ready to say, "He does well; but certainly he ought to do better. Such an error ought to be avoided: such a branch of science is absolutely necessary, and ought to be possessed by him: of this point he is partially informed; and of that point he is totally ignorant."

These, and sentiments of the like kind, are instances of a want of candor. In judging in this manner, we are governed by prejudice, and do not make proper allowance for the dead weight, which soon brings to the ground even the wings of an eagle. Permit me, then, to recommend to you to exercise

candor, when you think or speak of the knowledge and talents of your fellow men. Avoid, above all things, every species of envy. It is a base passion, which ought not to inhabit the breast of a Christian. The abilities of another man are not mean, merely because they stand in your way; they are not inferior to yours, merely because you wish them to be so.

Study also to obtain an acquaintance with human nature and with yourselves. A man who has a just idea of his own abilities, will not be uncandid. For though he will perceive that he knows a few things, yet he will also be sensible that he is ignorant in many things. Reflecting on the pains that he has taken, to obtain the science of which he is possessed, he will be willing to acknowledge, that others may have exerted equal labor. As the knowledge with which he is endowed appears to him of great importance, he will be ready to confess, that their knowledge may appear to them important; and that it may, in fact, be full as important. In fine, as he must be conscious of many defects in his own attainments, he will judge with candor of that want of perfection, which he observes in them.

A just idea of human nature destroys your prejudices, and renders you candid. For look at men; and do you find many very foolish, or many very wise? What is called *common sense* deserves the title which is given to it; for it is, in fact, *common*. Few men are totally ignorant, and few men have much knowledge. The acquisitions of men are of different kinds: but their real value may be the same, as they may contribute equally to the benefit of society.

Some persons are showy in their knowledge; they have acquired the art of joining words aptly together; but this art does not give them a right to judge unfavorably of the knowledge of others. For a man of splendid talents, an eloquent man, may not, after all, be acquainted with more truths than an humble and reserved man, who lives and dies in obscurity. These considerations should teach us candor; and they should deter us from imputing ignorance and folly to any one, who is not possessed of exactly the same kind of knowledge as ourselves. We are too ready to do this without sufficient grounds; but because a person speaks absurdly

on a subject, with which he is not acquainted, it does not follow that he is not well informed in other subjects.

But what contributes more than any thing to render us candid in our opinions of the abilities of our fellow men, is an enlightened and improved understanding. They, who have only sipped at the fountain of science, are the least disposed to be pleased, the most inclined to be critical and severe, the most ready to find fault, and the most acute in discovering defects.

A man of enlarged knowledge is acquainted with the difficulties, which obstruct the path of science. He is sensible, that though he has frequently attempted to excel, yet that he has seldom, perhaps never, been able to attain the end proposed. Convinced that every human mind is limited, and that the best instructed persons soon disclose all that they know, he views with candid eyes those blanks of ignorance, which occupy such large spaces in the souls of other men. A man of extensive abilities also knows how difficult it is, sometimes, to distinguish wisdom from folly, what is genuine from what is spurious. As he cannot always determine whether his own tongue is uttering good sense or not, he will candidly pardon the speaker whom he hears, and the friend with whom he converses, if he sometimes discovers that they are not wiser than himself.



LESSON LXXXVI.

The Profession of a Woman.—MISS C. E. BEECHER.

It is to mothers and to teachers, that the world is to look for the character, which is to be enstamped on each succeeding generation; for it is to them that the great business of education is almost exclusively committed. And will it not appear by examination, that neither mothers nor teachers have ever been properly educated for their profession? What is the profession of a woman? Is it not to form immortal minds, and to watch, to nurse, and to rear the bodily system, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and upon the order and

regulation of which, the health and well-being of the mind so greatly depends?

But let most of our sex, upon whom these arduous duties devolve, be asked,—“Have you ever devoted any time and study, in the course of your education, to a preparation for these duties? Have you been taught any thing of the structure, the nature and the laws of the body, which you inhabit? Were you ever taught to understand the operation of diet, air, exercise and modes of dress upon the human frame? Have the causes which are continually operating to prevent good health, and the modes by which it might be perfected and preserved, ever been made the subject of any instruction?”

Perhaps almost every voice would respond,—“No; we have attended to almost every thing more than to this; we have been taught more concerning the structure of the earth, the laws of the heavenly bodies, the habits and formation of plants, the philosophy of language, than concerning the structure of the human frame, and the laws of health and reason.” But is it not the business, the *profession* of a woman, to guard the health and form the physical habits of the young? And is not the cradle of infancy and the chamber of sickness sacred to woman alone? And ought she not to know, at least, some of the general principles of that perfect and wonderful piece of mechanism, committed to her preservation and care?

The *restoration* of health is the physician's profession, but the *preservation* of it falls to other hands; and it is believed that the time will come, when woman will be taught to understand something respecting the construction of the human frame; the philosophical results which will naturally follow from restricted exercise, unhealthy modes of dress, improper diet, and many other causes, which are continually operating to destroy the health and life of the young.

Again, let our sex be asked respecting the instruction they have received, in the course of their education, on that still more arduous and difficult department of their profession, which relates to the intellect and the moral susceptibilities,—“Have you been taught the powers and faculties of the human mind, and the laws by which it is regulated? Have

you studied how to direct its several faculties ; how to restore those that are overgrown, and strengthen and mature those that are deficient ? Have you been taught the best modes of communicating knowledge, as well as of acquiring it ? Have you learned the best mode of correcting bad moral habits, and forming good ones ? Have you made it an object, to find how a selfish disposition may be made generous ; how a reserved temper may be made open and frank ; how pettishness and ill-humor may be changed to cheerfulness and kindness ? Has any woman studied her profession in this respect ?

It is feared the same answer must be returned, if not from all, at least from most of our sex :—" No ; we have acquired wisdom from the observation and experience of others, on almost all other subjects ; but the philosophy of the direction and control of the human mind, has not been an object of thought or study." And thus it appears, that, though it is woman's express business to rear the body and form the mind, there is scarcely any thing to which her attention has been less directed.



LESSON LXXXVII.

Curiosity.—C. SPRAGUE.

It came from Heaven—its power archangels knew,
When this fair globe first rounded to their view ;
When the young sun revealed the glorious scene,
Where oceans gathered, and where lands grew green ;
When the dead dust in joyful myriads swarmed,
And man, the clod, with God's own breath was warmed.
It reigned in Eden—when that man first woke,
Its kindling influence from his eyeballs spoke ;
No roving childhood, no exploring youth,
Led him along, till wonder chilled to truth ;
Full-formed at once, his subject world he trod,
And gazed upon the labors of his God ;

On all, by turns, his chartered glance was cast,
While each pleased best, as each appeared the last ;
But when She came, in nature's blameless pride,
Bone of his bone, his heaven-anointed bride,
All meaner objects faded from his sight,
And sense turned giddy with the new delight ;
Those charmed his eye, but this entranced his soul,
Another self, queen-wonder of the whole !
Rapt at the view, in ecstasy he stood,
And, like his Maker, saw that all was good.

It reigned in Eden—in that heavy hour
When the arch-tempter sought our mother's bower,
Its thrilling charm her yielding heart assailed,
And even o'er dread Jehovah's word prevailed.
There the fair tree in fatal beauty grew,
And hung its mystic apples to her view :
“ Eat,” breathed the fiend, beneath his serpent guise,
“ Ye shall know all things ; gather, and be wise !”
Sweet on her ear the wily falsehood stole,
And roused the ruling passion of her soul.
“ Ye shall become like God,”—transcendent fate !
That God's command forgot, she plucked and ate ;
Ate, and her partner lured to share the crime,
Whose wo, the legend saith, must live through time.
For this they shrank before the Avenger's face ;
For this he drove them from the sacred place ;
For this came down the universal lot,
‘To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.

It came from Heaven—it reigned in Eden's shades--
It roves on earth—and every walk invades :
Childhood and age alike its influence own ;
It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne ;
Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier,
Gazed on old Babel's tower—and lingers here.

To all that's lofty, all that's low, it turns ;
With terror curdles, and with rapture burns ;

Now feels a seraph's throb, now, less than man's,
A reptile tortures and a planet scans;
Now idly joins in life's poor, passing jars,
Now shakes creation off, and soars beyond the stars.

'Tis CURIOSITY—who hath not felt
Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?
In the pleased infant see its power expand,
When first the coral fills his little hand;
Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,
As her sweet legend falls upon his ear.
Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,
Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;
Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows,
He longs to break, and every spring expose.
Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores
O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores!
How oft he steals upon your graver task,
Of this to tell you, and of that to ask!
And, when the waning hour to-bedward bids,
Though gentle sleep sit waiting on his lids,
How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er,
That he may read one little story more!

Nor yet alone to toys and tales confined,
It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind.
Take him between your knees, peruse his face,
While all you know, or think you know, you trace;
Tell him who spoke creation into birth,
Arched the broad heavens, and spread the rolling earth;
Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,
And bade the seasons in their circles run;
Who filled the air, the forest and the flood,
And gave man all, for comfort or for food;
Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod—
He stops you short, with—"Father, who made God?"

Thus, through life's stages, may we mark the power
That masters man in every changing hour;

It tempts him, from the blandishments of home,
Mountains to climb, and frozen seas to roam;
By air-blown bubbles buoyed, it bids him rise,
And hang an atom in the vaulted skies;
Lured by its charm, he sits and learns to trace
The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space;
Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,
With nature counsels, and communes with fate;
Below, above, o'er all he dares to rove,
In all finds God, and finds that God all love.



LESSON LXXXVIII.

The Love of Country and of Home.—MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strows with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found ?
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
Oh ! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land **THY COUNTRY**, and that spot **THY HOME**.



LESSON LXXXIX.

Columbus in Chains.—MISS M. J. JEWSBURY.

'Twas eve :—upon his chariot throne
The sun sank lingering in the west ;
But sea and sky were there alone,
To hail him in this hour of rest ;
Yet never shone his glorious light
More calmly, gloriously bright.

Nor clouds above, nor wave below,
Nor human sound, nor earthly air,
Mingled with that o'erwhelming glow,
Marred the deep peace reposing there ;
The sea looked of the sky's fair mould,
The sky, a sea of burning gold.

Anon, a single ship, from far,
Came softly gliding o'er the sea :
Lovely and quiet as a star,
When its fair path is calm and free,
Or like a bird with snow-white wing,
Came on that glittering, gentle thing.

She came with buoyant beauty crowned,
And yet disturbed the scene's repose ;
For she, of all the objects round,
Alone was linked to human woes ;
She only, mid the glorious span,
Spoke of the world,—the world of man.

And yet she bore from conquering feat,
The brave, the joyous and the free,
And many a nobler heart that beat
With hopes as boundless as the sea ;
One only felt his course was run,—
He gazed upon the sinking sun.

His the keen eye and stately form,
And reason's majesty of brow ;
His the firm soul, that danger's storm,
When most it baffled, could not bow,—
The soul that taught him now to wear
His fetters with a kingly air.

Yet was that mighty soul subdued
By man's neglect and sorrow's sway,
As rocks, that have the storm withstood,
May silent waters wear away.
But the vexed spirit spurned its yoke ;
He looked upon his chains, and spoke :—

“ Adopted land ! Adopted land !—
And these, then, are thy gifts for me,
Who dared, where unknown seas expand
Seek realms and riches vast for thee !
Who made, without thy fostering power,
An undivided world thy dower !

“ O'er Spain you glorious sun may set,
And leave her native realm awhile ;
May rise o'er other lands,—and yet—
Even there—on her dominions smile ;

Be, when his daily course is run,
To Spain a never-setting sun.

“I served thee as a son would serve ;
I loved thee with a father's love ;
It ruled my thought, and strung my nerve,
To raise thee other lands above,
And, from a queen of earth, to be
The single empress of the sea.

“For thee my form is bowed and worn
With midnight watches on the main ;
For thee my soul hath calmly borne
Ills worse than sorrow, more than pain ;
Through life, whate'er my lot may be,
I lived, dared, suffered, but for thee.

“My guerdon ?—’Tis a furrowed brow,
Hair gray with grief, eyes dim with tears,
And blighted hope, and broken vow,
And poverty for coming years,
And hate, with malice in her train :—
What other guerdon ?—View my chain !

“Yet say not that I weep for gold ;
No, let it be the robber's spoil ;
Nor yet, that hate and malice bold
Decry my triumph and my toil :—
I weep but for my country's shame ;
I weep but for her blackened fame.

“No more.—The sun-light leaves the sea ;
Farewell, thou never-dying king !
Earth's clouds and changes change not thee ;
And thou,—and thou,—grim, giant thing,
Cause of my glory and my pain,—
Farewell, unfathomable main !”

LESSON XC.

On Respect for Ancestors.—QUINCY.

OF all the affections of man, those which connect him with ancestry are among the most natural and generous. They enlarge the sphere of his interests, multiply his motives to virtue, and give intensity to his sense of duty to generations to come, by the perception of obligation to those which are past. In whatever mode of existence man finds himself, be it savage or civilized, he perceives that he is indebted for the far greater part of his possessions and enjoyments, to events over which he had no control; to individuals, whose names, perhaps, never reached his ear; to sacrifices, in which he never shared; and to sufferings, awakening in his bosom few and very transient sympathies.

Cities and empires, not less than individuals, are chiefly indebted for their fortunes to circumstances and influences independent of the labors and wisdom of the passing generation. Is our lot cast in a happy soil, beneath a favored sky, and under the shelter of free institutions? How few of all these blessings do we owe to our own power, or our own prudence! How few, on which we cannot discern the impress of long past generations!

It is natural, that reflections of this kind should awaken curiosity concerning the men of past ages. It is suitable, and characteristic of noble natures, to love to trace in venerated institutions the evidences of ancestral worth and wisdom; and to cherish that mingled sentiment of awe and admiration, which takes possession of the soul, in the presence of ancient, deep-laid, and massy monuments of intellectual and moral power.



LESSON XCI.

Character of the Puritans.—STORY.

IT is not in the power of the scoffer, or the skeptic, of the parasite, who fawns on courts, or the proselyte, who dotes on

the infallibility of his own sect, to obscure the real dignity of the character of the Puritans. We may lament their errors; we may regret their prejudices; we may pity their infirmities; we may smile at the stress laid by them on petty observances and trifling forms. We may believe that their piety was mixed up with too much gloom and severity; that it was sometimes darkened by superstition, and sometimes degraded by fanaticism; that it shut out too much the innocent pleasures of life, and enforced too strictly a discipline, irksome, cheerless and oppressive; that it was sometimes over rigid, when it might have been indulgent; stern, when it might have been affectionate; pertinacious, when concession would have been just, as well as graceful; and flashing with fiery zeal, when charity demanded moderation, and ensured peace.

All this, and much more, may be admitted,—for they were but men, frail, fallible men,—and yet leave behind solid claims upon the reverence and admiration of mankind. Of them it may be said, with as much truth as of any men, that have ever lived, that they acted up to their principles, and followed them out with an unfaltering firmness. They displayed, at all times, a downright honesty of heart and purpose. In simplicity of life, in godly sincerity, in temperance, in humility and in patience, as well as in zeal, they seemed to belong to the apostolical age.

Their wisdom, while it looked on this world, reached far beyond it in its aim and objects. They valued earthly pursuits no farther than they were consistent with religion. Amidst the temptations of human grandeur, they stood unmoved, unshaken, unseduced. Their scruples of conscience, if they sometimes betrayed them into difficulty, never betrayed them into voluntary sin. They possessed a moral courage, which looked present dangers in the face, as though they were distant or doubtful, seeking no escape, and indulging no terror.

When, in defence of their faith, of what they deemed pure and undefiled religion, we see them resign their property, their preferments, their friends and their homes; when we see them submitting to banishment, and ignominy, and even to death; when we see them in foreign lands, on inhospitable shores, in the midst of sickness and famine, in desolation

and disaster, still true to themselves, still confident in God's providence, still submissive to his chastisements, still thankful for his blessings, still ready to exclaim, in the language of Scripture, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed;" when we see such things, where is the man, whose soul does not melt within him at the sight? Where shall examples be sought or found more full, to point out what Christianity is, and what it ought to accomplish?

What better origin could we desire, than from men of characters like these? Men, to whom conscience was every thing, and worldly prosperity nothing. Men, whose thoughts belonged to eternity rather than to time. Men, who, in the near prospect of their sacrifices, could say, as our forefathers did say, "When we are in our graves, it will be all one, whether we have lived in plenty or in penury; whether we have died in a bed of down, or locks of straw. Only this is the advantage of the mean condition, THAT IT IS A MORE FREEDOM TO DIE. And the less comfort any have in the things of this world, the more liberty they have to lay up treasure in heaven." Men, who, in answer to the objection, urged by the anxiety of friendship, that they might perish by the way, or by hunger or the sword, could answer, as our forefathers did, "We may trust God's providence for these things. Either he will keep these evils from us, or will dispose them for our good, and enable us to bear them." Men, who, in still later days, in their appeal for protection to the throne, could say, with pathetic truth and simplicity, as our forefathers did, "That we might enjoy divine worship without human mixtures, without offence to God, man, our own consciences, with leave, *but not without tears*, we departed from our country, kindred, and fathers' houses into this Patmos; in relation whereunto we do not say, Our garments are become old, by reason of the very long journey, but that ourselves, who came away in our strength, are, by reason of long absence, many of us become gray-headed, and some of us stooping for age."

If these be not the sentiments of lofty virtue; if they breathe not the genuine spirit of Christianity; if they speak

not high approaches towards moral perfection ; if they possess not an enduring sublimity ; then, indeed, have I ill read the human heart ; then, indeed, have I strangely mistaken the inspirations of religion. If men like these can be passed by with indifference, because they wore not the princely robes, or the sacred lawn, because they shone not in courts, nor feasted in fashionable circles ; then, indeed, is Christian glory a vain shadow, and human virtue a dream, about which we disquiet ourselves in vain.

But it is not so—it is not so. There are those around me, whose hearts beat high, and whose lips grow eloquent, when the remembrance of such ancestors comes over their thoughts ; when they read in their deeds, not the empty forms, but the essence of holy living and holy dying. Time was, when the exploits of war, the heroes of many battles, the conquerors of millions, the men who waded through slaughter to thrones, the kings whose footsteps were darkened with blood, and the sceptred oppressors of the earth, were alone deemed worthy themes for the poet and the orator, for the song of the minstrel, and the hosannas of the multitude. Time was, when feats of arms, and tournaments, and crusades, and the high array of chivalry, and the pride of royal banners waving for victory, engrossed all minds.

Time was, when the ministers of the altar sat down by the side of the tyrant, and numbered his victims, and stimulated his persecutions, and screened the instruments of his crimes ; and there was praise, and glory, and revelry, for these things. Murder and rapine, burning cities and desolated plains, if they were at the bidding of royal or baronial feuds, led on by the courtier or the clan, were matters of public boast, the delight of courts, and the treasured pleasure of the fireside tales. But these times have passed away. Christianity has resumed her meek and holy reign. The Puritans have not lived in vain. The simple piety of the pilgrims of New England casts into shade this false glitter, which dazzled and betrayed men into the worship of their destroyers.

LESSON XCII.

*The Coming of the Pilgrims.**—W. SULLIVAN.

HERE begins that vast wilderness, which no civilized man has beheld. Whither does it extend, and what is contained within its unmeasured limits? Through what thousands of years has it undergone no change, but in the silent movements of renovation and decay? To how many vernal seasons has it unfolded its leaves;—to how many autumnal frosts has it yielded its verdure? This unvaried solitude! What has disturbed its tranquillity, through uncounted ages, but the rising of the winds, or the rending of the storms? What sounds have echoed through its deep recesses, but those of craving and of rage from the beasts which it shelters, or the war-song and the war-whoop of its sullen, smileless masters? Man, social, inventive, improving man,—his footstep, his handiwork, are nowhere discerned. The beings, who wear his form, have added nothing to knowledge, through all their generations. Like the game which they pursue, they are the same now, which their progenitors were when their race began.

These distant and widely separated columns of smoke, that throw their graceful forms towards the sky, indicate no social, no domestic abodes. The snows have descended to cover the fallen foliage of the departed year; the winds pass, with a mournful sound, through the leafless branches; the Indian has retired to his dark dwelling; and the tenants of the forest have hidden themselves in the earth, to escape the search of winter.

This ocean, that spreads out before us!—how many of its mountain waves rise up between us and the abodes of civilized men! Its surges break and echo on this lonely shore, as they did when the storms first waked them from their

* Extracted from a Discourse delivered at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1829.—In the reflections quoted above, the author goes back, in imagination, to the time when New England was first settled, and “stands upon the shore which the pilgrims were approaching.”

sleep, without having brought, or carried, any work of human hands, unless it be the frail canoe, urged on by hunger or revenge. How appalling is this solitude of the wilderness ! how cheerless this wide waste of waters, on which nothing moves !

A new object rises to our view ! It is that proud result of human genius, which finds its way where it leaves no trace of itself, yet connects the severed continents of the globe. It is full of human beings of a complexion unknown in this far distant clime. They come from a world skilled in the social arts. Are they adventurers, thirsting for gain, or seeking, in these unexplored regions, new gifts for the treasury of science ? Their boats are filled ; they touch the land. They are followed by tender females, and more tender offspring ; such beings as a wild desert never before received. They commence the making of habitations. They disembark their goods.

Have they abandoned their returning ship ? Are they to encounter, in their frail tenements, the winter's tempest and the accumulating snows ? Do they know, that these dark forests, through which even the winds come not without dismal and terrifying sound, is the home of the savage, whose first prompting is to destroy that he may rob ? Do they know that disease must be the inmate of their dwellings in their untried exposure ? If the savage, if disease, selects no victims, will famine stay its merciless hand ? Do they know how slowly the forest yields to human industry ? Do they realize how long, how lonesome, how perilous it will be to their little group, before want can be supplied and security obtained ? Can they have come, voluntarily, to encounter all these unavoidable evils ? Have they given up their native land, their precious homes, their kind friends, their kindred, the comfort and the fellowship of civilized and polished life ? Is this the evidence of affectionate solicitude of husbands, of anxious tenderness of parents, or the sad measure of distempered minds ? Wherefore are they come ? What did they suffer, what did they fear, what do they expect, or hope, that they have chosen exile HERE, and to become the watchful neighbor of the treacherous Indian ?

They gather themselves together, and assume the posture of humble devotion. They pour forth the sentiments of praise, of hope, of unshaken confidence. They cast themselves, their wives, their children, into the arms of that beneficent PARENT, who is present in the wilderness no less than the crowded city. It is to HIM that they look for support amidst the wants of nature, for shelter against the storm, for protection against the savage, for relief in disease.



LESSON XCIII.

Lady Arabella Johnson.—STORY.

THE lady Arabella Johnson, a daughter of the earl of Lincoln, accompanied her husband in the embarkation under Winthrop; and, in honor of her, the admiral ship, on that occasion, was called by her name. She died in a very short time after her arrival, and lies buried near the neighboring shore. No stone, or other memorial, indicates the exact place; but tradition has preserved it with a holy reverence. The remembrance of her excellence is yet fresh in all our thoughts; and many a heart still kindles with admiration of her virtues; and many a bosom heaves with sighs at her untimely end.

What, indeed, could be more touching than the fate of such a woman? What example more striking than hers, of uncompromising affection and piety? Born in the lap of ease, and surrounded by affluence; with every prospect which could make hope gay, and fortune desirable; accustomed to the splendors of a court, and the scarcely less splendid hospitalities of her ancestral home; she was yet content to quit, what has, not inaptly, been termed "this paradise of plenty and pleasure," for "a wilderness of wants," and, with a fortitude superior to the delicacies of her rank and sex, to trust herself to an unknown ocean and a distant climate,

that she might partake, with her husband, the pure and spiritual worship of God.

To the honor, to the eternal honor of her sex, be it said, that, in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honor, innocence, religion, requires. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not, and fears not consequences. Then she displays that undaunted spirit, which neither courts difficulties, nor evades them; that resignation, which utters neither murmur nor regret; and that patience in suffering, which seems victorious even over death itself.

The lady Arabella perished in this noble undertaking, of which she seemed the ministering angel; and her death spread universal gloom throughout the colony. Her husband was overwhelmed with grief at the unexpected event, and survived her but a single month. Governor Winthrop has pronounced his eulogy in one short sentence:—"He was a holy man, and wise, and died in sweet peace."

He was truly the idol of the people; and the spot selected by himself for his own sepulture became consecrated in their eyes; so that many left it as a dying request, that they might be buried by his side. Their request prevailed; and the Chapel burying-ground in Boston, which contains his remains, became, from that time, appropriated to the repose of the dead. Perhaps the best tribute to this excellent pair is, that time, which, with so unsparing a hand, consigns statesmen, and heroes, and even sages, to oblivion, has embalmed the memory of their worth, and preserved it among the choicest of New England relics. It can scarcely be forgotten, but with the annals of our country.

LESSON XCIV.

The Pilgrim Fathers.—C. SPRAGUE.

BEHOLD! they come—those sainted forms,
Unshaken through the strife of storms;
Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
And earth puts on its rudest frown;
But colder, ruder was the hand,
That drove them from their own fair land,—
Their own fair land, refinement's chosen seat,
Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat;
By valor guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all, but gentle charity, renowned.

With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,
Even from that land they dared to part,
And burst each tender tie;
Haunts, where their sunny youth was passed,
Homes, where they fondly hoped at last,
In peaceful age, to die;
Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurned—
Their fathers' hallowed graves,
And to a world of darkness turned,
Beyond a world of waves.

* * * * *

But not alone, not all unblessed,
The exile sought a place of rest;
ONE dared with him to burst the knot,
That bound her to her native spot;
Her low, sweet voice in comfort spoke,
As round their bark the billows broke;
She, through the midnight watch, was there,
With him to bend her knees in prayer;
She trod the shore with girded heart,
Through good and ill to claim her part;
In life, in death, with him to seal
Her kindred love, her kindred zeal.

They come—that coming who shall tell?
The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
But the poor tongue in vain essays
A fitting note for them to raise.
We hear the after-shout, that rings
For them who smote the power of kings—
The swelling triumph all would share;
But who the dark defeat would dare,
And boldly meet the wrath and wo,
That wait the unsuccessful blow?

It were an envied fate, we deem,
To live a land's recorded theme,
 When we are in the tomb:
We, too, might yield the joys of home,
And waves of winter darkness roam,
 And tread a shore of gloom,—
Knew we, those waves, through coming time,
Should roll our names to every clime;
Felt we, that millions on that shore
Should stand, our memory to adore:
But no glad vision burst in light
Upon the pilgrims' aching sight;
Their hearts no proud hereafter swelled;
Deep shadows veiled the way they held;
The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame,
Their monument, a grave without a name.

Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand,
 On yonder ice-bound rock,
Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
 To meet fate's rudest shock.
Though anguish rends the father's breast,
For them, his dearest and his best,
 With him the waste who trod—
Thoughtears, that freeze, the mother sheds
Upon her children's houseless heads—
 The Christian turns to God!

In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow.
What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer,
As bursts in desolation there ?
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power,
As waits to crown that feeble hour ?
There into life an infant empire springs !
There falls the iron from the soul ;
There liberty's young accents roll
Up to the King of kings !
To fair creation's farthest bound,
That thrilling summons yet shall sound ;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake.
Pontiff and prince, your sway
Must crumble from that day ;
Before the loftier throne of Heaven,
The hand is raised, the pledge is given—
One monarch to obey, one creed to own,—
That monarch, God,—that creed, his word alone.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds to reverence dear ;
A zeal like this what pious legends tell ?
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt,
The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell ;
But what exploit with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind,—
Who left their nation and their age,
Man's spirit to unbind ?
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine, and frost, and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore,
Where piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow ;
Where liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And set up there an everlasting home ?

LESSON XCV.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.—MRS. HEMANS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tost ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band :
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

LESSON XCVI.

*Hymn for the second Centennial Celebration of the Settlement
of Charlestown, Mass.—PIERPONT.*

TWO HUNDRED YEARS!—two hundred years!—
How much of human power and pride,
What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,
Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!—

The red man, at his horrid rite,
Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,
His bark canoe, its track of light
Left on the wave beneath the moon,—

His dance, his yell, his council-fire,
The altar where his victim lay,
His death-song, and his funeral pyre,—
That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale pilgrim band is gone,
That, on this shore, with trembling trod,
Ready to faint, yet bearing on
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war—that, since, o'er ocean came,
And thundered loud from yonder hill,
And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame,
To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,
That live in story and in song,
Time, for the last two hundred years,
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—
This vision of the scenes of old :
'Tis like the moon when morning breaks,
'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

Then what are we!—then what are we!
Yes, when two hundred years have rolled
O'er our green graves, our names shall be
A morning dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers,—in whose sight
The thousand years, that sweep away
Man, and the traces of his might,
Are but the break and close of day,—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,
That love of goodness and of thee,
Which makes thy children, in all time,
To share thine own eternity.



LESSON XCVII.

The Western World.—BRYANT.

LATE, from this western shore, that morning chased
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud,

Sky-mingling mountains, that o'erlook the cloud.
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled near.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

Then, all this joyful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet, that flashed with many an oar
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake
And the deer drank: as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there—

Not unavenged: the foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed, and, when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood:
All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—

And in the flood of fire, that scathed the glade,
The roofs went down ; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the day-beam played :
No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
And ever, by their lake, lay moored the light canoe.

Look now abroad : another race has filled
These populous borders ; wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled ;
The land is full of harvests and green meads ;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters ; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame, among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light
Into the depths of ages : we may trace,
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles ; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states.
She, too, is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but shake off the vampyre train
That batten on her blood, and break their net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds ; the moment set
To rescue, and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children : thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all,—
These are thy fetters : seas and stormy air

Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons, that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies : who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell ?



LESSON XCVIII.

*Effects of the Institutions and Example of the first Settlers
of New England.*—QUINCY.

IF we cast our eyes on the cities and great towns of New England, with what wonder should we behold, did not familiarity render the phenomenon almost unnoticed, men, combined in great multitudes, possessing freedom and the consciousness of strength,—the comparative physical power of the ruler less than that of a cobweb across a lion's path, —yet orderly, obedient, and respectful to authority ; a people, but no populace ; every class in reality existing, which the general law of society acknowledges, except one,—and this exception characterizing the whole country ! The soil of New England is trodden by no slave. In our streets, in our assemblies, in the halls of election and legislation, men of every rank and condition meet, and unite or divide on other principles, and are actuated by other motives, than those growing out of such distinctions. The fears and jealousies, which, in other countries, separate classes of men, and make them hostile to each other, have here no influence, or a very limited one.

Each individual, of whatever condition, has the consciousness of living under known laws, which secure equal rights, and guaranty to each whatever portion of the goods of life, be it great or small, chance, or talent, or industry may have bestowed. All perceive that the honors and rewards of society, are open equally to the fair competition of all ; that the distinctions of wealth, or of power, are not fixed in families ; that whatever of this nature exists to-day, may be changed to-morrow, or, in a coming generation, be absolutely reversed.

Common principles, interests, hopes and affections, are the result of universal education. Such are the consequences of the equality of rights, and of the provisions for the general diffusion of knowledge and the distribution of intestate estates, established by the laws framed by the earliest emigrants to New England.

If, from our cities, we turn to survey the wide expanse of the interior, how do the effects of the institutions and example of our early ancestors appear, in all the local comfort and accommodation, which mark the general condition of the whole country;—unobtrusive, indeed, but substantial; in nothing splendid, but in every thing sufficient and satisfactory. Indications of active talent and practical energy, exist every where. With a soil comparatively little luxuriant, and in great proportion either rock, or hill, or sand, the skill and industry of man are seen triumphing over the obstacles of nature; making the rock the guardian of the field; moulding the granite, as though it were clay; leading cultivation to the hill-top, and spreading over the arid plain hitherto unknown and unanticipated harvests.

The lofty mansion of the prosperous adjoins the lowly dwelling of the husbandman; their respective inmates are in the daily interchange of civility, sympathy and respect. Enterprise and skill, which once held chief affinity with the ocean or the sea-board, now begin to delight the interior, haunting our rivers, where the music of the waterfall, with powers more attractive than those of the fabled harp of Orpheus, collects around it intellectual man and material nature. Towns and cities, civilized and happy communities, rise, like exhalations, on rocks and in forests, till the deep and far-re-sounding voice of the neighboring torrent is itself lost and unheard, amid the predominating noise of successful and rejoicing labor.

What lessons has New England, in every period of her history, given to the world! What lessons do her condition and example still give! How unprecedented, yet how practical! How simple, yet how powerful! She has proved, that all the variety of Christian sects may live together in harmony, under a government, which allows equal privileges to all,—exclusive preëminence to none. She has proved,

that ignorance among the multitude is not necessary to order, but that the surest basis of perfect order is the information of the people. She has proved the old maxim, that "No government, except a despotism, with a standing army, can subsist where the people have arms," is false. * * * *

Such are the true glories of the institutions of our fathers; such the natural fruits of that patience in toil, that frugality of disposition, that temperance of habit, that general diffusion of knowledge, and that sense of religious responsibility, inculcated by the precepts, and exhibited in the example, of every generation of our ancestors.



LESSON XCIX.

New England.—MRS. CHILD.

I NEVER view the thriving villages of New England, which speak so forcibly to the heart, of happiness and prosperity, without feeling a glow of national pride, as I say, "This is my own, my native land." A long train of associations is connected with her picturesque rivers, as they repose in their peaceful loveliness,—the broad and sparkling mirror of the heavens,—and with the cultivated environs of her busy cities, which seem every where blushing into a perfect Eden of fruit and flowers. The remembrance of what we have been, comes rushing on the heart in powerful and happy contrast.

In most nations, the path of antiquity is shrouded in darkness, rendered more visible by the wild, fantastic light of fable; but with us, the vista of time is luminous to its remotest point. Each succeeding year has left its footsteps distinct upon the soil, and the cold dew of our chilling dawn is still visible beneath the mid-day sun. Two centuries, only, have elapsed, since our most beautiful villages reposed in the undisturbed grandeur of nature; when the scenes now rendered classic by literary associations, or resounding with the din of commerce, echoed nought but the sound of the hunter, or the fleet tread of the wild deer. God was here in his holy temple, and the whole earth kept silence before him!

But the voice of prayer was soon to be heard in the desert. The sun, which, for ages beyond the memory of man, had gazed on the strange, fearful worship of the Great Spirit of the wilderness, was soon to shed its splendor upon the altars of the living God. That light, which had arisen amid the darkness of Europe, stretched its long luminous track across the Atlantic, till the summits of the western world became tinged with its brightness. During many long, long ages of gloom and corruption, it seemed as if the pure flame of religion was every where quenched in blood;—but the watchful vestal had kept the sacred flame still burning deeply and fervently. Men, stern and unyielding, brought it hither in their own bosom, and, amid desolation and poverty, they kindled it on the shrine of Jehovah.

In this enlightened and liberal age, it is perhaps too fashionable to look back upon those early sufferers in the cause of the reformation, as a band of dark, discontented bigots. Without doubt, there were many broad, deep shadows in their characters; but there was, likewise, bold and powerful light. The peculiarities of their situation occasioned most of their faults, and atoned for them. They were struck off from a learned, opulent and powerful nation, under circumstances which goaded and lacerated them almost to ferocity;—and no wonder that men, who fled from oppression in their own country, to all the hardships of a remote and dreary province, should have exhibited a deep mixture of exclusive, bitter and morose passions.



LESSON C.

*Conclusion of a Discourse, delivered Sept. 18th, 1828, in
Commemoration of the first Settlement of Salem, Mass.—*
STORY.

WHEN we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press

upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence!

The old world has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvellous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair processions chanted the praises of liberty and the gods,—where and what is she? For two thousand years, the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The *malaria* has but travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals, before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times, which clustered round immortal Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss in their native fastnesses; but the guarantee of their freedom is in their weakness, and not in their strength. The mountains are not easily crossed, and the valleys are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path

The peasantry sinks before him. The country is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barriers, on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition; and Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to fairer climates, scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary, than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the low lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself! that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not!" Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors,

by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you are, and all you hope to be; resist every project of disunion, resist every encroachment upon your liberties, resist every attempt to fetter your consciences, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, mothers, by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring; teach them, as they climb your knees, or lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never to forget or forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose inheritance you possess. Life can never be too short, which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death never comes too soon, if necessary in defence of the liberties of your country.

I call upon you, old men, for your counsels, and your prayers, and your benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, with the recollection, that you have lived in vain. May not your last sun sink in the west upon a nation of slaves.

No—I read in the destiny of my country far better hopes, far brighter visions. We, who are now assembled here, must soon be gathered to the congregation of other days. The time of our departure is at hand, to make way for our children upon the theatre of life. May God speed them and theirs. May he, who, at the distance of another century, shall stand here, to celebrate this day, still look round upon a free, happy and virtuous people. May he have reason to exult as we do. May he, with all the enthusiasm of truth, as well as of poetry, exclaim that here is still his country,

“Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.”

LESSON CI.

The Death of Moses.—JOHN S. TAYLOR.

ON Nebo's hill the patriarch stood,
Who led the pilgrim bands
Of Israel through the foaming waves,
And o'er the desert sands.

How beautiful is the scene that spreads
Before him far and wide,
Beyond the fair and fated bourn
Of Jordan's glorious tide !

Stretched forth in varied loveliness,
The land of promise smiled,
Like Eden in its wondrous bloom,
Magnificent and wild.

He looked o'er Gilead's pleasant land,
A land of fruit and flowers,
And verdure of the softest green,
That drinks the summer showers.

He saw fair Ephraim's fertile fields
Laugh with their golden store,
And, far beyond, the deep blue wave
Bathed Judah's lovely shore.

The southern landscape led his glance
O'er plains and valleys wide,
And hills with spreading cedars crowned,
And cities in their pride.

There Zoar's walls are dimly seen,
And Jericho's far towers
Gleam through the morning's purple mist,
Among their palmy bowers.

Is it the sun, the morning sun,
That shines so full and bright,
Pouring on Nebo's lonely hill
A flood of living light?

No—dim and earthly is the glow
Of morning's loveliest ray,
And dull the cloudless beams of noon,
To that celestial day.

Is it an angel's voice that breathes
Divine enchantment there,
As floating on his viewless wings
He charms the balmy air?

No—'tis a greater, holier power,
That makes the scene rejoice;
Thy glory, God, is in that light,—
Thy spirit, in that voice!

The patriarch hears, and lowly bends,
Adoring his high will,
Who spoke in lightnings from the clouds
Of Sinai's awful hill.

Now flash his eyes with brighter fires
E'er yet their light depart;
And thus the voice of prophecy
Speaks to his trembling heart:—

“The land, which I have sworn to bless
To Abraham's chosen race,
Thine eyes behold; but not for thee
That earthly resting-place.”

With soul of faith the patriarch heard
The awful words, and lay
A time entranced, until that voice
In music died away;—

Then raised his head,—one look he gave
 Towards Jordan's palmy shore ;
 Fixed was that look, and glazed that eye,
 Which turned to earth no more.

A beauteous glow was on his face—
 Death flung not there its gloom ;
 On Nebo's hill the patriarch found
 His glory and his doom.

He sleeps in Moab's silent vale,
 Beneath the dewy sod,
 Without a stone to mark his grave,
 Who led the hosts of God.

Let marble o'er earth's conquerors rise,
 And mock the mouldering grave ;
His monument is that blest Book,
 Which opens but to save.



LESSON CII.

Sonnet on the Entrance of the American Woods.—GALT.

WHAT solemn spirit doth inhabit here !
 What sacred oracle hath here a home !
 What dread unknown thrills through the heart in fear,
 And moves to worship in this forest-dome !
 Ye storied fanes, in whose recesses dim
 The mitred priesthood hath their altars built,
 Aisles old and awful, where the choral hymn
 Bears the rapt soul beyond the sphere of guilt,
 Stoop your proud arches, and your columns bend,
 Your tombs and monumental trophies hide ;
 The high, umbrageous vaults, that here extend,
 Mock the brief limits of your sculptured pride.
 Stranger forlorn, by fortune hither cast,
 Dar'st thou the genius brave,—the ancient and the vast ?

LESSON CIII.

*Marco Bozzaris.**—HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring ;
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires, who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke—
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !”
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast

* Bozzaris was the Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp, at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—“To die for liberty, is a pleasure, and not a pain.”

As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :
“ Strike ! till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike ! for your altars and your fires ;
Strike ! for the green graves of your sires ;
 God—and your native land ! ”

They fought, like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud harrah,
 And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother when she feels,
For the first time, her first born's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals,
That close the pestilence, are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
And thou art terrible : the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris, with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.



LESSON CIV.

Reflections of a Belle.—N. E. WEEKLY REVIEW.

I'M weary of the crowded ball; I'm weary of the mirth,
Which never lifts itself above the grosser things of earth;
I'm weary of the flatterer's tone: its music is no more,
And eye and lip may answer not its meaning as before;
I'm weary of the heartless throng—of being deemed as one,
Whose spirit kindles only in the blaze of fashion's sun.

I speak in very bitterness, for I have deeply felt
The mockery of the hollow shrine at which my spirit knelt;
Mine is the requiem of years, in reckless folly passed,
The wail above departed hopes, on a frail venture cast,
The vain regret, that steals above the wreck of squandered
hours,
Like the sighing of the autumn wind above the faded flowers.

Oh! it is worse than mockery to list the flatterer's tone,
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek must blush to own,—
To hear the red lip whispered of, and the flowing curl and eye
Made constant themes of eulogy, extravagant and high,—
And the charm of person worshipped, in a homage offered not
To the perfect charm of virtue, and the majesty of thought.

Away! I will not fetter thus the spirit God hath given,
Nor stoop the pinion back to earth that beareth up to heaven.

I will not bow a tameless heart to fashion's iron rule,
Nor welcome, with a smile, alike the gifted and the fool :
No—let the throng pass coldly on ; a treasured few may find
The charm of person doubly dear beneath the light of mind.

LESSON CV.

Childhood.—N. M. MAGAZINE.

HE must be incorrigibly unamiable, who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver ; who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss ; who have principle enough properly to feed, and clothe, and educate their children, to labor for their support and provision, but possess not the affection which turns duty into delight ; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit and feeling combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable !

The selfish bachelor may shudder, when he thinks of the consequences of a family ; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares, from which he is luckily free ; hug himself in his solitude, and pity his unfortunate neighbor, who has half a dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him.

The unfortunate neighbor, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see, without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny foot-mark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a precious secret ; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self-gratification,

and trouble into amusement; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darlings' feet, as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cures, by a noisy game at romps, the weariness and head-ache which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions, that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favorites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child; and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling: and I know another fair simpleton, who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads. But these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth.

Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines and philosophers listened to their prattle, and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must be bribed to good behavior, like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand, like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts; they will sometimes cry for the moon, as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds; and when they are angry, they have no mercy for cups and saucers. They are as unreasonable, impatient, selfish, ex-

acting and whimsical, as grown-up men and women, and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent, who despise dolls and drums, and, ready only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and precision; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions; they require you to prove every thing you assert, and are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy, or a slight mistake in a date.

But, notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance, which allows of only partial success; and numbers of sweet children exist, to delight, and soothe, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few months of human existence. The recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice, of a very young infant, render it uninteresting to most gentlemen, except its father; and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts and nurses assure you, that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal; and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, and matter afforded for twenty long letters and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who could not hold its head straight.

But as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and liveliness; as soon as it smiles at a familiar face, and stares at a strange one; as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crawls, and leaps, from the excess of animal contentment,—it becomes an object of indefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our na-

ture attach us,—an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence, doubly interesting from its prospects and destiny; interesting to a philosopher, doubly interesting to a Christian.

Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate? Perhaps we hold in our arms an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate any thing. Better is it—when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspicious confidence, their wild, unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won—to enjoy, unrestrained, the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, which seems to “justify the ways of God to men,” and to teach us that Nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.



LESSON CVI.

The same,—concluded.

LITTLE girls are my favorites. Boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness; and they lose, earlier in life, that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation, there is no object to me so attractive and delightful, as a lovely, intelligent, gentle little girl of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improve-

ment of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, and which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin.

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its very thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient; and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth, in all the horrors of nakedness, will generally appear in the surprised assembly; and he who has hitherto thought, in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not unpleasing cast, will now learn, for the first time, that "every body says he has a terrible squint."

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf, who is standing before me, attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female buds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of the day, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough, from thirteen to seventy, for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French milliners; for checking laughter and forcing smiles; for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling, to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve, by their "wild freshness," our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art,—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external disadvantages; and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after-life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports and pleasures, with fond regret. The wisest and happiest of us may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition; but he fancies, sometimes, that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite. Perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution, which defies deception; but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence, which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe.

He who feels thus, cannot contemplate, unmoved, the joys and sports of childhood; and he gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion. He knows what the life is, on which they are about to enter; and he is sure that, whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull, compared with those under which they are now basking.

LESSON CVII.

Dialogue : Mr. and Mrs. Bolingbroke.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the newspaper all to yourself, my dear?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Here it is for you, my dear: I have finished it.

Mrs. B. I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it—I hate stale news. Is there any thing in the paper? for I cannot be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr. B. Yes, my dear; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

Mrs. B. Who? Who?

Mr. B. Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin John Nettleby.

Mrs. B. Mrs. Nettleby! Lord! But why did you tell me?

Mr. B. Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs. B. Oh, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the paragraph one's self. One loses all the pleasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage?

Mr. B. Oh, my dear, I will not tell you; I will leave you the pleasure of the surprise.

Mrs. B. But you see I cannot find it. How provoking you are, my dear! Do pray tell it me.

Mr. B. Our friend, Mr. Granby.

Mrs. B. Mr. Granby! Dear! Why did not you make me guess? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him *our* friend? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion to him, as you may remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr. B. I am sorry for it, my dear; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr. B. Miss Cooke.

Mrs. B. Cooke! But there are so many Cookes—Can't you distinguish her any way? Has she no Christian name?

Mr. B. Emma, I think—Yes, Emma.

Mrs. B. Emma Cooke!—No;—it cannot be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

Mr. B. This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs. B. May be so—I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr. B. I have seen very little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear, how could you decide that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr. B. Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

Mrs. B. I understand that compliment perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear any thing better than irony.

Mr. B. Irony! my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes; in earnest—so I perceive—I may naturally be dull of apprehension, but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend you too well. Yes—it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from experience; you have been disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr. B. My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

Mrs. B. No—you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr. B. But I said that, only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs. B. But I would rather that you thought ill of me, than that you did not think of me at all.

Mr. B. Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you, if that will please you.

Mrs. B. Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this, I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As long as you had the slightest remains of love for

me, you could not make me an object of derision : ridicule and love are incompatible ; absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not *cut out* to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs. Granby !

Mr. B. Happy, I hope sincerely, that she will be with my friend ; but my happiness must depend on you, my love ; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

Mrs. B. I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly ; see her I must.

Mr. B. I am heartily glad of it, my dear ; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real pleasure.

Mrs. B. I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure or you either ; but to satisfy my own—*curiosity*.



LESSON CVIII.

The Burning of Moscow.—LABAUME.

ON the fifteenth of September, 1812, our corps left the village where it had encamped, at an early hour, and marched to Moscow. As we approached the city, we saw that it had no walls, and that a simple parapet of earth was the only work, which constituted the outer enclosure. Nothing indicated that the town was inhabited ; and the road by which we arrived was so deserted, that we saw neither Russian nor French soldiers. No cry, no noise was heard in the midst of this awful solitude. We pursued our march, a prey to the utmost anxiety ; and that anxiety was redoubled, when we perceived a thick smoke, which arose, in the form of a column, from the centre of the town.

On the following morning, the most heart-rending scene, which my imagination had ever conceived, far surpassing the saddest story in ancient or modern history, presented itself to my eyes. A great part of the population of Moscow, terrified at our arrival, had concealed themselves in cellars or

secret recesses of their houses. As the fire spread around, we saw them rushing in despair from their various asylums. They uttered no imprecation; they breathed no complaint: fear had rendered them dumb: and hastily snatching up their most precious effects, they fled before the flames.

Others, of greater sensibility, and actuated by the genuine feelings of nature, saved only their parents, or their infants, who were closely clasped in their arms. They were followed by their other children, running as fast as their little strength would permit, and, with all the wildness of childish terror, vociferating the beloved name of mother. The old people, borne down by grief more than by age, had not sufficient power to follow their families, and expired near the houses in which they were born. The streets, the public places, and particularly the churches, were filled with these unhappy people, who, lying on the remains of their property, suffered even without a murmur. No cry, no complaint was heard. Both the conqueror and the conquered were equally hardened; the one by excess of fortune, the other by excess of misery.

The fire, whose ravages could not be restrained, soon reached the finest parts of the city. Those palaces, which we had admired for the beauty of their architecture, and the elegance of their furniture, were enveloped in the flames. Their magnificent fronts, ornamented with bass-reliefs and statues, fell, with a dreadful crash, on the fragments of the pillars which had supported them. The churches, though covered with iron and lead, were likewise destroyed, and with them those beautiful steeples, which we had seen, the night before, resplendent with gold and silver. The hospitals, too, which contained more than twelve thousand wounded, soon began to burn. This offered a dreadful and harrowing spectacle. Almost all these poor wretches perished. A few, who still lingered, were seen crawling, half burnt, amongst the smoking ruins; and others, groaning under heaps of dead bodies, endeavored, in vain, to extricate themselves from the horrible destruction which surrounded them.

How shall I describe the confusion and tumult, when permission was granted to pillage this immense city! Soldiers, sutlers and galley-slaves eagerly ran through the streets,

penetrating into the deserted palaces, and carrying away every thing which could gratify their avarice. Some covered themselves with stuffs richly worked with gold and silks; some were enveloped in beautiful and costly furs; and even the galley-slaves concealed their rags under the most splendid habits of the court. The rest crowded into the cellars, and, forcing open the doors, drank to excess the most luscious wines, and carried off an immense booty.

This horrible pillage was not confined to the deserted houses alone, but extended to those which were inhabited; and soon the eagerness and wantonness of the plunderers caused devastations, which almost equalled those occasioned by the conflagration. Every asylum was violated by the licentious troops. They who had officers in their houses flattered themselves that they should escape the general calamity. Vain illusion! The advancing fire soon destroyed all their hopes.

Towards evening, when Napoleon no longer thought himself safe in the city, the ruin of which seemed inevitable, he left the Kremlin, and established himself with his suite in the castle of Peterskoë. When I saw him pass by, I could not behold without abhorrence the chief of a barbarous expedition, who evidently endeavored to escape the decided testimony of public indignation, by seeking the darkest road. He sought it, however, in vain. On every side, the flames seemed to pursue him; and their horrible and mournful glare, flashing on his guilty head, reminded me of the torches of Eumenides pursuing the destined victims of the Furies.

The generals, likewise, received orders to quit Moscow. Licentiousness then became unbounded. The soldiers, no longer restrained by the presence of their chiefs, committed every kind of excess. No retreat was safe, no place sufficiently sacred to afford protection against their rapacity. Nothing more fully excited their avarice than the church of St. Michael, the sepulchre of the Russian emperors. An erroneous tradition had propagated the belief that it contained immense riches. Some grenadiers presently entered it, and descended with torches into the vast subterranean vaults, to disturb the peace and silence of the tombs. But instead of treasures, they found only stone coffins, covered with pink

velvet, and bearing thin silver plates, on which were engraved the names of the czars, and the dates of their birth and decease.

With all the excesses of plunder, they mingled the most degrading and horrible debauchery. Neither nobility of blood, nor the innocence of youth, nor the tears of beauty, were respected. The licentiousness was cruel and boundless; but it was inevitable in a savage war, in which sixteen different nations, opposite in their manners and their language, thought themselves at liberty to commit every cr

LESSON CIX.

The same,—concluded.

PENETRATED by so many calamities, I hoped that the shades of night would cast a veil over the dreadful scene; but they contributed, on the contrary, to render the conflagration more terrible. The violence of the flames, which extended from north to south, and were strangely agitated by the wind, produced the most awful appearance on a sky which was darkened by the thickest smoke. Frequently was seen the glare of the burning torches, which the incendiaries were hurling, from the tops of the highest towers, on those parts of the city which had yet escaped destruction, and which resembled, at a distance, so many passing meteors.

Nothing could equal the anguish which absorbed every feeling heart, and which was increased, in the dead of the night, by the cries of the miserable victims who were savagely murdered, or by the screams of the young females, who fled for protection to their weeping mothers. To these dreadful groans and heart-rending cries, which every moment broke upon the ear, were added the howlings of the dogs, which, chained to the doors of the palaces, according to the custom at Moscow, could not escape from the fire which surrounded them.

Overpowered with regret and with terror, I flattered myself that sleep would for a while release me from these

revolting scenes; but the most frightful recollections crowded upon me, and all the horrors of the day again passed in review. My wearied senses seemed, at last, sinking into repose, when the light of a near and dreadful conflagration, piercing into my room, suddenly awoke me. I thought that my chamber was a prey to the flames. It was no idle dream; for, when I approached the window, I saw that our quarters were on fire, and that the house in which I lodged was in the utmost danger. Sparks were thickly falling in our yard and on the wooden roofs of our stables.

I ran quickly to my landlord and his family. Perceiving their danger, they had already quitted their habitation, and had retired to a subterranean vault, which afforded them more security. I found them, with their servants, all assembled there; nor could I prevail on them to leave it, for they dreaded our soldiers more than the fire. The father was sitting on the threshold of the vault, and appeared desirous of first exposing himself to the calamities which threatened his family. Two of his daughters, pale, with dishevelled hair, and whose tears added to their beauty, disputed with him the honor of the sacrifice. It was not without violence that I could snatch them from the building, under which they would otherwise soon have been buried. When these unhappy creatures again saw the light, they contemplated with indifference the loss of all their property, and were only astonished that they were still alive.

Desirous of terminating the recital of this horrible catastrophe, for which history wants expressions, and poetry has no colors, I shall pass over in silence many circumstances revolting to humanity, and merely describe the dreadful confusion, which arose in our army when the fire had reached every part of Moscow, and the whole city was become one immense flame.

The different streets could no longer be distinguished, and the places, on which the houses had stood, were marked only by confused piles of stones, calcined and black. The wind, blowing with violence, howled mournfully, and overwhelmed us with ashes, with burning fragments, and even with the iron plates which covered the palace. On whatever side we turned, we saw only ruins and flame. The fire

raged as if it were fanned by some invisible power. The most extensive ranges of buildings seemed to kindle, to burn, and to disappear in an instant.

As we again traversed the streets of Moscow, we experienced the most heart-rending sensations, at perceiving that no vestige remained of those noble hotels, at which we had formerly been established. They were entirely demolished, and their ruins, still smoking, exhaled a vapor which, filling the whole atmosphere, and forming the densest clouds, either totally obscured the sun, or gave to his disk a red and bloody appearance. The outline of the streets was no longer to be distinguished. The stone palaces were the only buildings which preserved any traces of their former magnificence. Standing alone amidst piles of ruins, and blackened with smoke, these wrecks of a city, so newly built, resembled some of the venerable remains of antiquity.

Each one endeavored to find quarters for himself; but rarely could we meet with houses which joined together; and, to shelter a few companies, we were obliged to occupy a vast tract of land, which only offered a few habitations, scattered here and there. Some of the churches, composed of less combustible materials than the other buildings, had their roofs entire, and were transformed into barracks and stables. The hymns and holy melodies, which had once resounded within these sacred walls, now gave place to the neighing of horses, and the horrible blasphemies of the soldiers.

Although the population of Moscow had almost disappeared, there still remained some of those unfortunate beings, whom misery had accustomed to look on all occurrences with indifference. Most of them had become the menial servants of their spoilers, and thought themselves most happy if they were permitted to share any loathsome food which the soldiers rejected.

Many of the Moscovites, who had been concealed in the neighboring forests, perceiving that the conflagration had ceased, and believing that they had nothing more to fear, had reëntered the city. Some of them sought in vain for their houses, the very sites of which could scarcely be discovered; others would fain have taken refuge in the sanctuary of their God; but it had been profaned. The public walks

presented a revólting spectacle. The ground was thickly strowed with dead bodies ; and from many of the half-burnt trees were suspended the carcasses of incendiaries.

In the midst of these horrors were seen many of the unfortunate inhabitants, who, destitute of every asylum, were collecting the charred planks, to construct a cabin in some unfrequented place, or ravaged garden. Having nothing to eat, they eagerly dug the earth, to find the roots of those vegetables which the soldiers had gathered ; or, wandering among the ruins, they diligently searched among the cinders for any food which the fire had not entirely consumed. Pale, emaciated, and almost naked, the very slowness of their walk announced the excess of their sufferings.



LESSON CX.

View of Mont Blanc at Sunset.—GRISCOM.

WE arrived, before sundown, at the village of St. Martin, where we were to stay for the night. The evening being remarkably fine, we crossed the Arvé on a beautiful bridge, and walked over to Salenche, a very considerable village, opposite to St. Martin, and ascended a hill to view the effect of the sun's declining light upon Mont Blanc. The scene was truly grand. The broad range of the mountain was fully before us, of a pure and almost glowing white, apparently to its very base ; and which, contrasted with the brown tints of the adjoining mountains, greatly heightened the novelty of the scene. We could scarcely avoid the conclusion, that this vast pile of snow was very near us ; and yet its base was not less than fifteen, and its summit, probably, more than twenty miles from the place where we stood.

The varying rays of light, produced by reflection from the snow, passing, as the sun's rays declined, from a brilliant white through purple and pink, and ending in the gentle light, which the snow gives after the sun has set, afforded an exhibition in optics upon a scale of grandeur, which no other

region in the world could probably excel. Never, in my life, have my feelings been so powerfully affected by mere scenery as they were in this day's excursion. The excitement, though attended by sensations awfully impressive, is, nevertheless, so finely attempered by the glow of novelty, incessantly mingled with astonishment and admiration, as to produce, on the whole, a feast of delight.

A few years ago, I stood upon Table Rock, and placed my cane in the descending flood of Niagara. Its tremendous roar almost entirely precluded conversation with the friend at my side; while its whirlwind of mist and foam filled the air to a great distance around me. The rainbow sported in its bosom; the gulf below exhibited the wild fury of an immense boiling caldron; while the rapids above, for the space of nearly a mile, appeared like a mountain of billows, chafing and dashing against each other with thundering impetuosity, in their eager strife to gain the precipice, and take the awful leap.

In contemplating this scene, my imagination and my heart were filled with sublime and tender emotions. The soul seemed to be brought a step nearer to the presence of that incomprehensible Being, whose spirit dwelt in every feature of the cataract, and directed all its amazing energies. Yet, in the scenery of this day, there was more of a pervading sense of awful and unlimited grandeur; mountain piled upon mountain, in endless continuity, throughout the whole extent, and crowned by the brightest effulgence of an evening sun, upon the everlasting snows of the highest pinnacle of Europe.

LESSON CXI.

To the Stars.—CROLY.

YE stars, bright legions, that, before all time,
Camped on yon plains of sapphire,—what shall tell
Your burning myriads, but the eye of Him
Who bade through heaven your golden chariots wheel?

Yet who, earthborn, can see your hosts, nor feel
Immortal impulses—Eternity?

What wonder if the o'erwrought soul should reel
With its own weight of thought, and the wild eye
See fate within your tracks of sleepless glory lie?

For ye behold the Mightiest.—From that steep,
What ages have ye worshipped round your King!

Ye heard his trumpet sounding o'er the sleep
Of earth; ye heard the morning angels sing.

Upon that orb, now o'er me quivering,
The gaze of Adam fixed from Paradise;

The wanderers of the deluge saw it spring
Above the mountain surge, and hailed its rise,
Lighting their lonely track with Hope's celestial dyes.

On Calvary shot down that purple eye,

When, but the soldier and the sacrifice,
All were departed—Mount of Agony!

But Time's broad pinion, ere the giant dies,
Shall cloud your dome:—ye fruitage of the skies,
Your vineyard shall be shaken. From your urn,

Censers of heaven, no more shall glory rise,
Your incense to the throne. The heavens shall burn!
For all your pomps are dust, and shall to dust return!

LESSON CXII.

Sabbath Morning.—GRAHAME.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed, waving in the breeze.
Sounds, the most faint, attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,

The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale ;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles with heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;
While, from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms,—the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, Peace o'er yon village broods :
The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din
Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful, on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheeding of the pasture, roams at large ;
And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the *poor* man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread lonely,—the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighboring hedge or tree ;
But on *this* day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves ;
With those he loves, he shares the heart-felt joy
Of giving thanks to God,—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace ; but reverently,
With covered face, and upward, earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath ! thee I hail, the poor man's day :
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke ;
While, wandering slowly up the river's side,
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,

As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
With elevated joy, each rural charm,
He hopes,—yet fears presumption in the hope,—
That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

LESSON CXIII.

The Evening Cloud: a Sonnet.—WILSON.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun—
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow;
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve, that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
—And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven;
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

LESSON CXIV.

Twilight,—Hope.—HALLECK.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.

'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret

We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet ;

But Hope is round us, with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour ;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth, the cheek was crimsoned with her glow ;

Her smile was loveliest then ; her matin song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of wo
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.

Life's little world of bliss was newly born ;

We knew not, cared not, it was born to die.
Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway, too ; on the eye,

Half realized, her early dreams burst bright ;
Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,—
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight ;

And though, at times, might lower the thunder-storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,

The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,

There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now ;
That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,

Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow—
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star,

That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,

And hushed the last deep beating of the heart,—
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A moon-beam in the midnight cloud of death.

LESSON CXV.

Perpetual Adoration.—MOORE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine ;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves ;
Or, when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of thee.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy throne ;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack,
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;
Thy mercy, in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity !

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love ;
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

LESSON CXVI.

Music of Nature.—PIERPONT.

IN what rich harmony, what polished lays,
Should man address thy throne, when Nature pays
Her wild, her tuneful tribute to the sky!
Yes, Lord, she sings thee, but she knows not why.
The fountain's gush, the long-resounding shore,
The zephyr's whisper, and the tempest's roar,
The rustling leaf, in autumn's fading woods,
The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,
The summer bower, by cooling breezes fanned,
The torrent's fall, by dancing rainbows spanned,
The streamlet, gurgling through its rocky glen,
The long grass, sighing o'er the graves of men,
The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,
Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,
The scorching bolt, that, from thine armory hurled,
Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world;
All these are music to Religion's ear:—
Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear.

LESSON CXVII.

Comparison of Watches.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

WHEN Griselda thought that her husband had long enough enjoyed his new existence, and that there was danger of his forgetting the taste of sorrow, she changed her tone.—One day, when he had not returned home exactly at the appointed minute, she received him with a frown; such as would have made even Mars himself recoil, if Mars could have beheld such a frown upon the brow of his Venus.

“Dinner has been kept waiting for you this hour, my dear.”

“I am very sorry for it; but why did you wait, my dear? I am really very sorry I am so late, but” (looking at his watch) “it is only half past six by me.”

"It is seven by me."

They presented their watches to each other; he in an apologetical, she in a reproachful, attitude.

"I rather think you are too fast, my dear," said the gentleman.

"I am very sure you are too slow, my dear," said the lady.

"My watch never loses a minute in the four-and-twenty hours," said he.

"Nor mine a second," said she.

"I have reason to believe I am right, my love," said the husband, mildly.

"Reason!" exclaimed the wife, astonished. "What reason can you possibly have to believe you are right, when I tell you I am morally certain you are wrong, my love."

"My only reason for doubting it is, that I set my watch by the sun to-day."

"The sun must be wrong then," cried the lady, hastily.—"You need not laugh; for I know what I am saying; the variation, the declination, must be allowed for, in computing it with the clock. Now you know perfectly well what I mean, though you will not explain it for me, because you are conscious I am in the right."

"Well, my dear, if *you* are conscious of it, that is sufficient. We will not dispute any more about such a trifle. Are they bringing up dinner?"

"If they know that you are come in; but I am sure I cannot tell whether they do or not.—Pray, my dear Mrs. Nettleby," cried the lady, turning to a female friend, and still holding her watch in hand, "what o'clock is it by you? There is nobody in the world hates disputing about trifles so much as I do; but I own I do love to convince people that I am in the right."

Mrs. Nettleby's watch had stopped. How provoking! Vexed at having no immediate means of convincing people that she was in the right, our heroine consoled herself by proceeding to criminate her husband, not in this particular instance, where he pleaded guilty, but upon the general charge of being always late for dinner, which he strenuously denied.

There is something in the species of reproach, which

advances thus triumphantly from particulars to generals, peculiarly offensive to every reasonable and susceptible mind; and there is something in the general charge of being always late for dinner, which the punctuality of man's nature cannot easily endure, especially if he be hungry. We should humbly advise our female friends to forbear exposing a husband's patience to this trial, or, at least, to temper it with much fondness, else mischief will infallibly ensue.

LESSON CXVIII.

Female Economy.—HANNAH MORE.

LADIES, whose natural vanity has been aggravated by a false education, may look down on economy as a vulgar attainment, unworthy of the attention of a highly cultivated intellect; but this is the false estimate of a shallow mind. Economy, such as a woman of fortune is called on to practise, is not merely the petty detail of small daily expenses, the shabby curtailments and stinted parsimony of a little mind, operating on little concerns; but it is the exercise of a sound judgment, exerted in the comprehensive outline of order, of arrangement, of distribution, of regulations, by which, alone, well governed societies, great and small, subsist. She, who has the best regulated mind, will, other things being equal, have the best regulated family.

As, in the superintendence of the universe, wisdom is seen in its effects; and as, in the visible works of Providence, that, which goes on with such beautiful regularity, is the result, not of chance, but of design; so that management, which seems the most easy, is commonly the consequence of the best concerted plan; and a well concerted plan is seldom the offspring of an ordinary mind. A sound economy is a sound understanding brought into action; it is calculation realized; it is the doctrine of proportion reduced to practice; it is foreseeing consequences, and guarding against them; it is expecting contingencies, and being prepared for them.

The difference is, that, to a narrow-minded, vulgar econo-

mist, the details are continually present; she is overwhelmed by their weight, and is perpetually bespeaking your pity for her labors, and your praise for her exertions; she is afraid you will not see how much she is harassed. She is not satisfied, that the machine moves harmoniously, unless she is perpetually exposing every secret spring to observation. Little events and trivial operations engross her whole soul; while a woman of sense, having provided for their probable recurrence, guards against the inconveniences, without being disconcerted by the casual obstructions, which they offer to her general scheme. Subordinate expenses, and inconsiderable retrenchments, should not swallow up that attention, which is better bestowed on regulating the general scale of expense, correcting and reducing an overgrown establishment, and reforming radical and growing excesses.



LESSON CXIX.

Maternal Influence.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DOMESTIC education has great power in the establishment of those habits, which ultimately stamp the character for good or evil. Under its jurisdiction, the Protean forms of selfishness are best detected and eradicated. It is inseparable from the well-being of woman, that she be disinterested. In the height of youth and beauty, she may inhale incense as a goddess; but a time will come for nectar and ambrosia to yield to the food of mortals. Then the essence of her happiness, will be found to consist in imparting it.

If she seek to intrench herself in solitary indifference, her native dependence comes over her, from sources where it is least expected, convincing her that the true excellence of her nature, is to confer rather than to monopolize felicity. When we recollect that her prescribed sphere mingles, with its purest brightness, seasons of deep endurance, anxieties which no other heart can participate, and sorrows for which earth has no remedy, we would earnestly incite those, who gird her

for the warfare of life, to confirm habits of fortitude, self-renunciation, and calm reliance on an Invisible Supporter.

We are not willing to dismiss this subject, without indulging a few thoughts on *maternal influence*. Its agency, in the culture of the affections, those springs which put in motion the human machine, has been long conceded. That it might also bear directly upon the development of intellect, and the growth of the sterner virtues of manhood, is proved by the obligations of the great Bacon to his studious mother, and the acknowledged indebtedness of Washington to the decision, to the almost Lacedemonian culture, of his maternal guide.

The immense force of first impressions is on the side of the mother. An engine of uncomputed power is committed to her hand. If she fix her lever judiciously, though she may not, like Archimedes,* aspire to move the earth, she may hope to raise one of the habitants of earth to heaven. Her danger will arise from delay in the commencement of her operations, as well as from doing too little, or too much, after she has engaged in the work. In early education, the inertness which undertakes nothing, and the impatience which attempts all things at once, may be equally indiscreet and fatal.

The mental fountain is unsealed to the eye of a mother, ere it has chosen a channel, or breathed a murmur. She may tinge with sweetness or bitterness the whole stream of future life. Other teachers have to contend with unhappy combinations of ideas; she rules the simple and plastic elements. Of her, we may say, she hath "entered into the magazines of snow, and seen the treasures of the hail."

In the moral field, she is a privileged laborer. Ere the dews of morning begin to exhale, she is there. She breaks up a soil, which the root of error and the thorns of prejudice have not preoccupied. She plants germs whose fruit is for eternity. While she feels that she is required to educate, not merely a virtuous member of society, but a Christian, an angel, a servant of the Most High, how does so holy a charge quicken piety, by teaching the heart its own insufficiency!

The soul of her infant is uncovered before her. She

* Pronounced *Ar-ki-me'-dēs*.

knows that the images, which she enshrines in that unpolluted sanctuary, must rise before her at the bar of doom. Trembling at such tremendous responsibility, she teaches the little being, whose life is her dearest care, of the God who made him; and who can measure the extent of a mother's lessons of piety, unless his hand might remove the veil, which divides terrestrial from celestial things?

"When I was a little child," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back, by a soft hand upon my head.

"When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I would have yielded, that *same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure, as in the days of my happy infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice, in my heart,—a voice that must be obeyed—'Oh! do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.' "



LESSON CXX.

Diedrich Knickerbocker's Description of Tea-Parties in New York.—W. IRVING.

THE company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six; unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company, being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in lanching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish;—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense

apple-pies, or sancers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, —a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in the city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup; and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady,—which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

At these primitive tea-parties, the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting, no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart, young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, "Yes, sir," or "Yes, madam," to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fire-places were decorated.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them at the door.

LESSON CXXI.

The Recluse.—BEATTIE.

THE gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amassed,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from Fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame

The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possessed,
Who ever felt his weight of wo decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay, heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride, the bosom wring?

Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown;
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green, grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

And thither let the village swain repair,
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevelled hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.

There let the shepherd's pipe, the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo ;
And when mild evening comes in mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

For though I fly to escape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
For virtue lost, and ruined man, I mourn.
O man, creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears defiled ?

Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
What majesty attends night's lovely queen !
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams ;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
Oh ! when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear ?

O thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life and light,
Rose from the abyss ; when dark Confusion, driven
Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
Oh ! glance on these sad shades one pitying ray
To blast the fury of oppressive might,—
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way.

LESSON CXXII.

Farewell to the Dead.—MRS. HEMANS

COME near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust:
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed—
Come near! and bear the beautiful to rest.

Ye weep, and it is well;
For tears befit earth's partings.—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed—
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
But not where death has power may love be blessed—
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best?—
Come near! and bear the early-called to rest.

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;
Yet that, even that, must fade!
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest—
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest.

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast—
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched!—for him the past
Is sealed. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and blessed—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.



LESSON CXXIII.

Baneful Effects of Intemperance upon Domestic Life.—
C. SPRAGUE.

THE common calamities of life may be endured. Poverty, sickness, and even death, may be met; but there is that which, while it brings all these with it, is worse than all these together. When the husband and father forgets the duties he once delighted to fulfil, and, by slow degrees, becomes the creature of intemperance, there enters into his house the sorrow that rends the spirit, that cannot be alleviated, that will not be comforted.

It is here, above all, where she, who has ventured every thing, feels that every thing is lost. Woman, silent-suffering, devoted woman, here bends to her direst affliction. The measure of her woe is, in truth, full, whose husband is a

drunkard. Who shall protect her, when *he* is her insulter, her oppressor? What shall delight her, when she shrinks from the sight of *his* face, and trembles at the sound of *his* voice? The hearth is indeed dark, that *he* has made desolate. There, through the dull midnight hour, her griefs are whispered to herself; her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return, that will only wring from her, by his unkindness, tears even more scalding than those she sheds over his transgression.

To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back, and broods upon the past. Like the recollection to the sun-stricken pilgrim, of the cool spring that he drank at in the morning, the joys of other days come over her, as if only to mock her parched and weary spirit. She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy; the enraptured father, who bent with such delight over his new-born children; and she asks if *this* can really be *he*; this sunken being, who has now nothing for her but the sot's disgusting brutality—nothing for those abashed and trembling children, but the sot's disgusting example!

Can we wonder, that, amid these agonizing moments, the tender cords of violated affection should snap asunder? that the scorned and deserted wife should confess, "there is no killing like that which kills the heart?" that, though it would have been hard for her to kiss, for the last time, the cold lips of her dead husband, and lay his body forever in the dust, it is harder to behold him so debasing life, that even his death would be greeted in mercy? Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name, the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb—though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not have been also the tears of shame. But to behold him fallen away from the station he once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy—at home, turning his dwelling to darkness, and its holy endearments to mockery—abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy, a self-

branded outlaw—this is the woe that the wife feels is more dreadful than death,—that she mourns over as worse than widowhood.

There is yet another picture behind, from the exhibition of which I would willingly be spared. I have ventured to point to those, who daily force themselves before the world; but there is one whom the world does not know of—who hides herself from prying eyes, even in the innermost sanctuary of the domestic temple. Shall I dare to rend the veil that hangs between, and draw her forth?—the priestess dying amid her unholy rites—the sacrificer and the sacrifice?

We compass sea and land, we brave danger and death, to snatch the poor victim of heathen superstition from the burning pile—and it is well; but shall we not also save the lovely ones of our own household, from immolating on *this* foul altar, not alone the perishing body, but all the worshipped graces of her sex—the glorious attributes of hallowed womanhood!

Imagination's gloomiest reverie never conceived of a more revolting object, than that of a wife and mother defiling, in her own person, the fairest work of her God, and setting at nought the holy engagements for which he created her. Her husband—who shall heighten his joys, and dissipate his cares, and alleviate his sorrows? She, who has robbed him of all joy, who is the source of his deepest care, who lives his sharpest sorrow? These are, indeed, the wife's delights; but they are not hers. Her children—who shall watch over their budding virtues, and pluck up the young weeds of passion and vice? She, in whose own bosom every thing beautiful has withered, every thing vile grows rank? Who shall teach them to bend their little knees in devotion, and repeat their Savior's prayer against "temptation?" She, who is herself temptation's fettered slave? These are truly the mother's labors; but they are not hers. Connubial love and maternal tenderness bloom no longer for her. A worm has gnawed into her heart, that dies only with its prey—the worm *intemperance*.

LESSON CXXIV.

Night,—a Field of Battle.—SHELLEY.

How beautiful this night ! The balmiest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in Evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude,
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebony vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy, which love had spread
To curtain the sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt Fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace ;—all form a scene,
Where musing Solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;
Where Silence, undisturbed, might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still !

The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field,
Sinks sweetly smiling : not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep ; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day ;
And Vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes :
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters ; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully ;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge ; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey ;
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah ! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven ?—that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round !
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals,
In countless echoes, through the mountains ring.
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne !
Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb ;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage ! Loud, and more loud,
The discord grows, till pale Death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men,
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health—of all the hearts,
That beat with anxious life at sunset there—
How few survive ! how few are beating now !
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause ;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors : far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

LESSON CXXV.

The Uncalled Avenger.—LONDON MUSEUM.

THE return of the victorious Russian army, which had conquered Finland, was attended with a circumstance which, it is true, has at all times been usual in the train of large armies, but which naturally took place to a much greater extent, in these high northern latitudes, where the hand of man has so imperfectly subdued the original savageness of the soil. Whole droves of famished bears and wolves followed the troops, on their return to the south, to feed on the chance prey afforded by the carcasses of the artillery and baggage horses that dropped on the road. In consequence of this, the province of Esthonia, to which several regiments directed their march, was so overrun with these animals, as greatly to endanger the safety of travellers.

In a single circle of the government, no less than forty persons, of different ages, were enumerated, who had been devoured during the winter by these ravenous beasts. It became hazardous to venture alone and unarmed into the uninhabited parts of the country; nevertheless, an Esthonian countrywoman boldly undertook a journey to a distant relation, not only without any male companion, but with three children, the youngest of which was still an infant. A light sledge, drawn by one horse, received the little party; the way was narrow, but well beaten; the snow, on each side, deep and impassable; and to turn back, without danger of sticking fast, not to be thought of.

The first half of the journey was passed without accident. The road now ran along the skirts of a pine forest, when the traveller suddenly perceived a suspicious noise behind her. Casting back a look of alarm, she saw a troop of wolves trotting along the road, the number of which her fears hindered her from estimating. To escape by flight is her first thought; and, with unsparing whip, she urges into a gallop the horse, which itself snuffs the danger. Soon a couple of the strongest and most hungry of the beasts appear at her side, and seem disposed to stop the way. Though their in-

tention seems to be only to attack the horse, yet the safety both of the mother and of the children, depends on the preservation of the animal. The danger raises its value; it seems entitled to claim for its preservation an extraordinary sacrifice.

As the mariner throws overboard his richest treasures to appease the raging waves, so here has necessity reached a height, at which the emotions of the heart are dumb before the dark commands of instinct; the latter alone suffers the unhappy woman to act in this distress. She seizes her second child, whose bodily infirmities have often made it an object of anxious care, whose cry even now offends her ear, and threatens to whet the appetite of the blood-thirsty monsters—she seizes it with an involuntary motion, and, before the mother is conscious of what she is doing, it is cast out,—and—enough of the horrid tale!

The last cry of the victim still sounded in her ear, when she discovered that the troop, which had remained some minutes behind, again closely pressed on the sledge. The anguish of her soul increases, for again the murder-breathing forms are at her side. Pressing the infant to her heaving bosom, she casts a look on her boy, four years old, who crowds closer and closer to her knee:—"But, dear mother, I am good, am not I? You will not throw me into the snow, like the bawler?"—"And yet! and yet!" cried the wretched woman, in the wild tumult of despair—"thou art good, but God is merciful!—Away!"—The dreadful deed was done. To escape the furies that raged within her, the woman exerted herself, with powerless lash, to accelerate the gallop of the exhausted horse.

With the thick and gloomy forest before and behind her, and the nearer and nearer tramping of her ravenous pursuers, she almost sinks under her anguish; only the recollection of the infant that she holds in her arms—only the desire to save it, occupies her heart, and with difficulty enables it to bear up. She did not venture to look behind her. All at once, two rough paws are laid on her shoulders, and the wide-open, bloody jaws of an enormous wolf, hung over her head. It is the most ravenous beast of the troop, which, having partly missed its leap at the sledge, is dragged along

with it, in vain seeking with its hinder legs for a resting place, to enable it to get wholly on to the frail vehicle. The weight of the body of the monster draws the woman backwards—her arms rise with the child: half torn from her, half abandoned, it becomes the prey of the ravening beast, which hastily carries it off into the forest. Exhausted, stunned, senseless, she drops the reins, and continues her journey, ignorant whether she is delivered from her pursuers.

Meantime the forest grows thinner, and an insulated farmhouse, to which a side road leads, appears at a moderate distance. The horse, left to itself, follows this new path: it enters through an open gate; panting and foaming, it stands still; and amidst a circle of persons, who crowd round with good-natured surprise, the unhappy woman recovers from her stupefaction, to throw herself, with a loud scream of anguish and horror, into the arms of the nearest human being, who appears to her as a guardian angel. All leave their work—the mistress of the house the kitchen, the thresher the barn, the eldest son of the family, with his axe in his hand, the wood which he has just cleft—to assist the unfortunate woman; and, with a mixture of curiosity and pity, to learn, by a hundred inquiries, the circumstances of her singular appearance. Refreshed by whatever can be procured at the moment, the stranger gradually recovers the power of speech, and ability to give an intelligible account of the dreadful trial which she has undergone.

The insensibility, with which fear and distress had steeled her heart, begins to disappear; but new terrors seize her; the dry eye seeks in vain a tear; she is on the brink of boundless misery. But her narrative had also excited conflicting feelings in the bosoms of her auditors; though pity, commiseration, dismay and abhorrence, imposed alike on all the same involuntary silence. One, only, unable to command the overpowering emotions of his heart, advanced before the rest; it was the young man with the axe: his cheeks were pale with affright; his wildly-rolling eyes flashed ill-omened fire. "What!" he exclaimed; "three children—thy own children! the sickly innocent, the imploring boy, the infant suckling, all cast out by the mother to be devoured by the wolves!—Woman, thou art unworthy to live!" And,

at the same instant, the uplifted steel descends, with resistless force, on the skull of the wretched woman, who falls dead at his feet. The perpetrator then calmly wipes the blood off the murderous axe, and returns to his work.

The dreadful tale speedily came to the knowledge of the magistrates, who caused the uncalled avenger to be arrested and brought to trial. He was, of course, sentenced to the punishment ordained by the laws; but the sentence still wanted the sanction of the emperor. Alexander caused all the circumstances of this crime, so extraordinary in the motives in which it originated, to be reported to him, in the most careful and detailed manner. Here, or nowhere, he thought himself called on to exercise the godlike privilege of mercy, by commuting the sentence, passed on the criminal, into a condemnation to labor not very severe.



LESSON CXXVI.

Hymn before Sun-rise, in the Vale of Chamouny.—COLERIDGE.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course!—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron, at thy base,
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But, when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! Not only passive praise
Thou owest; not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou, first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink,—
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald, wake! O wake! and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered, and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
“Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?”

Ye ice-falls! ye, that, from the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
“God!” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, “God!”
“God!” sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And, in their perilous fall, shall thunder, “God!”

Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth “God!” and fill the hills with praise!

Thou, too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou
That,—as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,—
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me,—rise, O ever rise!
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth.
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
“Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.”

LESSON CXXVII.

The Soldier's Widow.—WILLIS.

Wo! for my vine-clad home!
That it should ever be so dark to me,
With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree!
That I should ever come,
Fearing the lonely echo of a tread,
Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on, my orphan boy;
Thy home is not so desolate to thee,
And the low shiver in the linden tree
May bring to thee a joy;
But, oh! how dark is the bright home before thee,
To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

Lead on; for thou art now
My sole remaining helper. God hath spoken,
And the strong heart I leaned upon is broken;
And I have seen his brow,
The forehead of my upright one and just,
Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there,
Who blessed thee at the eventide, my son;
And when the shadows of the night steal on,
He will not call to prayer.
The lips that melted, giving thee to God,
Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Ay, my own boy, thy sire
Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
And the proud glory of my life hath past,
With his high glance of fire.
Wo! that the linden and the vine should bloom
And a just man be gathered to the tomb!

Why, bear them proudly, boy,—
It is the sword he girded to his thigh,
It is the helm he wore in victory ;
And shall we have no joy ?
For thy green vales, O Switzerland, he died ;
I will forget my sorrow—in my pride !



LESSON CXXVIII.

Extract from "Suggestions on Education."—

MISS C. E. BEECHER.

WOMAN has been but little aware of the high incitements, that should stimulate to the cultivation of her noblest powers. The world is no longer to be governed by physical force, but by the influence which mind exerts over mind. How are the great springs of action, in the political world, put in motion ! Often by the secret workings of a single mind, that in retirement plans its schemes, and comes forth to execute them only by presenting motives of prejudice, passion, self-interest or pride, to operate on other minds.

Now, the world is chiefly governed by motives that men are ashamed to own. When do we find mankind acknowledging, that their efforts in political life are the offspring of pride, and the desire of self-aggrandizement ? And yet who hesitates to believe that this is true ?

But there *is* a class of motives, that men are not only willing, but proud to own. Man does not willingly yield to force ; he is ashamed to own he can yield to fear ; he will not acknowledge his motives of pride, prejudice, or passion. But none are unwilling to own they can be governed by reason ; even the worst will boast of being regulated by conscience ; and where is the person who is ashamed to own the influence of the kind and generous emotions of the heart.

Here, then, is the only lawful field for the ambition of our sex. Woman, in all her relations, is bound to "honor and obey" those, on whom she depends for protection and support ;

nor does the truly feminine mind desire to exceed this limitation of Heaven. But where the dictates of authority may never control, the voice of reason and affection may ever convince and persuade; and while others govern by motives, that mankind are ashamed to own, the dominion of woman may be based on influence, that the heart is proud to acknowledge.

And if it is indeed the truth, that reason and conscience guide to the only path of happiness, and if affection will gain a hold on these powerful principles, which can be attained no other way, what high and holy motives are presented to woman for cultivating her noblest powers! The development of the reasoning faculties, the fascinations of a purified imagination, the charms of a cultivated taste, the quick perceptions of an active mind, the power of exhibiting truth and reason, by perspicuous and animated conversation and writing,—all these can be employed by woman as much as by man. And with these attainable facilities for gaining influence, woman has already received, from the hand of her Maker, those warm affections and quick susceptibilities, which can most surely gain the empire of the heart.

Woman has never wakened to her highest destinies and holiest hopes. She has yet to learn the purifying and blessed influence, she may gain and maintain over the intellect and affections of the human mind. Though she may not teach from the portico, nor thunder from the forum, in her secret retirements she may form and send forth the sages that shall govern and renovate the world. Though she may not gird herself for bloody conflict, nor sound the trumpet of war, she may inwrap herself in the panoply of Heaven, and send the thrill of benevolence through a thousand youthful hearts. Though she may not enter the lists in legal collision, nor sharpen her intellect amid the passions and conflicts of men, she may teach the law of kindness, and hush up the discords and conflicts of life. Though she may not be clothed as the ambassador of Heaven, nor minister at the altar of God, as a secret angel of mercy, she may teach its will, and cause to ascend the humble, but most accepted sacrifice.

It is believed that the time is coming when educated

females will not be satisfied with the present objects of their low ambition. When a woman now leaves the immediate business of her own education, how often, how generally, do we find her sinking down into almost useless inactivity! To enjoy the social circle, to accomplish a little sewing, a little reading, a little domestic duty, to while away her hours in self-indulgence, or to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life,—these are the highest objects at which many a woman of elevated mind and accomplished education aims. And what does she find of sufficient interest or importance to call forth her cultivated energies and warm affections?

But when the cultivation and development of the immortal mind shall be presented to woman as her especial and delightful duty, and that, too, whatever be her relations in life; when, by example, and by experience, she shall have learned her power over the intellect and the affections; when the enthusiasm, that wakens energy and interest in all other professions, shall animate in this; then we shall not find woman returning from the precincts of learning and wisdom, merely to pass lightly away the bright hours of her maturing youth. We shall not so often find her seeking the light device, to embroider on muslin and lace; but we shall see her, with the delighted glow of benevolence, seeking for immortal minds, whereon she may fasten durable and holy impressions, that shall never be effaced nor wear away.

LESSON CXXIX.

Female Accomplishments.—HANNAH MORE.

A YOUNG lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a siren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawing, tables, stands, flower-pots, screens and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself, and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very

badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others, which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprized of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

But, though a well-bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion, dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange, if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling?

The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

LESSON CXXX.

To the Evening Wind.—BRYANT.

SPIRIT, that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they, who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

LESSON CXXXI.

To the Ursa Major.—H. WARE, JR.

With what a stately and majestic step
That glorious constellation of the north
Treads its eternal circle! going forth
Its princely way amongst the stars in slow
And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!
I joy to see thee, on thy glowing path,
Walk, like some stout and girded giant—stern,
Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot
Disdains to loiter on its destined way.
The other tribes forsake their midnight track,
And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;
But thou dost never close thy burning eye,
Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,
While systems change, and suns retire, and world
Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds
The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.
Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit
Thy long-appointed watch; but, sleepless still,
Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,
And bid the north forever know its place.

Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,
Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God
Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,

And echoed from the outer spheres that bound
The illimitable universe, thy voice
Joined the high chorus ; from thy radiant orbs
The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,
Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.

Ages have rolled their course, and time grown gray ;
The earth has gathered to her womb again,
And yet again, the myriads, that were born
Of her, uncounted, unremembered tribes.
The seas have changed their beds ; the eternal hills
Have stooped with age ; the solid continents
Have left their banks ; and man's imperial works—
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung
Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,
As if immortal—have been swept away—
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread ; youth, strength
And beauty still are thine—as clear, as bright,
As when the almighty Former sent thee forth,
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. 'That stream of light,
Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years
That go back far into eternity.
Exhaustless flood ! forever spent, renewed
Forever ! Yea, and those refulgent drops,
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,
Left their far fountain twice three years ago.
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,
And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld

Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve !
So vast the void through which their beams descend !

Yea, glorious lamps of God, He may have quenched
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night
Rest on your spheres ; and yet no tidings reach
This distant planet. Messengers still come
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem
To see your lights still burning ; while their blaze
But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,
Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

Yet what is this, which to the astonished mind
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought
Confounds ? A span, a point, in those domains
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight
Embraces all at once ; yet each from each
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.
And every star from every other burns
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,
Untravelled even in thought, keen, piercing rays
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire—
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote,
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—
Have travelled centuries on their flight to earth.
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations, what
Are ye, amid this infinite extent
And multitude of God's most infinite works !

And these are suns !—vast, central, living fires,
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds
That wait as satellites upon their power,
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,
And meditate the wonder ! Countless suns
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds !

Worlds, in whose bosoms living things rejoice,
And drink the bliss of being from the fount
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes !
Thus numberless in numberless abodes !
Known but to thee, blessed Father ! Thine they are,
Thy children and thy care ; and none o'erlooked
Of thee ! —no, not the humblest soul that dwells
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course
Amid the giant glories of the sky,
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam
Amongst the mirrored lamps, which fling
Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall.
None, none escape the kindness of thy care ;
All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs, as, from your throne,
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own
Your sway—what beings fill those bright abodes ?
How formed, how gifted ? what their powers, their state,
Their happiness, their wisdom ? Do they bear
The stamp of human nature ? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms
And more celestial minds ? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom ?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers ?
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire ?
And Slavery forged his chains ? and Wrath and Hate,
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth,
And scattered wo where Heaven had planted joy ?
Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen
And uncorrupt ? existence one long joy,
Without disease upon the frame, or sin
Upon the heart, or weariness of life—
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,
And death unfear'd ; while fresh and fadeless youth
Glows in the light from God's near throne of love ?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak! speak! the mysteries of those living worlds
Unfold!—No language? Everlasting light,
And everlasting silence?—Yet the eye
May read and understand. The hand of God
Has written legibly what man may know—
THE GLORY OF THE MAKER. There it shines,
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,
May know and ask no more. In other days,
When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
Perchance, amongst those vast, mysterious spheres,
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each
Familiar with its children—learn their laws,
And share their state, and study and adore
The infinite varieties of bliss
And beauty, by the Hand of Power divine
Lavished on all its works. Eternity
Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;
No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
On world still opening to the instructed mind
An unexhausted universe, and time
But adding to its glories; while the soul,
Advancing ever to the Source of light
And all perfection, lives, adores and reigns
In cloudless knowledge, purity and bliss.

LESSON CXXXII.

Conclusion of a Discourse in Commemoration of the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Aug. 2, 1826.—WEBSTER.

THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred

trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious, paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes;—all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children.

Let us feel deeply how much, of what we are and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

There is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience, in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty, and these institutions. Let us, then, acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers,—let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity,—let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us, cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well, until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it. It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is that we may judge justly of our situation, and of our own duties, that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character, among the nations of the earth.

It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them.

Let us contéplate, then, this connexion, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. WASHINGTON is in the clear upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

LESSON CXXXIII.

Education a Life-Business.—FRANCIS.

WHEN young men, and especially young ladies, have completed their course of instruction at the schools, how often do we hear it said, that they have *finished* their education! And it would really seem, as if this expression were understood to be literally and exactly true. But it is a great error. The whole process, if it has been well and wisely conducted, has only served to enable the young to go on with

the work of educating themselves, when they are released from the restraints of pupilage,—to put into their possession the means of purifying their taste, of correcting and settling their views, of cultivating the powers of reasoning and imagination, of strengthening and enlarging their habits of thought,—in short, of elevating and refining their whole mental and moral nature.

The education, which is gradually gathered amidst the realities of life, in the discharge of daily duties, and in the application of knowledge and principles to the obligations and wants of our situation, is one of an exalted kind, for which all the training of early days is but preparatory. Such an education, it is manifest, must be a life-business; it can never come to a close, while opportunities and means are possessed. I believe, we are not aware of the mischief, that may be and has been done to the young, by giving them the impression, that when the period of school discipline ceases, they have completed the cultivation of their minds, and their preparation for the engagements of life.

What must be the effect of such an impression, at a time when the passions are usually growing into full strength, and the reason is unpractised to separate good from evil,—when temptations, the most numerous and alluring, are crowding around the opening path of mature life,—when the dreams of hope have just taken a definite form, sufficient to be cherished with even more than the fondness of childhood,—and when the world beckons on the youthful adventurer, with all the solicitations of pleasure and ambition! Then, if ever, is the time not to stop the work of guarding and improving the mind and the principles, but to carry it on with more vigor and a keener sense of its importance.

Education finished! Why, we might as well talk of goodness, or wisdom, or religion being finished. Especially will this appear to be true, when we extend our views farther, and consider that the whole of life is but an education for eternity; that our existence here is but a state of pupilage, in which we are to acquire characters and habits that will rise with us from the grave, and be our joy or our shame hereafter. The mighty mind of a Newton was but in its childhood here on earth; for the successive stages of man's existence, are

designed to be so many successive stages of advancement and improvement. The education of the moral and intellectual agent begins in infancy, and goes on through subsequent degrees, till it is carried out and perfected in the upper world. At each portion of the grand progress, some error, or vice, or folly, may be dropped ; and the soul may grow wiser, and stronger, and purer, as she travels on, till she becomes meet to receive the stainless spirit of light and truth, and acquires a full affinity for the heavenly wisdom of the better world.



LESSON CXXXIV.

Parrhasius.—WILLIS.

“Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man ; and, when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.”—*Burton's Anat. of Mel.*

THE golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And, in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes magical, they lay.
The walls were hung with armor, and about,
In the dim corners, stood the sculptured forms
Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove,
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true,
And, like a veil of filmy mellowness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvass. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh ;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild

Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

“Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens, around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

“Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here—
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

“So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

“‘Pity’ thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I’d rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine:
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

“‘Hereafter!’ Ay, *hereafter*!
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic’s laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow, with that story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.

“No, no, old man ; we die
E'en as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, e'en as they :
 Strain well thy fainting eye ;
For, when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

“Yet there's a deathless name,—
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn ;
 And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,
By all the fiery stars ! I'd pluck it on me.

“Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst ;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first ;
 Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild ;—

“All, I would do it all,
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot ;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
 O heavens ! but I appal
Your heart, old man ! forgive—Ha ! on your lives,
Let him not faint !—rack him till he revives !

“Vain, vain ; give o'er ! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back ! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow.
 Gods ! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips !

“Shivering ! Hark ! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another ? Wilt thou never come, O Death ?
 Look ! how his temple flutters !
Is his heart still ? Aha ! lift up his head !
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead.”

LESSON CXXXV.

*The Soul's Defiance.**—ANONYMOUS.

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on! thou may'st destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit, that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted, on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on! your threats I brave;
My last, poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit, that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on! I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep! my heart shall bear;
Thou canst but add one bitter wo
To those already there;

* This poem was written many years ago, by a lady, and written from experience and feeling. There is a very remarkable grandeur and power in the sentiments, sustained, as they are, by an energy of expression well suited to the spirit's undaunted defiance of misfortune.—Ed. *Common-place Book of Poetry*.

Yet still the spirit, that sustains
 This last severe distress,
 Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
 And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
 "Ain't sure! oh, why delay?
 Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
 A weak, reluctant prey;
 For still the spirit, firm and free,
 Triumphant in the last dismay,
 Wrapt in its own eternity,
 Shall smiling pass away."



LESSON CXXXVI.

Sonnet to the South Wind.—BRYANT.

Ay, thou art welcome—heaven's delicious breath—
 When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
 And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
 And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
 Wind of the sunny South, oh, long delay
 In the gay woods and in the golden air,—
 Like to a good old age, released from care,
 Journeying, in long serenity, away.
 In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
 Might wear out life, like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
 And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
 And music of kind voices ever nigh;
 And, when my last sand twinkled in the glass
 Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.



LESSON CXXXVII.

Lilias Grieve.—WILSON.

THERE were fear and melancholy in all the glens and valleys that lay stretching around, or down upon St. Mary's

Loch; for it was the time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted on the hill-side and in the hollow: some had felt the fire, and been consumed; and violent hands had torn off the turf roof from the green shealing of the shepherd. In the wide and deep silence and solitariness of the mountains, it seemed as if human life were nearly extinct. Caverns and clefts, in which the fox had kennelled, were now the shelter of Christian souls; and when a lonely figure crept stealthily from one hiding-place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in faith, the crows would hover over him, and the hawk shriek at human steps, now rare in the desert.

When the babe was born, there might be none near to baptize it; or the minister, driven from his kirk, perhaps, poured the sacramental water upon its face, from some pool in the glen, whose rocks guarded the persecuted family from the oppressor. Bridals now were unfrequent, and in the solemn sadness of love. Many died before their time, of minds sunken, and of broken hearts. White hair was on heads long before they were old; and the silver locks of ancient men were often ruefully soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

But this is the dark side of the picture; for, even in their caves, were these people happy. Their children were with them, even like the wild flowers that blossomed all about the entrances of their dens. And when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of God was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. If a child was born, it belonged unto the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefathers. The hidden powers of their souls were brought forth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless became sedate; the wild were tamed; the unfeeling made compassionate; hard hearts were softened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways.

All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul; and so was it now. Now was shown and put to the proof, the stern, austere, impenetrable strength of men, that would neither bend nor break; the calm, serene determination of matrons, who, with meek eyes and unblanched cheeks, met the scowling

of the murderer,—the silent beauty of maidens, who with smiles received their death,—and the mysterious courage of children, who, in the inspiration of innocent and spotless nature, kneeled down among the dew drops on the green sward, and died fearlessly by their parents' sides. Arrested were they at their work, or in their play; and, with no other bandage over their eyes, but haply some clustering ringlet of their sunny hair, did many a sweet creature of twelve summers, ask just to be allowed to say her prayers, and then go, unappalled, from her cottage door to the breast of her Redeemer.

In those days had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house—willing to die there, or to be slaughtered, whenever God should so appoint. They were now childless; but a little granddaughter, about ten years old, lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so familiar to her, that, although sometimes it gave a slight quaking throb to her heart in its glee, yet it scarcely impaired the natural joyfulness of her girlhood; and often, unconsciously, after the gravest or the saddest talk with her old parents, would she glide off, with a lightsome step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful tune. The old people looked often upon her in her happiness, till their dim eyes filled with tears; while the grandmother said, “If this nest were to be destroyed, at last, and our heads in the mould, who would feed this young bird in the wild, and where would she find shelter in which to fald her bonnie wings?”

Lillas Grieve was the shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pasturage at the head of St. Mary's Loch, and up the hill-side, and over into some of the little neighboring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful church-yard, with her sheep lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves, where, on still, sunny days, she could see their shadows in the water in the loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read; and, day after day, the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a fairy upon the knowe, with the blue heavens over her head, and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

"My fairy" was the name she bore by the cottage fire, where the old people were gladdened by her glee, and turned away from all melancholy thoughts. And it was a name that suited sweet Liliás well; for she was clothed in a garb of green, and often, in her joy, the green, graceful plants that grow among the hills, were wreathed round her hair. So was she dressed one Sabbath day, watching her flock at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm in the solitary moor; when, in a moment, a party of soldiers were upon a mount on the opposite side of a narrow dell.

Liliás was invisible as a green linnet upon the grass; but her sweet voice had betrayed her, and then one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes; and, as she sprung frightened to her feet, he called out, "A roe! a roe! See how she bounds along the bent!" and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in sport, half in ferocity. Liliás kept appearing and disappearing, while she flew, as on wings, across a piece of black heathery moss, full of pits and hollows;—and still the soldier kept his musket at its aim. His comrades called to him to hold his hand, and not shoot a poor little innocent child; but he at length fired, and the bullet was heard to whiz past her fern-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth turf; till, like a cushat, she dropped into a little birchen glen, and disappeared. Not a sound of her feet was heard; she seemed to have sunk into the ground; and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke towards the spot where she had vanished.

A sudden superstition assailed the hearts of the party, as they sat down together upon a hedge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as my ball went whizzing past her ear? If she be not one of those hill fairies, she had been dead as a herring; but I believe the bullet glanced off her yellow hair as against a buckler." "It was the act of a gallows-rogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not fairy; and you deserve the weight of this hand—the hand of an Englishman—you brute, for your cruelty." And up rose the speaker to put his threat into execution, when the other retreated some

distance, and began to load his musket ; but the Englishman ran upon him, and, with a Cumberland gripe and trip, laid him upon the hard ground with a force that drove the breath out of his body, and left him stunned, and almost insensible. * * * *

The fallen ruffian now rose somewhat humbled, and sullenly sat down among the rest. "Why," quoth Allan Sleigh, "I wager you a week's pay, you don't venture fifty yards, without your musket, down yonder shingle, where the fairy disappeared ;" and, the wager being accepted, the half-drunken fellow rushed on towards the head of the glen, and was heard crashing away through the shrubs. In a few minutes he returned, declaring, with an oath, that he had seen her at the mouth of a cave, where no human foot could reach, standing with her hair all on fire, and an angry countenance ; and that he had tumbled backwards into the burn, and been nearly drowned. "Drowned !" cried Allan Sleigh. "Ay, drowned ; why not ? A hundred yards down that bit glen, the pools are as black as pitch, and the water roars like thunder : drowned ! why not, you English son of a deer-stealer ?" "Why not ? because, who was ever drowned, that was born to be hanged ?" And that jest caused universal laughter, as it is always sure to do, often as it may be repeated, in a company of ruffians ; such is felt to be its perfect truth and unanswerable simplicity.



LESSON CXXXVIII.

The same,—concluded.

AFTER an hour's quarrelling, and gibing, and mutiny, this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw, in the solitude, the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded to get some refreshment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife, hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out, and were immediately saluted with many opprobrious epithets. The hut was

soon rifled of any small articles of wearing apparel; and Samuel, without emotion, set before them whatever provisions he had—butter, cheese, bread and milk—and hoped they would not be too hard upon old people, who were desirous of dying, as they had lived, in peace. Thankful were they both, in their parental hearts, that their little Liliás was among the hills; and the old man trusted, that if she returned before the soldiers were gone, she would see, from some distance, their muskets on the green before the door, and hide herself among the brakens.

The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and obscene language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing, for that would have been wilfully to sacrifice his life. At last, one of the party ordered him to return thanks, in words impious and full of blasphemy; which Samuel calmly refused to do, beseeching them, at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not so to offend their great and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting Covenantanter; I will prick him with my bayonet, if he won't say grace!" and the blood trickled down the old man's cheek, from a slight wound on his forehead.

The sight of it seemed to awaken the dormant blood-thirstiness in the tiger heart of the soldier, who now swore, if the old man did not instantly repeat the words after him, he would shoot him dead. And, as if cruelty were contagious, almost the whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and that the old hypocritical knave must preach or perish. "Here is a great musty Bible," cried one of them. "If he won't speak, I will gag him, with a vengeance. Here, old Mr. Peden the prophet, let me cram a few chapters of St. Luke down your maw. St. Luke was a physician, I believe. Well, here is a dose of him. Open your jaws." And, with these words, he tore a handful of leaves out of the Bible, and advanced towards the old man, from whose face his terrified wife was now wiping off the blood.

Samuel Grieve was nearly fourscore; but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and, in his younger days, he had been a man of great strength. When, therefore, the soldier grasped his

by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave made his blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed, the gray-headed man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor.

That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed such butchery of others, and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As thou didst reprove Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the high priest's servant, and saidst, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' so now, O my Redeemer, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring follower, and enable me to drink this cup!" With these words, the old man knelt down unbidden, and, after one solemn look to heaven, closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast.

His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die together, Samuel; but, oh! what will become of our dear Lilius?" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening not his eyes, but taking her hand into his: "Sarah, be not afraid." "O Samuel, I remember, at this moment, these words of Jesus, which you this morning read—'Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do!'" "We are all sinners together," said Samuel, with a loud voice; "we two old gray-headed people, on our knees, and about to die, both forgive you all, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven. We are ready: be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

It seemed that an angel was sent down from heaven to save the lives of these two old gray-headed folk. With hair floating in sunny light, and seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure; with eyes beaming lustre, and yet streaming tears; with white arms extended in their beauty, and motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine when a cloud is rolled away—came on, over the meadow before the hut, the same green-robed creature, that had startled the soldiers with her singing in the moor; and, crying loudly, but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives," she fell down beside them as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with

fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood.

They all stood heart-stricken; and the executioners flung down their muskets upon the green sward. "God bless you, kind, good soldiers, for this!" exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy. "Ay, 'ay, you will be happy to-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God will love them for your mercy to us, and nothing, till you return home, will hurt a hair of their heads. Oh! I see now that soldiers are not so cruel as we say!" "Lilias, your grandfather speaks unto you; his last words are—Leave us, leave us; for they are going to put us to death. Soldiers, kill not this little child, or the waters of the loch will rise up and drown the sons of perdition. Lilias, give us each a kiss, and then go into the house."

The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse, for their coward cruelty, smote them to the core; and they bade them that were still kneeling, to rise up and go their ways: then, forming themselves into regular order, one gave the word of command, and, marching off, they soon disappeared. The old man, his wife, and little Lilias, continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into the hut; the child between them, and a withered hand of each laid upon its beautiful and its fearless head.



LESSON CXXXIX.

Hopes and Fears of Parents.—FRANCIS

THE hopes and fears, that cluster around the relation in which we stand to the young, are among the strongest and most intense feelings of the heart. By a spontaneous movement of the mind, we connect these objects of affection with the future. We pass rapidly onward, in thought, from what

they are to what they may become. And the progress, which thus stretches out before the imagination, is, in truth, a wonderful scene. Mark the series of changes from early infancy to established maturity,—from the simple feelings, the cheap pleasures, the artless plans and purposes, the little joys and little disappointments of childhood, to the time when each one goes forth, as an individual agent, on his own path, and with his own responsibility,—and you will see how wide and indefinite may be the range of conjecture on this subject.

From the feeble beginnings of these early days, may come the man of strong frame, who bends himself to his daily task with untired endurance; or the enterprising devotee to business, who plunges into the midst of the crowded cares of the world, and does his part to keep in ceaseless motion the vast machinery of active life; or the enlightened scholar, who traverses the fields of knowledge, to bring thence his contributions to the general treasury of improvement; or the hardy navigator, who rides upon the ocean waves, as it were in the chariot of his glory, and fearlessly throws himself into combat with the storm; or the statesman, who bears up, with an unwearied arm, the weight of a nation's welfare and a nation's rights. Amidst the success and defeat, the honor and the shame, the strengthening of virtue, and the growing ascendancy of vice, which may find a place between the first and last points of such a progress, how many combinations may imagination make, in attempting to cast the destiny of a child!

The hopes and promises of coming time, are interwoven with all the serious and thoughtful affections of parents; and some of the most precious interests of life, are involved in the calculation. And, generally, the vision, which thus floats before the mind, is a pleasant one. The propensity is to see good in the prospect, to gather around these young germs of immortality, fair and bright anticipations. The everlasting principle, which is implanted in every little breast, and which shall live when systems of worlds shall have been hushed in silence, and when "the host of heaven" shall have faded away, we are prone to believe, will be an ever-increasing principle of beauty and improvement. We hope, at least, that the dark lines of guilt will never be traced on the spirit,

that now blooms in innocence and loveliness ; that the thirst for knowledge, which now animates the youthful bosom, will never be displaced by the corrupting and leaden influence of ignorance and sensuality.

Yet how often do these fair promises fail of their accomplishment ! how often are these pleasant expectations turned to shame and bitterness ! how often does the *man* prove faithless to the pledge given by the *child* ! The visions we cherish with regard to our offspring, may prove as deceitful as the summer clouds, which stretch along the horizon, and which, we are told, the mariner not unfrequently mistakes, in the distance, for firm and pleasant land. The hopes, that flourished in all their freshness in the school, or at the fire-side, may be crushed or blasted amidst the struggles and conflicts of manhood. Where expectation was looking for a bright development of honorable and useful talent, we sometimes find nothing but the dull level of ordinary attainments. The promise of purity and improvement, which the opening of life gave, is falsified amidst the toils and strivings of later years, reminding us of the fanciful, but beautiful notion entertained by some of the ancient nations, that the light of the dawn was an uncreated being, which gleamed from the throne of God, and returned thither when the terrestrial sun arose.



LESSON CXL.

Scene from Hadad.—HILLHOUSE.

An apartment in ABSALOM'S house. NATHAN and TAMAR.

Nathan. THOU'RT left to-day, (would thou wert ever left
Of some that haunt thee !) therefore am I come
To give thee counsel.—Child of sainted Miriam,
Fear not to look upon me ; thou wilt hear
The gentle voice of love, not stern monition.
Commune with me as with a tender parent,
Who cares for all thy wishes, hopes and fears,

Though prizing thy immortal gem above
The transitory.

Tamar. Have I not thus, ever ?

Nath. But I would probe the tenderest of thy heart,
Touch its disease, and give it strength again,
And yet inflict no pain.

Tam. What means my lord ?

Nath. I know thee pure, and guileless as the dove,-
The easier prey ; and thou art fair, to tempt
The spoiler—nay, be not alarmed, but speak
Openly to me. I would ask thee, princess,
If not displeasing, somewhat of the stranger,
The Syrian, who aspires to David's line.

Tam. (*Averting her eyes.*)
If I can answer—

Nath. Maiden, need I ask,—
I fear I need not,—is he dear to thee ?—
'Tis well. But tell me, hast thou ever noted,
Amidst his many shining qualities,
Aught strange or singular ?—unlike to others ?—
That caused thy wonder ?—even to thyself,
Moved thee to say, “ How ! Wherefore's this ? ”

Tam. Never.

Nath. Nothing that marked him from the rest of men ?—
Hereafter you shall know why thus I question.

Tam. O yes, unlike he seems in many things ;
In knowledge, eloquence, high thoughts.

Nath. Proud thoughts
Thou mean'st.

Tam. I'm but a young and simple maid ;
But, father, he, of all my ears have judged,
Is master of the loftiest, richest mind.

Nath. How have I wronged him ! deeming him more apt
For intricate designs, and daring deeds,
Than contemplation's solitary flights.

Tam. Seer, his far-soaring thoughts ascend the stars,
Pierce the unseen abyss, pervade, like light,
The universe, and wing the infinite.

Nath. (*Fixing his eyes upon her.*)
What stores of love, and praise, and gratitude,

He thence must bring to Him, whose mighty hand
Fashioned their glories, hung yon golden orbs
Amidst his wondrous firmament; who bids
The day-spring know his place, and sheds from all
Sweet influences; who bars the haughty sea,
Binds fast his dreadful hail, but drops the dew
Nightly upon his people! How his soul,
Returning from its quest through earth and heaven,
Must glow with holy fervor!—Doth it, maiden?

Tam. Ah, father, father, were it so indeed,
I were too happy.

Nath. How!—Expound thy words.

Tam. Though he has trod the confines of the world,
Knows all its wonders, and almost has pierced
The secrets of eternity, his heart
Is melancholy, lone, discordant, save
When love attunes it into happiness.
He hath not found, alas! the peace which dwells
But with our fathers' God.

Nath. And canst thou love
One who loves not Jehovah?

Tam. Oh! ask not.

Nath. (*Fervently.*)

My child, thou wouldst not wed an infidel?

Tam. (*In tears.*) O no! O no!

Nath. Why, then, this embassy? Why doth your sire
Still urge the king? Why hast thou hearkened it?

Tam. There was a time when I had hopes,—when truth
Seemed dawning in his mind,—and sometimes, still,
Such heavenly glimpses shine, that my fond heart
Refuses to forego the hope, at last,
To number him with Israel.

Nath. Beware!
Or thou'lt delude thy soul to ruin. Say,
Doth he attend our holy ordinances?

Tam. He promises observance.

Nath. Two full years
Hath he abode in Jewry.

Tam. Prophet, think
How he was nurtured—in the faith of idols.—

That impious worship long since he abjured
By his own native strength ; and now he looks
Abroad through nature's works, and yet must rise—

Nath. Speaks he of Moses ?

Tam. Familiar as thyself.

Nath. I think thou said'st he had surveyed the world ?

Tam. From Ethiopia to the farthest East,—
Cities, and tribes, and nations. He can speak
Of hundred-gated Thebes, towered Babylon,
And mightier Nineveh, vast Palibothra,
Serendib, anchored by the gates of morning,
Renowned Benares, where the sages teach
The mystery of the soul, and that famed seat
Where fleets and warriors from Elishah's Isles
Besieged the Beauty, where great Memnon fell ;—
Of temples, groves, and superstitious caves,
Filled with strange symbols of the Deity ;
Of wondrous mountains, desert-circled seas,
Isles of the ocean, lovely Paradises,
Set, like unfading emeralds, in the deep.

Nath. Yet manhood scarce confirms his cheek.

Tam. All this
His thirst of knowledge has achieved—the wish
To gather from the wise eternal truth.

Nath. Not found, where he has sought it, and has led
Thy wandering fancy.

Tam. Oh ! might I relate—
But I bethink me, father, of a thing
Like that you asked. Sometimes, when I'm alone,
Just ere his coming, I have heard a sound—
A strange, mysterious, melancholy sound—
Like music in the air. Anon he enters.

Nath. Ha ! is this oft ?

Tam. 'Tis not unfrequent.

Nath. Only
When thou'rt alone ?

Tam. I have not heard it else.

Nath. A sound like what ?

Tam. Like wild, sad music, father ;
More moving than the lute or viol touched

By skilful fingers. Wailing in the air,
It seems around me, and withdraws as when
One looks and lingers for a last adieu.

Nath. Just ere he enters ?

Tam. At his step it dies.

Nath. Mark me. Thou know'st 'tis held by righteous
men,

That Heaven intrusts us all to watching spirits,
Who ward us from the tempter.—This I deem
Some intimation of an unseen danger.

Tam. But whence ?

Nath. Time may reveal : meanwhile, I warn thee,
Trust not thyself alone with Hadad.

Tam. Father,—

Nath. I lay not to his charge ; I know, in sooth,
Little of him, (though I have supplicated,)
And would not wound thee with a dark suspicion ;
But shun the peril thou art warned of ; shun
What looks like danger, though we haply err :
Be not alone with him, I charge thee.

Tam. Seer,
I will avoid it.

Nath. All is ominous :
The oracles are mute ; dreams warn no more ;
Urim and Thummim keep their glory hid ;
My days are dark, my nights are visionless ;
Jehovah hath forsaken, or, in wrath,
Resigned us for a season. Times like these
Are jubilee in hell. Fiends walk the earth,
Misleading princes, tempting poor men's pillows,
Supplying moody Hatred with the dagger,
Lust with occasions, Treason with excuses,
Lifting man's heart, like the rebellious waves,
Against his Maker. Watch, and pray, and tremble ;
So may the Highest overshadow thee !

[*Exit Nath.*]

Tam. His awful accents freeze my blood.—Alas !
How desolate, how dark my prospect lowers !—
O Hadad, is it thus those sunny days,
'Those sweet, deceptive hopes, must terminate,

When, mixing in thy gentle looks, I saw
 Love blend with reverence, as my lips described
 The power, the patience, purity and faith
 Of our Almighty Father? Then, I thought
 Thy spirit, softened by its earthly passion,
 Meetly refined, and tempered, to receive
 The impression of a love which never dies.
 How art thou changed! All tenderness you seemed,
 Gentle and social as a playful child;
 But now, in lofty meditation wrapped,
 As on an icy mountain top thou sit'st,
 Lonely and unapproachable, or tossed
 Upon the surge of passion, like the wreck
 Of some proud Tyrian in the stormy sea.



LESSON CXLI.

Immortality.—DANA.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
 And doth Death cancel the great bond, that holds
 Commingling spirits? Are thoughts, that know no bounds
 But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
 The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
 Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
 Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
 Of uncreated light have visited, and lived?—
 Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
 Which One, with gentle hand, the vail of flesh
 Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
 In glory!—throne, before which, even now,
 Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,
 Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?
 Souls, that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
 Thou awful, unseen Presence, are they quenched,
 Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
 By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
 His robe of light flings round the glittering stars!

And with our frames do perish all our loves ?
Do those that took their root, and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded, in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall, like fair unconscious flowers ?
Are thoughts and passions, that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance,—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more ?—
'To live in it, and, when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame ?

O listen, man !

A voice within us speaks that startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die !" Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls : according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality :
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
'The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O listen, ye, our spirits ; drink it in
From all the air. 'Tis in the gentle moonlight ;
'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories ; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears :
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

LESSON CXLII.

Western Emigration.—E. EVERETT.

THE march of our population westward, has been attended with consequences, in some degree, novel, in the history of the human mind. It is a fact, somewhat difficult of explanation, that the refinement of the ancient nations seemed almost wholly devoid of an elastic and expansive principle. The arts of Greece were enchained to her islands and her coasts; they did not penetrate the interior. The language and literature of Athens were as unknown to the north of Pindus, at a distance of two hundred miles from the capital of Grecian refinement, as they were in Scythia. Thrace, whose mountain tops may almost be seen from the porch of the temple of Minerva at Sunium, was the proverbial abode of barbarism. Though the colonies of Greece were scattered on the coasts of Italy, of France, of Spain, and of Africa, no extension of their population toward the interior took place; and the arts did not penetrate beyond the walls of the cities where they were cultivated.

How different is the picture of the diffusion of the arts and improvements of civilization, from the coast to the interior of America! Population advances westward with a rapidity, which numbers may describe indeed, but cannot represent, with any vivacity, to the mind. The wilderness, which one year is impassable, is traversed the next by the caravans of the industrious emigrants, who go to follow the setting sun, with the language, the institutions and the arts of civilized life. It is not the irruption of wild barbarians, come to visit the wrath of God on a degenerate empire; it is not the inroad of disciplined banditti, marshalled by the intrigues of ministers and kings. It is the human family, led out to possess its broad patrimony.

The states and nations, which are springing up in the valley of the Missouri, are bound to us by the dearest ties of a common language, a common government, and a common descent. Before New England can look with coldness on their rising myriads, she must forget that some of the best of her own blood is beating in their veins; that her hardy chil-

dren, with their axes on their shoulders, have been literally among the pioneers in this march of humanity; that, young as she is, she has become the mother of populous states.

What generous mind would sacrifice, to a selfish preservation of local preponderance, the delight of beholding civilized nations rising up in the desert; and the language, the manners, the institutions, to which he has been reared, carried with his household gods to the foot of the Rocky Mountains! Who can forget that this extension of our territorial limits, is the extension of the empire of all we hold dear; of our laws, of our character, of the memory of our ancestors, of the great achievements in our history! Whithersoever the sons of the thirteen states shall wander, to southern or western climes, they will send back their hearts to the rocky shores, the battle fields, and the intrepid councils of the Atlantic coast. These are placed beyond the reach of vicissitude. They have become, already, matter of history, of poetry, of eloquence.

The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.

Divisions may spring up, ill blood arise, parties be formed, and interests may seem to clash; but the great bonds of the nation are linked to what is passed. The deeds of the great men, to whom this country owes its origin and growth, are a patrimony, I know, of which its children will never deprive themselves. As long as the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow, those men and those deeds will be remembered on their banks. The sceptre of government may go where it will; but that of patriotic feeling can never depart from Judah.

LESSON CXLIII.

The God of Universal Nature.—CHALMERS.

To an eye which could spread itself over the whole universe, the mansion which accommodates our species might

be so very small, as to lie wrapped in microscopical concealment ; and, in reference to the only Being who possesses this universal eye, well might we say, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou shouldest deign to visit him?"

And, after all, though it be a mighty and difficult conception, yet who can question it? What is seen may be nothing to what is unseen ; for what is seen is limited by the range of our instruments,—what is unseen has no limit. Though all which the eye of man can take in, or his fancy can grasp at, were swept away, there might still remain as ample a field, over which the Divinity may expatiate, and which he may have peopled with innumerable worlds. If the whole visible creation were to disappear, it would leave a solitude behind it ; but to the infinite Mind, that can take in the whole system of nature, this solitude might be nothing,—a small, unoccupied point in that immensity which surrounds it, and which he may have filled with the wonders of his omnipotence.

Though this earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory, which the finger of Divinity has inscribed on it, were to be put out forever,—an event so awful, to us and to every world in our vicinity ; by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and of population, would rush into forgetfulness,—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though this earth, and these heavens, were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar ; the light of other suns shines upon them ; and the sky which mantles them, is garnished with other stars.

Is it presumption to say, that the moral world extends to those distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighborhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes, is

there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers? And what is this world, in the immensity which teems with them? and what are they who occupy it?

The universe at large would suffer as little, in its splendor and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest, would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment, the life, which, we know by the microscope, it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world.

Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball—which performs its little round, among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist; and, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, they would spread solitude, and silence, and death, over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness, and this insecurity, which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring, with such emphasis, to every pious bosom, the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sits above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and, though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence, as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that, though his mind takes into its comprehensive grasp, immensity and all its wonders, I am as

much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God, who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

LESSON CXLIV.

Rome.—BYRON.

O ROME! my country! city of the soul!

The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,

Lone mother of dead empires, and control

In their shut breasts their petty misery.

What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way

O'er steps of broken thrones and temples; ye,

Whose agonies are evils of a day—

A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,

Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo;

An empty urn within her withered hands,

Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;

The very sepulchres lie tenantless

Of their heroic dwellers. Dost thou flow,

Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?

Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire,

Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;

She saw her glories, star by star, expire,

And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,

Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide,
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, "Here was, or is" where all is doubly night?

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas! for Tully's voice and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
 Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
 Alas! for earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye, she bore when Rome was free!



LESSON CXLV.

Dialogue:—Rienzi and Angelo.—MISS MITFORD.

Rienzi. FRIENDS,
 I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
 Falls on a slave;—not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
 To crimson glory and undying fame;
 But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
 Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
 In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day,
 An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
 Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore

The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood! Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which sinners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance.—Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and, if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans.
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once, again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free; her sons
Shall walk with princes.

Angelo. (*Entering.*) What be ye,
That thus, in stern and watchful mystery,
Cluster beneath the vail of night, and start
To hear a stranger's foot?

Ric. Romans.

Ang. And wherefore
Meet ye, my countrymen?

Ric. For freedom.

Ang. Surely
Thou art Cola di Rienzi?

Rie. Ay, the voice—
The traitor voice.

Ang. I know thee by the words.
Who, save thyself, in this bad age, when man
Lies prostrate like yon temple, dared conjoin
The sounds of Rome and freedom?

Rie. I shall teach
The world to blend those words, as in the days
Before the Cæsars. Thou shalt be the first
To hail the union. I have seen thee hang
On tales of the world's mistress, till thine eyes,
Flooded with strong emotion, have let fall
Big tear-drops on thy cheeks, and thy young hand
Hath clenched thy maiden sword. Unsheath it now—
Now, at thy country's call! What, dost thou pause?
Is the flame quenched? Dost falter? Hence with thee!
Pass on! pass whilst thou may!

Ang. Hear me, Rienzi.
Even now my spirit leaps up at the thought
Of those brave storied days—a treasury
Of matchless visions, bright and glorified,
Paling the dim lights of this darkling world
With the golden blaze of heaven, but past and gone,
As clouds of yesterday, as last night's dream.

Rie. A dream! Dost see yon phalanx, still and stern?
A hundred leaders, each with such a band,
So armed, so resolute, so fixed in will,
Wait with suppressed impatience till they hear
The great bell of the capitol, to spring
At once on their proud foes. Join them.

Ang. My father!

Rie. Already he hath quitted Rome.

Ang. My kinsmen!

Rie. We are too strong for contest. Thou shalt see
No other change, within our peaceful streets,
Than that of slaves to freemen; such a change
As is the silent step from night to day,
From darkness into light. We talk too long.

Ang. Yet reason with them—warn them.

Ric. And their answer

Will be the jail, the gibbet, or the axe—
The keen retort of power. Why, I have reasoned ;
And, but that I am held, amongst your great ones,
Half madman and half fool, these bones of mine
Had whitened on yon wall. Warn them ! They met,
At every step, dark warnings. The pure air,
Where'er they passed, was heavy with the weight
Of sullen silence ; friend met friend, nor smiled,
Till the last footfall of the tyrant's steed
Had died upon the ear ; and, low and hoarse,
Hatred came murmuring like the deep voice
Of the wind before the tempest.

Ang. I'll join ye ;

[*Gives his hand to Rienzi.*]

How shall I swear ?

Ric. (*To the people.*) Friends, comrades, countrymen,
I bring unhoped-for aid. Young Angelo,
The immediate heir of the Colonna, craves
To join your band.

Ang. Hear me swear

By Rome, by freedom, by Rienzi ! Comrades,
How have ye titled your deliverer ? Consul,
Dictator, emperor ?

Ric. No ;

Those names have been so often steeped in blood,
So shamed by folly, so profaned by sin,
The sound seems ominous.—I'll none of them.
Call me the tribune of the people ; there
My honoring duty lies. Hark—the bell, the bell !
The knell of tyranny ! the mighty voice,
That to the city and the plain, to earth,
And listening heaven, proclaims the glorious tale
Of Rome reborn, and freedom ! See, the clouds
Are swept away, and the moon's boat of light
Sails in the clear blue sky, and million stars
Look out on us, and smile.

LESSON CXLVI.

Dignity and Excellence of the Poetical Art.—CHANNING.

POETRY seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty and thrilling, than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being.

This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret, by his own consciousness, what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigor, and wings herself for her heaven-ward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested.

It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms, and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and

bounds of nature ; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation ; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings ; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses—the laws of the immortal intellect ; it is trying and developing its best faculties ; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendor, beauty and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity ; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions ; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power ; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good.

Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions ; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep, though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life ; to lift it into a purer element ; and to breathe into it more

profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature ; brings back the freshness of early feeling ; revives the relish of simple pleasures ; keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being ; refines youthful love ; strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings ; spreads our sympathies over all classes of society ; knits us by new ties with universal being ; and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars,—the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life,—we do not deny ; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earthborn prudence.

But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth, than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities ; and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life ; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry ; and it is the high office of the bard, to detect this divine element among the grosser labors and pleasures of our earthly being.

The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves, and stretch far into futurity ; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy ; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy ; the bloom, and buoy-

ancy, and dazzling hopes of youth, the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true, that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence; arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance; brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being.

This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicuræan life.



LESSON CXLVII.

Popular Institutions favorable to intellectual Improvement.—
E. EVERETT.

MENTAL energy has been equally diffused by sterner levelers than ever marched in the van of a revolution—the nature of man and the providence of God. Native character, strength, and quickness of mind, are not of the number of distinctions and accomplishments, that human institutions can monopolize within a city's walls. In quiet times, they remain and perish in the obscurity, to which a false organization of society consigns them. In dangerous, convulsed, and

trying times, they spring up in the fields, in the village hamlets, and on the mountain tops, and teach the surprised favorites of human law, that bright eyes, skilful hands, quick perceptions, firm purpose, and brave hearts, are not the exclusive *appanage* of courts.

Our popular institutions are favorable to intellectual improvement, because their foundation is in dear nature. They do not consign the greater part of the social frame to torpidity and mortification. They send out a vital nerve to every member of the community, by which its talent and power, great or small, are brought into living conjunction and strong sympathy with the kindred intellect of the nation; and every impression on every part vibrates, with electric rapidity, through the whole. They encourage nature to perfect her work; they make education, the soul's nutriment, cheap; they bring up remote and shrinking talent into the cheerful field of competition; in a thousand ways, they provide an audience for lips, which nature has touched with persuasion; they put a lyre into the hands of genius; they bestow on all who deserve it, or seek it, the only patronage worth having, the only patronage that ever struck out a spark of "celestial fire,"—the patronage of fair opportunity.

This is a day of improved education; new systems of teaching are devised; modes of instruction, choice of studies, adaptation of text-books, the whole machinery of means, have been brought in our day under severe revision. But were I to attempt to point out the most efficacious and comprehensive improvement in education, the engine, by which the greatest portion of mind could be brought and kept under cultivation, the discipline which would reach farthest, sink deepest, and cause the word of instruction not to spread over the surface, like an artificial hue, carefully laid on, but to penetrate to the heart and soul of its objects,—it would be popular institutions. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the best methods will infallibly be suggested by that instinctive ingenuity of our nature, which provides means for great and precious ends. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the worn hand of labor will be opened to the last farthing, that its children may enjoy means denied to itself.

LESSON CXLVIII.

After a Tempest.—BRYANT.

THE day had been a day of wind and storm ;—
The wind was laid, the storm was overpassed,
And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird ;
For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
About the flowers ; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossiped, as he hastened ocean-ward ;
To the gray oak, the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And, chirping, from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves, that kept them dry,
Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air.
The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
The violent rain had pent them ; in the way
Strolled groups of damsels frolicsome and fair ;
The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace ; and, like a spell,
Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
Upon the motionless wood that clothed the dell,
And precipice upspringing like a wall,

And glassy river, and white waterfall,
And happy living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene ; while, far beyond them all,
On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft, golden light.

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
And married nations dwell in harmony ;
When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlabored captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers,
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast—
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits : but not for aye can last
The storm ; and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past.
Lo ! the clouds roll away—they break—they fly ;
And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of Heaven shall lie.



LESSON CXLIX.

The Rejected.—T. H. BAYLEY.

Nor have me ! Not love me ! Oh, what have I said ?
Sure never was lover so strangely misled.
Rejected ! and just when I hoped to be blessed !
You can't be in earnest ! It must be a jest.

Remember—remember how often I've knelt,
Explicitly telling you all that I felt,
And talked about poison in accents so wild,
So very like torture, you started—and smiled.

Not have me ! Not love me ! Oh, what have I done ?
All natural nourishment did I not shun ?
My figure is wasted ; my spirits are lost ;
And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.

Remember, remember—ay, madam, you must—
I once was exceedingly stout and robust ;
I rode by your palfrey, I came at your call,
And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.

Not have me ! Not love me ! Rejected ! Refused !
Sure never was lover so strangely ill used !
Consider my presents—I don't mean to boast—
But, madam, consider the money they cost !

Remember you've worn them ; and just can it be
To take all my trinkets, and not to take me ?
Nay, don't throw them at me !—You'll break—do not start—
I don't mean my gifts—but you *will* break my heart !

Not have me ! Not love me ! Not go to the church !
Sure never was lover so left in the lurch !
My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt ;
Oh, madam, don't tempt me to call you a flirt.

Remember my letters ; my passion they told ;
Yes, all sorts of letters, save letters of gold ;
The amount of my notes, too—the notes that I penned,
Not bank notes—no, truly, I had none to send !

Not have me ! Not love me ! And is it, then, true
That opulent Age is the lover for you ?
'Gainst rivalry's bloom I would strive—'tis too much
To yield to the terrors of rivalry's crutch.

Remember—remember I might call him out ;
But, madam, you are not worth fighting about ;
My sword shall be stainless in blade and in hilt ;
I thought you a jewel—I find you a jilt.

LESSON CL.

Rhine Song of the German Soldiers after Victory.—*
MRS. HEMANS.

"At the first gleam of the river, they all burst forth into the national chant '*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*' They were two days passing over, and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time; for each band renewed it while crossing; and the Cossacks, with the clash, and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus, '*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*' "

Single Voice.

It is the Rhine! our mountain vineyards laving;
I see the bright flood shine;
Sing on the march, with every banner waving,
Sing, brothers! 'tis the Rhine!

Chorus.

The Rhine, the Rhine! our own imperial river!
Be glory on thy track!
We left thy shores, to die or to deliver;
We bear thee freedom back.

Single Voice.

Hail! Hail! My childhood knew thy rush of water,
Even as my mother's song;
That sound went past me on the field of slaughter,
And heart and arm grew strong.

Chorus.

Roll proudly on! Brave blood is with thee sweepin'
Poured out by sons of thine,
When sword and spirit forth in joy were leaping,
Like thee, victorious Rhine!

* The chorus of this song may serve as a good exercise for simultaneous reading.

Single Voice.

Home ! Home .—thy glad wave hath a tone of greeting,—
Thy path is by my home :
Even now my children count the hours, till meeting.
O ransomed ones, I come !

Chorus.

Go, tell the seas that chain shall bind thee never ;
Sound on, by hearth and shrine ;
Sing through the hills that thou art free for ever ;
Lift up thy voice, O Rhine !



LESSON CLI.

The Isles of Greece.—BYRON.

THE isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet ;
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds, which echo farther west
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blessed."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow,
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now;
The heroic bosom beats no more;
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel, at least, a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks, a blush—for Greece, a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blessed?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth, render back, from out thy breast,
A remnant of our Spartan dead;
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ.

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come! we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain, in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine:

Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet—
Where is the Pyrrhic phālanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

* * * * *

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king, who buys and sells.
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !



LESSON CLII.

Liberty to Athens.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

THE flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon ;
It waves, as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone ;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around those towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours ;

Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free—
Oh ! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down ;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk had reft
The laurel from her civic crown ;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft :
She lay among her ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And, crushed and bruised by many a blow,
She cowered beneath her savage foes ;
But now, again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks ;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—
Their servile years have rolled away ;
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day ;
From Heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring ;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed ;
A light that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

LESSON CLIII.

The moral Principles of the Bible of universal Application.
—WAYLAND.

WE possess taste, which is gratified by our progress in the knowledge of the qualities and relations of things, which delights in the beautiful, and glories in the vast ; and, also, a

conscience, which is susceptible of affections peculiar to itself, upon the doing of right, or the commission of wrong, and these affections, so far as his history has been traced, have more to do than any other with the happiness or misery of man. Taking these facts for granted, it is not difficult to foretell what sort of intellectual and moral exhibitions will be most widely disseminated, transforming the human character and directing the human will. It is upon the supposition, that we may thus judge what will, in a particular manner, affect the human mind, that the whole science both of criticism and rhetoric is founded.

I have said that taste is gratified by progress in knowledge of the qualities and relations of things, or by striking exhibitions of what is commonly called relative beauty. Hence the pleasure with which we contemplate a theorem of widely extended application in the sciences, or an invention of important utility in the arts. Now, it is found that the material universe has been so created, as admirably to harmonize with this principle of our nature. The laws of matter are few, and comparatively simple; but their relations are multiplied even to infinity.

The law of gravitation may be easily explained to an ordinary man, or even to an intelligent child. But who can trace one half of its relations to things solid and fluid, things animate and inanimate? to the very form of society itself? to this system, other systems? in fine, to the mighty masses of this material universe? The mind delights to carry out such a principle to its ramified illustrations; and hence it cherishes, as its peculiar treasure, a knowledge of these principles themselves. Thus was it, that the discovery of such a law gave the name of Newton to immortality; reduced to harmony the once apparently discordant movements of our planetary system; taught us to predict the events of coming ages, and to explain what was before hidden, from the creation of the world.

Now he, who will take the trouble to examine, will perceive, in the gospel of Jesus Christ, a system of ultimate truths in morals, in a very striking manner analogous to these elementary laws of physics. In themselves, they are few, simple, and easily to be understood. Their relations, however, as in

the other case, are infinite. The moral principle, by which you can easily teach your little child to regulate her conduct in the nursery, will furnish matter for the contemplation of statesmen and sages. It is the only principle on which the decisions of cabinets and courts can be founded, and is, of itself, sufficient to guide the diplomatist through all the mazes of the most intricate negotiation.

Let any one who pleases make the experiment for himself. Let him take one of the rules of human conduct, which the gospel prescribes ; and, having obtained a clear conception of it, just as it is revealed, let him carry it out in its unshrinking application to the doings and dealings of men. At first, if he be not accustomed to generalizations of this sort, he will find much that will stagger him ; and he, perhaps, will be ready hastily to decide that the ethics of the Bible were never intended for practice. But let him look a little longer, and meditate a little more intensely, and expand his views a little more widely, or become, either by experience or by years, a little older, and he will more and more wonder at the profoundness of wisdom, and the universality of application, of the principles of the gospel. With the most expanded views of society, he can go nowhere, where the Bible has not been before him. With the most penetrating sagacity, he can make no discovery, which the Bible had not long ago promulgated. He will find neither application which inspiration did not foresee, nor exception against which it has not guarded.

Now, with these universal moral principles the Bible is filled. At one time, you find them explicitly stated ; at another, merely alluded to ; here, standing out in a precept ; there, retiring behind a reflection ; now, enwrapped in the drapery of a parable ; then, giving tinge and coloring to a graphically drawn character. Its lessons of wisdom are thus adapted to readers of every age, and to every variety of intellectual culture. Hence, no book is adapted to be so universally read as the Bible. No other precepts are of so extensive application, or are capable of guiding under so difficult circumstances. None other imbue the mind with a spirit of so deep forethought, and so expansive generalization. Hence, there is no book which expands the intellect like the

Bible. It is the only book which offers a reasonable solution of the moral phenomena which are transpiring around us. Hence, there is the same sort of reason to believe that the precepts of the Bible will be read, and studied, and obeyed, as there is to believe that the system of Newton will finally prevail, and eventually banish from the languages of man the astronomical dreams of Vishnu or of Gaudama.

There are, however, other exhibitions of taste, which present no less interesting illustrations of the adaptedness of the Bible to the nature of man. It is in the exercise of this faculty, that he delights in the beautiful, glories in the vast, and becomes susceptible of the tenderness of the pathetic. I need not mention that these are among the most pleasing of our intellectual operations, nor that we eagerly search, in every direction, for the objects of their appropriate gratification.

To illustrate the sublimity and beauty of the Holy Scriptures, would, however, demand limits far more extensive than the present discussion will allow. I will, therefore, merely direct your attention to two considerations, which I select, not as the most striking, but as somewhat the most susceptible of brevity of illustration. The first is the scriptural conceptions of character; the second, the scriptural views of futurity.

It is to be remembered, that the Bible contains by far the oldest memorials of our race. Much of it was written by men, who had scarcely emerged from the pastoral state, and who had acquired but little of the knowledge, even then possessed, either in the arts or the sciences. There was nothing in the circumstances in which they were placed, to give elevation to character, or beauty, or sublimity, to their conceptions of it. And yet these conceptions are most strikingly diverse from every thing which we elsewhere behold in all the records of antiquity.

The heroes of the pagan classics are, for the most part, either sycophants or ruffians, as they are swayed, alternately, by cunning or by passion. The objects of their enterprises are trifling and insignificant. Their narrative is valuable neither for moral instruction, nor yet for elevated views of human nature, in the individual or in society; but for bursts

of eloquent feeling, and delineations of nature, every where the same, and always speaking the same language into the ear of genius. The world, in its moral progress, has long since left behind it the ancient conceptions of distinguished character. Who would now take for his model Achilles, or Hector, or Ulysses, or Agamemnon? What mother would now relate their deeds to her children? How different a view is presented by the holy company of patriarchs; Abraham, that beauteous model of an Eastern prince; Moses, that wise legislator; David, the warrior poet; Daniel, the far-sighted premier; and Nehemiah, the inflexible patriot. The world still looks up with reverence to these moral examples; they are still as profitable models for contemplation as they were at the beginning.

But if we would consider this subject in its strongest light, bring together scriptural and classical characters of the same age. Contrast the history of Enéas by Virgil, the most gifted and the most humane of the Roman poets, with that of St. Paul, as found in the Acts and the Epistles. Contrast the faithless, vindictive, gross, cowardly and superstitious free-booter, with the upright, meek, benevolent, sympathizing, and yet fearless and indomitable apostle. Or, if the thought be not profane, compare the most splendid conceptions, either of ancient or modern times, with the character of Jesus of Nazareth, as it is delineated in the Gospels. We say, then, that if we would gratify our taste with true conceptions of elevated character, if we would satisfy that innate longing within us after something better and more exalted than our eyes rest upon on earth, it is to the Bible that we shall be, by the principles of our nature, irresistibly attracted.



LESSON CLIV.

The Dead Mother :—a Dialogue.—ANONYMOUS.

Father. TOUCH not thy mother, boy. Thou canst not wake her.

Child. Why, father? She still wakens at this hour.

F. Your mother's dead, my child.

C. And what is dead ?

If she be dead, why, then, 'tis only sleeping ;
For I am sure she sleeps. Come, mother,—rise :—
Her hand is very cold !

F. Her *heart* is cold.

Her limbs are bloodless ; would that mine were so !

C. If she would waken, she would soon be warm.
Why is she wrapped in this thin sheet ? If I,
This winter morning, were not covered better,
I should be cold like her.

F. No, not like her :

The fire might warm you, or thick clothes ; but her—
Nothing can warm again !

C. If I could wake her,
She would smile on me, as she always does,
And kiss me.—Mother, you have slept too long.—
Her face is pale ; and it would frighten me,
But that I know she loves me.

F. Come, my child.

C. Once, when I sat upon her lap, I felt
A beating at her side ; and then she said
It was her heart that beat, and bade me feel
For my own heart, and they both beat alike,
Only mine was the quickest. And I feel
My own heart yet ; but hers I cannot feel.

F. Child, child, you drive me mad. Come hence, I say.

C. Nay, father, be not angry ; let me stay here
Till my mother wakens.

F. I have told you,
Your mother cannot wake—not in this world ;
But in another she *will* wake for us.
When we have slept like her, then we shall see her.

C. Would it were night then.

F. No, unhappy child ;
Full many a night shall pass, ere thou canst sleep
That last, long sleep. Thy father soon shall sleep it ;
Then wilt thou be deserted upon earth :
None will regard thee ; thou wilt soon forget
That thou hadst natural ties,—an orphan, lone,

Abandoned to the wiles of wicked men,
And women still more wicked.

C. Father, father,
Why do you look so terribly upon me ?
You will not hurt me ?

F. Hurt thee, darling ? no !
Has sorrow's violence so much of anger,
That it should fright my boy ? Come, dearest, come.

C. You are not angry, then ?

F. Too well I love you.

C. All you have said I cannot now remember,
Nor what it meant, you terrified me so ;
But this, I know, you told me,—I must sleep
Before my mother wakens ; so, to-morrow—
Oh ! father, that to-morrow were but come !



LESSON CLV.

Burial of the Young.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THERE WAS an open grave, and many an eye
Looked down upon it. Slow the sable hearse
Moved on, as if reluctantly it bare
The young, unwearied form to that cold couch,
Which age and sorrow render sweet to man.
There seemed a sadness in the humid air,
Lifting the long grass from those verdant mounds
Where slumber multitudes.

There was a train

Of young, fair females, with their brows of bloom,
And shining tresses. Arm in arm they came,
And stood upon the brink of that dark pit,
In pensive beauty, waiting the approach
Of their companion. She was wont to fly,
And meet them, as the gay bird meets the spring,
Brushing the dew-drop from the morning flowers,
And breathing mirth and gladness. *Now* she came
With movements fashioned to the deep-toned bell :—

She came with mourning sire, and sorrowing friend,
And tears of those, who at her side were nursed
By the same mother.

Ah! and one was there,
Who, ere the fading of the summer rose,
Had hoped to greet her as his bride. But Death
Arose between them. The pale lover watched
So close her journey through the shadowy vale,
That almost to his heart the ice of death
Entered from hers. There was a brilliant flush
Of youth about her, and her kindling eye
Poured such unearthly light, that hope would hang
Even on the archer's arrow, while it dropped
Deep poison. Many a restless night she toiled
For that slight breath which held her from the tomb,
Still wasting like a snow-wreath, which the sun
Marks for his own, on some cool mountain's breast,
Yet spares, and tinges long with rosy light.

Oft, o'er the musings of her silent couch,
Came visions of that matron form, which bent
With nursing tenderness, to soothe and bless
Her cradle dream: and her emaciate hand
In trembling prayer she raised, that He, who saved
The sainted mother, would redeem the child.
Was the orison lost? Whence, then, that peace
So dove-like, settling o'er a soul that loved
Earth and its pleasures? Whence that angel smile,
With which the allurements of a world so dear
Were counted and resigned? that eloquence,
So fondly urging those, whose hearts were full
Of sublimary happiness, to seek
A better portion? Whence that voice of joy,
Which from the marble lip, in life's last strife,
Burst forth, to hail her everlasting home?—
Cold reasoners, be convinced. And when ye stand
Where that fair brow and those unfrosted locks
Return to dust,—where the young sleeper waits
The resurrection morn,—oh! lift the heart
In praise to Him who gave the victory.

LESSON CLVI.

On the Loss of Professor Fisher in the Albion.—BRAINARD.

THE breath of air, that stirs the harp's soft string,
Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm;
The drops of dew, exhaled from flowers of spring,
Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form;
The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash;
And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash
That wave and wind can muster, when the might
Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky, unite.

So science whispered in thy charmed ear,
And radiant learning beckoned thee away.
The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.
And they have wrecked thee!—But there is a shore
Where storms are hushed; where tempests never rage;
Where angry skies, and blackening seas, no more,
With gusty strength, their roaring warfare wage.
By thee its peaceful margent shall be trod—
Thy home is heaven, and thy friend is God.



LESSON CLVII.

The Sunday School.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

GROUP after group are gathering;—such as pressed
Once to their Savior's arms, and gently laid
Their cherub heads upon his shielding breast,
Though sterner souls the fond approach forbade;—
Group after group glide on with noiseless tread,
And round Jehovah's sacred altar meet,
Where holy thoughts in infant hearts are bred,
And holy words their ruby lips repeat,
Oft with a chastened glance, in modulation sweet.

Yet some there are, upon whose childish brows
Wan Poverty hath done the work of Care :
Look up, ye sad ones !—'tis *your Father's house*,
Beneath whose consecrated dome you are ;
More gorgeous robes ye see, and trappings rare,
And watch the gaudier forms that gaily move,
And deem, perchance, mistaken as you are,
The "coat of many colors" proves *His* love,
Whose sign is in the heart, and whose reward above.

And ye, blessed laborers in this humble sphere,
To deeds of saintlike charity inclined,
Who, from your cells of meditation dear,
Come forth to gird the weak, untutored mind,
Yet ask no payment, save one smile refined
Of grateful love,—one tear of contrite pain,—
Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
The rest of earthly Sabbaths. Be your gain
A Sabbath without end, mid yon celestial plain.

LESSON CLVIII.

*Bridgenorth's Account of an Incident in the early History of America.**—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AMONGST my wanderings, the transatlantic settlements have not escaped me; more especially the country of New England, into which our native land has shaken from her lap, as a drunkard flings from him his treasures, so much that is precious in the eyes of God and of his children. There, thousands of our best and most godly men—such whose righteousness might come between the Almighty and his wrath, and prevent the ruin of cities—are content to be

* This narrative is found in "Peveril of the Peak." The incident occurred at Hadley, Mass.,—a village on the Connecticut river, about ninety miles from Boston,—September 1st, 1675. The mysterious stranger, who appeared so opportunely as a deliverer, was Goffe, the regicide. Whalley, another of the judges that condemned Charles I, was also concealed in the town of Hadley at the time.

the inhabitants of the desert, rather encountering the unenlightened savages, than stooping to extinguish, under the oppression practised in Britain, the light that is within their own minds.

There I remained for a time, during the wars which the colony maintained with Philip, a great Indian chief, or sachem, as he was called, who seemed a messenger sent from Satan to buffet them. His cruelty was great; his dissimulation profound; and the skill and promptitude with which he maintained a destructive and désultory warfare, inflicted many dreadful calamities on the settlement. I was, by chance, at a small village in the woods, more than thirty miles from Boston, and in its situation exceedingly lonely, and surrounded with thickets. Nevertheless, there was no idea of any danger from the Indians at that time; for men trusted to the protection of a considerable body of troops, who had taken the field for protection of the frontiers, and who lay, or were supposed to lie, betwixt the hamlet and the enemy's country. But they had to do with a foe, whom the devil himself had inspired at once with cunning and cruelty.

It was on a Sabbath morning, when we had assembled to take sweet counsel together in the Lord's house. Our temple was but constructed of unhewn logs; but when shall the chant of trained hirelings, or the sounding of tin and brass tubes amid the aisles of a minster, arise so sweetly to Heaven, as did the psalm in which we united at once our hearts and our voices! An excellent worthy, who now sleeps in the Lord, Nehemiah Solsgrace, long the companion of my pilgrimage, had just begun to wrestle in prayer, when a woman, with disordered looks and dishevelled hair, entered our chapel in a distracted manner, screaming incessantly, "The Indians! The Indians!"

In that land, no man dares separate himself from his defences; and whether in the city or in the field, in the ploughed land or the forest, men keep beside them their weapons, as did the Jews at the rebuilding of the temple. So we sallied forth, with our guns and pikes, and heard the whoop of these incarnate devils, already in possession of a part of the town, and exercising their cruelty on the few whom weighty causes or indisposition had withheld from public wor-

ship; and it was remarked as a judgment, that, upon that bloody Sabbath, Adrian Hanson, a Dutchman, a man well enough towards man, but whose mind was altogether given to worldly gain, was shot and scalped, as he was summing his weekly gains in his warehouse.

In fine, there was much damage done; and although our arrival and entrance into combat did in some sort put them back, yet, being surprised and confused, and having no appointed leader of our band, the enemy shot hard at us, and had some advantage. It was pitiful to hear the screams of women and children, amid the report of guns and the whistling of bullets, mixed with the ferocious yells of these savages, which they term their war-whoop. Several houses in the upper part of the village were soon on fire; and the roaring of the flames, and crackling of the great beams as they blazed, added to the horrible confusion; while the smoke, which the wind drove against us, gave farther advantage to the enemy, who fought, as it were, invisible, and under cover, whilst we fell fast by their unerring fire.

In this state of confusion, and while we were about to adopt the desperate project of evacuating the village, and, placing the women and children in the centre, of attempting a retreat to the nearest settlement, it pleased Heaven to send us unexpected assistance. A tall man, of a reverend appearance, whom no one of us had ever seen before, suddenly was in the midst of us, as we hastily agitated the resolution of retreating. His garments were of the skin of the elk, and he wore sword, and carried gun. I never saw any thing more august than his features, overshadowed by locks of gray hair, which mingled with a long beard of the same color.

"Men and brethren," he said, in a voice like that which turns back the flight, "why sink your hearts? and why are ye thus disquieted? Fear ye that the God we serve will give you up to yonder heathen dogs? Follow me, and you shall see, this day, that there is a captain in Israel!" He uttered a few brief but distinct orders, in the tone of one who was accustomed to command; and such was the influence of his appearance, his mien, his language, and his presence of mind, that he was implicitly obeyed by men who had never seen him until that moment. We were

hastily divided, at his order, into two bodies; one of which maintained the defence of the village with more courage than ever, convinced that the unknown was sent by God to our rescue.

At his command, they assumed the best and most sheltered positions for exchanging their deadly fire with the Indians; while, under cover of the smoke, the stranger sallied from the town, at the head of the other division of the New England men, and, fetching a circuit, attacked the red warriors in the rear. The surprise, as is usual amongst savages, had complete effect; for they doubted not that they were assailed in their turn, and placed betwixt two hostile parties by the return of a detachment from the provincial army. The heathens fled in confusion, abandoning the half-won village, and leaving behind them such a number of their warriors, that the tribe hath never recovered its loss.

Never shall I forget the figure of our venerable leader, when our men, and not they only, but the women and children of the village, rescued from the tomahawk and scalping-knife, stood crowded around him, yet scarce venturing to approach his person, and more minded, perhaps, to worship him as a descended angel, than to thank him as a fellow-mortal. "Not unto me be the glory," he said; "I am but an implement, frail as yourselves, in the hand of Him who is strong to deliver. Bring me a cup of water, that I may allay my parched throat, ere I assay the task of offering thanks where they are most due." I was nearest to him as he spoke, and I gave into his hand the water he requested. At that moment, we exchanged glances, and it seemed to me that I recognised a noble friend, whom I had long since deemed in glory; but he gave me no time to speak, had speech been prudent.

Sinking on his knees, and signing us to obey him, he poured forth a strong and energetic thanksgiving for the turning back of the battle, which, pronounced with a voice loud and clear as a war-trumpet, thrilled through the joints and marrow of the hearers. I have heard many an act of devotion in my life, had Heaven vouchsafed me grace to profit by them; but such a prayer as this, uttered amidst the dead and the dying, with a rich tone of mingled triumph and

adoration was beyond them all ; it was like the song of the inspired prophetess, who dwelt beneath the palm-tree between Ramah and Bethel. He was silent ; and, for a brief space, we remained with our faces bent to the earth, no man daring to lift his head. At length, we looked up ; but our deliverer was no longer amongst us ; nor was he ever again seen in the land which he had rescued.

LESSON CLIX.

Trust in God.—WORDSWORTH.

— How beautiful this dome of sky !
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these ?—Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise Thee with impassioned voice :
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here ; where Thou hast built,
For thy own glory, in the wilderness.

Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for thy presence : therefore am I bound
To worship, here,—and everywhere,—as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
From childhood up, the ways of poverty ;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued.—By thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched ;
And, mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From Paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends ; the frost will gather round my heart ;
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead !

Come labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath ; come disease and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense ;
But leave me unabated trust in Thee ;
And let thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,
Father of heaven and earth, and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content.

And what are things eternal ?—Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat :
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists ;—immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies ;
Whose kingdom is where time and space are not :
Of other converse, which mind, soul and heart,
Do, with united urgency, require,
What more, that may not perish ? Thou, dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,
That, in the scale of being, fill their place,
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained ;—Thou,—who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed,—
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense,
And reason's steadfast rule,—Thou, Thou alone,
Art everlasting.

This universe shall pass away—a frame
Glorious ! because the shadow of thy might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee.

Ah ! if the time must come, in which my feet
 No more shall stray where meditation leads,
 By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
 Loved haunts like these, the unimprisoned mind
 May yet have scope to range among her own,
 Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.

If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
 Still it may be allowed me to remember
 What visionary powers of eye and soul
 In youth were mine ; when, stationed on the top
 Of some huge hill, expectant, I beheld
 The sun rise up, from distant climes returned,
 Darkness to chase, and sleep, and bring the day,
 His bounteous gift ! or saw him, tow'rs the deep
 Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
 Attended ! Then my spirit was entranced
 With joy exalted to beatitude ;
 The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
 And holiest love ; as earth, sea, air, with light
 With pomp, with glory, with magnificence !

LESSON CLX.

The Patriot's Wish.—C. SPRAGUE.

YE dwellers of this spot,
 Be yours a noiseless and a guiltless lot.
 I plead not that ye bask
 In the rank beams of vulgar fame ;
 To light your steps I ask
 A purer and a holier flame.
 No bloated growth I supplicate for you,
 No pining multitude, no pampered few ;
 'Tis not alone to coffer gold,
 Nor spreading borders to behold ;
 'Tis not fast-swelling crowds to win,
 The refuse ranks of want and sin—

This be the kind decree :
Be ye by goodness crowned,
Revered, though not renowned ;
Poor, if Heaven will, but free ;
Free from the tyrants of the hour,
The clans of wealth, the clans of power,
The coarse, cold scorners of their God ;
Free from the taint of sin,
The leprosy that feeds within,
And free, in mercy, from the bigot's rod.

The sceptre's might, the crosier's pride,
Ye do not fear ;
No conquest blade, in life-blood dyed,
Drops terror here :
Let there not lurk a subtler snare,
For wisdom's footsteps to beware ;
The shackle and the stake
Our fathers fled ;
Ne'er may their children wake
A fouler wrath, a deeper dread ;
Ne'er may the craft, that fears the flesh to bind,
Lock its hard fetters on the mind ;
Quenched be the fiercer flame
That kindles with a name ;
The pilgrim's faith, the pilgrim's zeal,
Let more than pilgrim kindness seal ;
Be purity of life the test ;
Leave to the heart, to Heaven, the rest.

So, when our children turn the page,
To ask what triumphs marked our age,
What we achieved to challenge praise,
Through the long line of future days,
This let them read, and hence instruction draw :
" Here were the many blessed,
Here found the virtues rest,
Faith linked with love, and liberty with law ;
Here industry to comfort led ;
Her book of light here learning spread ;

Here the warm heart of youth
Was wooed to temperance and to truth ;
Here hoary age was found,
By wisdom and by reverence crowned.
No great, but guilty fame
Here kindled pride, that should have kindled shame.
These chose the better, happier part,
That poured its sunlight o'er the heart,
That crowned their homes with peace and health,
And weighed Heaven's smile beyond earth's wealth ;
Far from the thorny paths of strife
They stood, a living lesson to their race,
Rich in the charities of life,
Man in his strength, and woman in her grace ;
In purity and love their pilgrim road they trod,
And, when they served their neighbor, felt they served their
God."

LESSON CLXI.

Summer Noon.—WILCOX.

A SULTRY noon, not in the summer's prime,
When all is fresh with life, and youth, and bloom,
But near its close, when vegetation stops,
And fruits mature stand ripening in the sun,
Soothes and enervates, with its thousand charms,
Its images of silence and of rest,
The melancholy mind. The fields are still ;
The husbandman has gone to his repast,
And, that partaken, on the coolest side
Of his abode, reclines in sweet repose.
Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand,
The flocks beside the fence, with heads all prone,
And panting quick. The fields, for harvest ripe,
No breezes bend in smooth and graceful waves,
While with their motion, dim and bright by turns,

The sunshine seems to move ; nor e'en a breath
Brushes along the surface with a shade
Fleeting and thin, like that of flying smoke.
The slender stalks their heavy, bended heads
Support, as motionless as oaks their tops.

O'er all the woods the topmost leaves are still ;
E'en the wild poplar leaves, that, pendent hung
By stems elastic, quiver at a breath,
Rest in the general calm. The thistle down,
Seen high and thick, by gazing up beside
Some shading object, in a silver shower
Plumb down, and slower than the slowest snow,
Through all the sleepy atmosphere descends ;
And where it lights, though on the steepest roof,
Or smallest spire of grass, remains unmoved.
White as a fleece, as dense, and as distinct
From the resplendent sky, a single cloud
On the soft bosom of the air becalmed,
Drops a lone shadow, as distinct and still,
On the bare plain, or sunny mountain's side ;
Or in the polished mirror of the lake,
In which the deep reflected sky appears
A calm, sublime immensity below.



LESSON CLXII.

Summer Wind.—BRYANT.

It is a sultry day ; the sun has drank
The dew that lay upon the morning grass :
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors : the tall maize

Rolls up its long green leaves ; the clover drops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far, in the fierce sunshine, tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away.

For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air ?
O come, and breathe upon the fainting earth:
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me ? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes !
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves !
The deep, distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion.

He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings
Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath ; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other ; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet ; and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

LESSON CLXIII.

Fashionable Follies.—FLINT'S WESTERN REVIEW.

THERE are in the United States one hundred thousand young ladies, as Sir Ralph Abercrombie said of those of Scotland, "*the prettiest lassies in a' the world,*" who know neither to toil nor spin, who are yet clothed like the lilies of the valley,—who thrum the piano, and, a few of the more dainty, the harp,—who walk, as the Bible says, softly,—who have read romances, and some of them seen the interior of theatres,—who have been admired at the examination of their high school,—who have wrought algebraic solutions on the black board,—who are, in short, the very roses of the garden, the attar of life,—who yet,—*horresco referens*,—can never expect to be married, or, if married, to live without—shall I speak, or forbear?—putting their own lily hands to *domestic drudgery*.

We go into the interior villages of our recent wooden country. The fair one sits down to clink the wires of the piano. We see the fingers displayed on the keys, which, we are sure, never prepared a dinner, nor made a garment for her robustious brothers. We traverse the streets of our own city, and the wires of the piano are thrummed in our ears from every considerable house. In cities and villages, from one extremity of the Union to the other, wherever there is a good house, and the doors and windows betoken the presence of the mild months, the ringing of the piano wires is almost as universal a sound, as the domestic hum of life within.

We need not enter in person. Imagination sees the fair one, erect on her music stool, laced, and pinioned, and reduced to a questionable class of entomology, *dinging* at the wires, as though she could, in some way, hammer out of them music, amusement and a husband. Look at her taper and cream-colored fingers. Is she a utilitarian? Ask the fair one, when she has beaten all the music out of the keys, "Pretty fair one, canst talk to thy old and sick father, so as to beguile him out of the headache and rheumatism? Canst

write a good and straight forward letter of business? Thou art a chemist, I remember, at the examination; canst compound, prepare, and afterwards boil, or bake, a good pudding? Canst make one of the hundred subordinate ornaments of thy fair person? In short, tell us thy use in existence, except to be contemplated, as a pretty picture? And how long will any one be amused with the view of a picture, after having surveyed it a dozen times, unless it have a mind, a heart, and, we may emphatically add, the perennial value of utility?"

It is a sad and lamentable truth, after all the incessant din we have heard of the march of mind, and the interminable theories, inculcations and eulogies of education, that the present is an age of unbounded desire of display and notoriety, of exhaustless and unquenchably burning ambition; and not an age of calm, contented, ripe and useful knowledge, for the sacred privacy of the parlor. Display, notoriety, surface and splendor,—these are the first aims of the mothers; and can we expect that the daughters will drink into a better spirit? To play, sing, dress, glide down the dance, and get a husband, is the lesson; not to be qualified to render his home quiet, well-ordered and happy.

It is notorious, that there will soon be no intermediate class between those who toil and spin, and those whose claim to be ladies is founded on their being incapable of any value of utility. At present, we know of none, except the little army of martyrs, yclept school-mistresses, and the still smaller corps of editorial and active blue-stockings. If it should be my lot to transmigrate back to earth, in the form of a young man, my first homages in search of a wife would be paid to the thoughtful and pale-faced fair one, surrounded by her little, noisy, refractory subjects, drilling her soul to patience, and learning to drink of the cup of earthly discipline, and, more impressively than by a thousand sermons, tasting the bitterness of our probationary course, in teaching the young idea how to shoot. Except, as aforesaid, school-mistresses and blues, we believe, that all other damsels, clearly within the purview of the term *lady*, estimate the clearness of their title precisely in the ratio of their uselessness.

Allow a young lady to have any hand in the adjustment of all the components of her dress, each of which has a contour which only the fleeting fashion of the moment can settle; allow her time to receive morning visitants, and prepare for afternoon appointments and evening parties, and what time has the dear one to spare, to be useful and do good? To labor! Heaven forefend the use of the horrid term! The simple state of the case is this. There is somewhere, in all this, an enormous miscalculation, an infinite mischief—an evil, as we shall attempt to show, not of transitory or minor importance, but fraught with misery and ruin, not only to the fair ones themselves, but to society and the age.

We have not, we admit, the elements on which to base the calculation; but we may assume, as we have, that there are in the United States a hundred thousand young ladies brought up to do nothing, except dress, and pursue amusement. Another hundred thousand learn music, dancing, and what are called the fashionable accomplishments. It has been said that “revolutions never move backwards.” It is equally true of emulation of the fashion. The few opulent, who can afford to be good for nothing, precede. Another class presses as closely as they can upon their steps; and the contagious mischief spreads downward, till the fond father, who lays every thing under contribution, to furnish the means for purchasing a piano, and hiring a music-master for his daughters, instead of being served, when he comes in from the plough, by the ruined favorites for whom he has sacrificed so much, finds that a servant must be hired for the young ladies.

Here is not the end of the mischief. Every one knows that mothers and daughters give the tone, and laws—more unalterable than those of the Medes and Persians—to society. Here is the root of the matter, the spring of bitter waters. Here is the origin of the complaint of hard times, bankruptcies, greediness, avarice, and the horse-leech cry, “Give, give!” Here is the reason why every man lives up to his income, and so many beyond it. Here is the reason why the young trader, starting on credit, and calling himself a merchant, hires and furnishes such a house as if he really was one, fails, and gives to his creditors a beggarly account

of empty boxes and misapplied sales. He has married a wife whose vanity and extravagance are fathomless, and his ruin is explained. Hence the general and prevalent evil of the present times, extravagance—conscious shame of the thought of being industrious and useful. Hence the concealment, by so many thousand young ladies, (who have not yet been touched by the extreme of modern degeneracy, and who still occasionally apply their hands to domestic employment,) of these, their good deeds, with as much care as if they were crimes. Every body is ashamed not to be expensive and fashionable; and every one seems equally ashamed of honest industry. * * * *

I cannot conceive, that mere idlers, male or female, can have respect enough for themselves to be comfortable. I cannot imagine, that they should not carry about with them such a consciousness of being a blank in existence, as would be written on their forehead, in the shrinking humiliation of perceiving, that the public eye had weighed them in the balance, and found them wanting. Novels and romances may say this or that about their ethereal beauties, their fine ladies tricked out to slaughter my lord A., and play Cupid's archery upon dandy B., and despatch Amarylís C. to his sonnets. I have no conception of a beautiful woman, or a fine man, in whose eye, in whose port, in whose whole expression, this sentiment does not stand imbodied:—"I am called by my Creator to duties; I have employment on the earth; my sterner, but more enduring pleasures are in discharging my duties."

Compare the sedate expression of this sentiment in the countenance of man or woman, when it is known to stand, as the index of character and the fact, with the superficial gaudiness of a simple, good for nothing belle, who disdains usefulness and employment, whose empire is a ball-room, and whose subjects dandies, as silly and as useless as herself. Who, of the two, has most attractions for a man of sense? The one a help-mate, a fortune in herself, who can aid to procure one, if the husband has it not; who can soothe him under the loss of it, and, what is more, aid him to regain it; and the other a painted butterfly, for ornament only during the vernal and sunny months of prosperity;

and then not becoming a chrysalis, an inert moth in adversity, but a croaking, repining, ill-tempered termagant, who can only recur to the days of her short-lived triumph, to imbitter the misery, and poverty, and hopelessness of a husband, who, like herself, knows not to dig, and is ashamed to beg.

We are obliged to avail of severe language in application to a deep-rooted malady. We want words of power. We need energetic and stern applications. No country ever verged more rapidly towards extravagance and expense. In a young republic, like ours, it is ominous of any thing but good. Men of thought, and virtue, and example, are called upon to look to this evil. Ye patrician families, that croak, and complain, and forebode the downfall of the republic, here is the origin of your evils. Instead of training your son to waste his time, as an idle young gentleman at large,—instead of inculcating on your daughter, that the incessant tinkling of a harpsichord, or a scornful and lady-like toss of the head, or dexterity in waltzing, are the chief requisites to make her way in life,—if you can find no better employment for them, teach him the use of the grubbing hoe, and her to make up garments for your servants. Train your son and daughter to an employment, to frugality, to hold the high front, and to walk the fearless step of independence, and sufficiency to themselves in any fortunes, any country, or any state of things. By arts like these, the early Romans thrived. When your children have these possessions, you may go down to the grave in peace, as regards their temporal fortunes.



LESSON CLXIV.

Lochiel's Warning.—CAMPBELL.

Wizard. LOCHIEL! Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning ; no rider is there ;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh, weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn.
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?
Lo ! the death-shot of foeman outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad :
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
Ah ! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel, the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan .
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo ! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight !
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors :
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?
Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
His death-bell is tolling. Oh ! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall, victor, exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe,

And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

LESSON CLXV.

Joan of Arc, in Rheims.—MRS. HEMANS.

THAT was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music rolled
Forth from her thronged cathedral ; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chained to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's gate.
And what was done within ?—Within, the light

Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight,—

The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage !—while, midst that ring,
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn

Swelled out like rushing waters, and the day,
With the sweet censer's misty breath, grew dim,

As through long aisles it floated o'er the array
Of arms and sweeping stoles.

But who, alone

And unapproached, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner, forth, like sunshine, streaming,
And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance gleaming,
Silent and radiant stood ?—The helm was raised,
And the fair face revealed, that upward gazed,

Intensely worshipping,—a still, clear face,
Youthful, but brightly solemn ! Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek,

Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness ; while, enthroned above,
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
Seemed bending o'er her votaress. That slight form !
Was that the leader through the battle storm ?

Had the soft light, in that adoring eye,
Guided the warrior where the swords flashed high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's child,
Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power
Stood forth as *thou*, beside the shrine, didst stand—
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land!
And, beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransomed for France by thee!

The rites are done.

Now let the dome with trumpet notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken,
And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue skies,
Daughter of victory! A triumphant strain,
A proud, rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gushed through the portals of the antique fane,
And forth she came. Then rose a nation's sound.
Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer,
Man gives to Glory on her high career!
Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flows forth! The shouts, that filled
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were stilled
One moment; and, in that brief pause, the tone,
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart.—“Joanne!”—Who spoke
Like those whose childhood with *her* childhood grew
Under one roof?—“Joanne!”—*That* murmur broke
With sounds of weeping forth!—She turned—she knew
Beside her, marked from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flashed proudly; and the boy,
The youngest born, that ever loved her best:—
“Father! and ye, my brothers!” On the breast

Of that gray sire she sank, and swiftly back,
 Even in an instant, to their native track
 Her free thoughts flowed. She saw the pomp no more—
 The plumes, the banners: to her cabin-door,
 And to the fairy's fountain in the glade,
 Where her young sisters by her side had played,
 And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
 Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
 Her spirit turned. The very wood-note, sung
 In early spring-time, by the bird, which dwelt
 Where o'er her father's roof the beech-leaves hung,
 Was in her heart—a music heard and felt,
 Winning her back to nature. She unbound
 The helm of many battles from her head,
 And, with her bright locks bowed to sweep the ground,
 Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said,—
 “Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,
 To the still cabin and the beechen-tree,
 Let me return!”

Oh! never did thine eye
 Through the green haunts of happy infancy
 Wander again, Joanne! Too much of fame
 Had shed its radiance on thy peasant-name;
 And, bought alone by gifts beyond all price,—
 The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
 Of home, with all its loves,—doth fate allow
 The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

LESSON CLXVI.

Raphael's Account of the Creation.—MILTON.

HEAVEN opened wide
 Her ever-during gates—harmonious sound—
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
 And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.

On heavenly ground they stood ; and, from the shore,
They viewed the vast, immeasurable abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

“ Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace !”
Said then the omnific Word ; “ your discord end !”
Nor stayed, but, on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;
For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train
Followed in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things :
One foot he centred, and the other turned
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, “ Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world !”
Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,
Matter unformed and void ; darkness profound
Covered the abyss ; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass :—————
————— then founded, then conglobed
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air ;
And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

“ Let there be light,” said God ; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and, from her native east,
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud ; for yet the sun

Was not : she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good
 And light from darkness, by the hemisphere,
 Divided : light the day, and darkness night,
 He named. Thus was the first day even and morn :
 Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;
 Birthday of heaven and earth : with joy and shout
 The hollow universal orb they filled,
 And touched their golden harps, and, hymning, praised
 God and his works ; Creator him they sung,
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.



LESSON CLXVII.

Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.—GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jöcund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trôphies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;--
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame ;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray :
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet, even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,—
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree :
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

The Epitaph.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere :
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :—
 He gave to misery all he had—a tear ;
 He gained from Heaven—’twas all he wished—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
 (There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.



LESSON CLXVIII.

Dialogue:—Gesler and Tell.—KNOWLES.

Gesler. WHY speak'st thou not ?

Tell For wonder.

Ges. Wonder ?

Tell. Yes.

That thou shouldst seem a man.

Ges. What should I seem ?

Tell. A monster !

Ges. Ha ! Beware—Think on thy chains.

Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me
 down,

Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up
 Erect, with nothing but the honest pride

Of telling thee, usurper, to the teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains!
Show me the link of them, which, could it speak,
Would give its evidence against my word.
Think on my chains! Think on my chains!
How came they on me?

Ges. Darest thou question me?

Tell. Darest thou not answer?

Ges. Do I hear?

Tell. Thou dost.

Ges. Beware my vengeance.

Tell. Can it more than kill?

Ges. Enough—it can do that.

Tell. No—not enough:

It cannot take away the grace of life,
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives,
Its port erect with consciousness of truth,
Its rich attire of honorable deeds,
Its fair report, that's rife on good men's tongues;
It cannot lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or, with polluted finger, tarnish it.

Ges. But it can make thee writhe

Tell. It may.

Ges. And groan.

Tell. It may; and I may cry,

Go on, though it should make me groan again.

Ges. Whence comest thou?

Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn
What news from them?

Ges. Canst tell me any?

Tell. Ay:

They watch no more the avalanche.

Ges. Why so?

Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them; from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.

Ges. What do they then?

Tell. Thank Heaven it is not thou!
Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth

Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked;
The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce
Return his smile; their flocks and herds increase,
And they look on as men who count a loss;
They hear of thriving children born to them,
And never shake the teller by the hand;
While those they have, they see grow up and flourish,
And think as little of caressing them,
As they were things a deadly plague had smit.
There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,
As something they must lose, and richer were
To lack.

Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay!—when is that?

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance? Dare
They talk of that?

Tell. Ay, and expect it, too.

Ges. From whence?

Tell. From Heaven!

Ges. From Heaven?

Tell. And the true hands
Are lifted up to it, on every hill,
For justice on thee.

LESSON CLXIX.

Grandeur of Astronomical Science.—N. A. REVIEW.

ASTRONOMY is certainly the boldest and most comprehensive of all our speculations. It is the science of the material universe considered as a whole. Though employed upon objects apparently withdrawn from the sphere of human action and pursuit, it teaches us, nevertheless, that these

objects materially affect, nay, constitute our physical condition. The wide-spreading firmament, while it lifts itself above all mortal things, exhibits to us that luminary, which is the light, and life, and glory of our world; and, when this retires from our view, it is lighted up with a thousand lesser fires, that never cease to burn, that never fail to take their accustomed places, and never rest from their slow, solemn, and noiseless march.

Among the objects more immediately about us, all is vicissitude and change. It is the destiny of terrestrial things to perpetuate themselves by succession. Plants arise out of the earth, flourish awhile, and decay, and their place is filled by others. Animals, also, have their periods of growth and decline. Even man is not exempt from the general law. His exquisite frame, with all its fine organs, is soon reduced to its original elements, to be moulded again into new and humbler forms. Nations are, like individuals, privileged only with a more protracted existence. The firm earth itself, the theatre of all this change, partakes, in a degree, of the common lot of its inhabitants; and the sea once heaved its waves, where now rolls a tide of wealth and population.

Situated, as we are, in this fleeting, fluctuating state, it is consoling to be able to dwell upon an enduring scene; to contemplate laws that are immutable, an order that has never been interrupted; to fix, not the thoughts only, but the eye, upon objects that, after the lapse of so many ages, and the fall of so many states, cities, human institutions, and monuments of art, continue to occupy the same places, to move with the same regularity, and to shine with the same pure, fresh, undiminished lustre.

As the heavens are the most striking spectacle, that presents itself to our contemplation, so there is no subject of philosophical inquiry, which has more engaged the attention of mankind. The history of astronomy carries us back to the earliest times, and introduces us to the languages and customs, the religion and poetry, the sciences and arts, the tastes, talents and peculiar genius, of the different nations of the earth. The ancient Atlantides and Ethiopians, the Egyptian priests, the magi of Persia, the shepherds of Chaldaea, the Bramins of India, the mandarins of China, the Phœnician navigators, the philosophers of Greece, and the

wandering Arabs, have contributed to the general mass of knowledge and speculation upon this subject ; have added more or less to this vast structure, the common monument of the industry, invention, and intellectual resources of mankind.

They, whose imaginations have wandered up to the sphere of the stars, like those who have visited unfrequented regions on the earth, have left there, as in a sort of album, some memorial of themselves, and of the times in which they lived. The constellations are a faithful picture of the ruder stages of civilization. They ascend to times of which no other record exists, and are destined to remain when all others are lost. Fragments of history, curious dates and documents relating to chronology, geography and languages, are here preserved in imperishable characters. The adventures of the gods and the inventions of men, the exploits of heroes and the fancies of poets, are here perpetually celebrated before all nations. The seven stars and Orion present themselves to us, as they appeared to Amos and Homer. Here are consecrated the lyre of Orpheus and the ship of the Argonauts, and, in the same firmament, the mariner's compass and the telescope of Herschel.

We remark, farther, that astronomy is the most improved of all the branches of human knowledge, and that which does the greatest credit to the human understanding. We have in this obtained the object of our researches. We have solved the great problem proposed to us in the celestial motions ; and our solution is as simple and as grand as the spectacle itself, and is in every respect worthy of so exalted a subject. It is not the astronomer only, who is thus satisfied ; but the proof is of a nature to carry conviction to the most illiterate and skeptical. Our knowledge, extending to the principles and laws which the Author of nature has chosen to impress upon his work, comprehends the future ; it resembles that which has been regarded as the exclusive attribute of supreme intelligence. We are thus enabled, not only to explain those unusual appearances in the heavens, which were formerly the occasion of such unworthy fears, but to forewarn men of their occurrence ; and, by predicting the time, place and circumstances of the phenomenon, to disarm it of its terror.

There is, however, nothing, perhaps, so surprising in this science, as that it makes us acquainted with methods, by which we can survey those bright fields on which it is employed, and apply our own familiar measures to the paths which are there traced, and to the bodies that trace them; that we can estimate the form, and dimensions, and inequalities, of objects so immense, and so far removed from the little scene of our labors.

What would be the astonishment of an inhabitant of one of those bodies, of Jupiter, for instance, to find that, by means of instruments of a few feet in length, and certain figures and characters, still smaller, all of our own invention, we had succeeded in determining the magnitude and weight of this great planet, the length of its days and nights, and the variety of its seasons,—that we had watched the motions of its moons, calculated their eclipses, and applied them to important domestic purposes? What would be our astonishment to learn that an insect, one of those, for instance, which serve sometimes to illuminate the waters of the ocean, though confined by the exercise of its proper organs, and locomotive powers, to the sphere of a few inches, had, by artificial aids of its own contriving, been able to extend its sphere of observation to the huge monsters that move about it; that it had even attempted, not altogether without success, to fathom the depth of the abyss, in which it occupies so insignificant a place, and to number the beings it contains?



LESSON CLXX.

Escape from a Panther.—COOPER.

ELIZABETH TEMPLE and LOUISA had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course, under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation,

as if by mutual consent, was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly startled, and exclaimed—"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer, starving on the hill."

Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—"Look at the dog!"

The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?"

At the sounds of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally

giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward, with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

"Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice.

"Courage, Brave!" she cried—her own tones beginning to tremble—"courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling, that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time, Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at

each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks and growls. Miss Temple continued, on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe, at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her talons, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog—who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her—from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment, only, could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort. But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty

efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog, followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded, announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not, move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer; but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gall; your bunnet hides the creater's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature, than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant, the form of the Leather-stocking rushed by her; and he called aloud—"Come in, Hector; come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens, most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his

rifle was again loaded ; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

LESSON CLXXI.

Order of Nature.—POPE.

SEE, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
Vast chain of being, which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect—what no eye can see,
No glass can reach—from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing ! On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed ;
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole, must fall.
Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns rush lawless through the sky ;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world,
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God !
All this dread order break ? For whom ? For thee,
Vile worm !—O madness ! pride ! impiety !

What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspire to be the head ?

What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame ;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame ;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart :
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all.

Cease, then, nor Order Imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit !—in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blessed as thou canst bear ;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good :
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—"Whatever *is*, is *right*."

LESSON CLXXII.

A Sister pleading for the Life of a condemned Brother.—

SHAKSPEARE.

Isabella. I AM a woful suitor to your honor ;
Please but your honor hear me.

Angelo. Well ; what's your suit ?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die ;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done ;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law !
I *had* a brother, then ;—must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would ?

Ang. Look ; what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse,
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenced : 'tis too late.

Isab. Too late ? Why, no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again : well believe this,
No ceremony that to the great belongs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,

And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel ; should it then be thus ?
No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words

Isab. Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once :
And He, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? Oh, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid ;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow ? oh ! that's sudden. Spare him, spare
him.

Good, good my lord, bethink you :
Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
There's many hath committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept ;
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe,
Had answered for his deed. Now, 'tis awake
Takes note of what is done ; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees ;
But ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall ;

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence ;
And he, that suffers : oh ! 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—Merciful Heaven !
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulph'rous bolt
Splittest the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle : Oh, but man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.
We cannot weigh our brother with yourself :
Great men may jest with saints,—'tis wit in them ;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top : go to your bosom ;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault ; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, 'tis such sense,
That my sense bleeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me ; come again to-morrow

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How ! bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with
you.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,

That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise ; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to-morrow.

Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe.

LESSON CLXXIII.

The Passions.—An Ode.—COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined :
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard, apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid ;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed : his eyes, on fire,
In lightning owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woful measures, wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled—
A solemn, strange, and mingled air—
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song:
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft, responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung; but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat:
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his
head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state:
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:
And now it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;

And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound :
Through glades and glooms, the mingled measures stole,
Or, o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,)
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness—a nymph of healthiest hue—
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung !—
The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known.
The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :—
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing :
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay, fantastic round,
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,)
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

LESSON CLXXIV.

Indolence and Intellectual Dissipation.—WIRT.

WHEREVER I see the native bloom of health and the genuine smile of content, I mark down the character as industrious and virtuous ; and I never yet failed to have the prepossession confirmed on inquiry. So, on the other hand, wherever I see pale, repining and languid discontent, and hear complaints uttered against the hard lot of humanity, my first impression is, that the character from whom they proceed is indolent, or vicious, or both ; and I have not often had occasion to retract the opinion.

There is, indeed, a class of characters, rather indolent than vicious, who are really to be pitied ; whose innocent and captivating amusements, becoming at length their sole pursuits, tend only to whet their sensibility to misfortunes, which they contribute to bring on ; and to form pictures of life so highly aggravated, as to render life itself stale and flat.

In this class of victims to a busy indolence, next to those who devote their whole lives to the unprofitable business of writing works of imagination, are those who spend the whole of theirs in reading them. There are several men and women of this description, in the circle of my acquaintance ; persons, whose misfortune it is to be released from the salutary necessity of supporting themselves by their own exertions, and who vainly seek for happiness in intellectual dissipation.

Bianca is one of the finest girls in the whole round of my acquaintance, and is now one of the happiest. But when I first became acquainted with her, which was about three years ago, she was an object of pity : pale, emaciated, nervous and hysterical, at the early age of seventeen, the days had already come, when she could truly say, she had no pleasure in them. She confessed to me, that she had lain on her bed, day after day, for months together, reading, or rather devouring, with a kind of morbid appetite, every novel that she could lay her hands on—without any pause between them, without any rumination, so that the incidents were all

conglomerated and confounded in her memory. She had not drawn from them all a single useful maxim for the conduct of life ; but, calculating on the fairy world, which her authors had depicted to her, she was reserving all her address and all her powers for incidents that would never occur, and characters that would never appear.

I advised her immediately to change her plan of life ; to take the whole charge of her mother's household upon herself ; to adopt a system in the management of it, and adhere to it rigidly ; to regard it as her business exclusively, and make herself responsible for it ; and then, if she had time for it, to read authentic history, which would show her the world as it really was ; and not to read rapidly and superficially, with a view merely to feast on the novelty and variety of events, but deliberately and studiously, with her pen in her hand, and her note-book by her side, extracting, as she went along, not only every prominent event, with its date and circumstances, but every elegant and judicious reflection of the author, so as to form a little book of practical wisdom for herself. She followed my advice, and, when I went to see her again, six months afterwards, Bianca had regained all the symmetry and beauty of her form ; the vernal rose bloomed again on her cheeks, the starry radiance shot from her eyes ; and, with a smile which came directly from her heart, and spoke her gratitude more exquisitely than words, she gave me her hand, and bade me welcome.

In short, the divine denunciation, that *in the sweat of his brow man should earn his food*, is guarantied so effectually, that labor is indispensable to his peace. It is the part of wisdom, to adapt ourselves to the state of being in which we are placed ; and, since here we find that business and industry are as certainly the pledges of peace and virtue, as vacancy and indolence are of vice and sorrow, let every one do, what is easily in his power—create a business, even where fortune may have made it unnecessary, and pursue that business with all the ardor and perseverance of the direst necessity : so shall we see our country as far excelling others in health, contentment and virtue, as it now surpasses them in liberty and tranquillity.

LESSON CLXXV.

Darkness.—BYRON.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;
Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light :
And they did live by watch-fires ; and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,—
Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face :
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes and their mountain torch.

A fearful hope was all the world contained :
Forests were set on fire ; but, hour by hour,
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
And hid their eyes, and wept ; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world ; and then again,
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth and howled. The wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings : the wildest brutes

Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again—a meal was bought
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,
Immediate and inglorious ; and men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh :
The meagre by the meagre were devoured ;
Even dogs assailed their masters—all, save one
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men, at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,
But, with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick, desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answered not with a caress—he died.

The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies ; they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,
And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written *fend*. The world was void ;
The populous and the powerful was a lump—
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes and ocean, all stood still,

And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped,
They slept on the abyss without a surge :
The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave ;
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished ; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them ; she was the universe.



LESSON CLXXVI.

The Tiger's Cave :—An Adventure among the Mountains of Quito.—EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.

[Translated from the Danish of ELMQUEST, and the German of DORING.]

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base ; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The thunder began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning ; flash following flash—above, around, beneath,—every where a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and, with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge, was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us ; and we were

debating as to the propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously ; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded.

They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise ; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green color ; strong claws were upon their feet ; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, " We have come into the den of a — " He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, " A tiger ! a tiger ! " and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession ; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength ; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if he reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay.

There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by his glowing eyes, which he rolled glaring with fury upon us. His frightful roar-

ing, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance, but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet.

"All is now over," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which, for the moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave; I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, which had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner; then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl.

Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity, to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in

the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having, at length, succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them ; and, before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears.



LESSON CLXXVII.

The same,—concluded.

THE thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale ; the songs of birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw, through the aperture, how all nature was reviving, after the wild war of elements, which had so recently taken place ; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave, from which there was no deliverance ; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength ; and his limbs, being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once, another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new

danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward, with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased.

Our Indians descended from their tree, and called upon us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves, by instant flight; for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were, no doubt, acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees, with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our

way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side.

Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety ; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest ; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock.

He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the farther progress of our pursuers ; but he was mistaken ; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended, for a moment, in the air, above the abyss ; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance : she fell into the gulf, and, before she reached the bottom, she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion ; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws ; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost.

But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and, with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still pre-

served his fortitude ; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while, with his right, he wrenched and violently turned the sword, that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank and myself, hastened to his assistance ; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss.



LESSON CLXXVIII.

The Sword.—MISS LONDON.

'T WAS the battle field ; and the cold, pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying ;
And the wind passed o'er, with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief ; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, mid death and doom,
Passed a soldier, his plunder seeking ;
Careless he stepped where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it ;
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his noble heart
Took part with the dead before him ;
And he honored the brave who died sword in hand
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it ;
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee ;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
Where his warrior foe was sleeping ;
And he laid him there, in honor and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping.

LESSON CLXXIX.

Address to the Deity.—MRS. BARBAULD.

God of my life, and Author of my days,
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise,
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallowed name, to harps of seraphs sung :
Yet here the brightest seraphs could no more
Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in every different sphere,
Are equal all ; for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which nature's works, through all their parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness through my soul :
As by a charm, the waves of grief subside ;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide.
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace ;
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes ;

Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclined ;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye ;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give ;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live ;
From each terrestrial bondage set me free ;
Still every wish that centres not in thee ;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flowery meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,—
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart, “ Beware !”
With caution let me hear the Siren's voice,
And, doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If, friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,—
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee ;
With equal eye, my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazoned high,
 With golden letters, on the illumined sky ;
 Nor less the mystic characters I see
 Wrought in each flower, inscribed on every tree :
 In every leaf, that trembles to the breeze,
 I hear the voice of God among the trees.
 With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
 With thee in busy, crowded cities talk ;
 In every creature own thy forming power,
 In each event thy providence adore :
 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
 Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
 Thus shall I rest unmoved by all alarms,
 Secure within the temple of thine arms,
 From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
 And feel myself omnipotent in thee.
 Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
 And earth recedes before my swimming eye ;
 When, trembling, on the doubtful edge of fate
 I stand, and stretch my view to either state ;—
 Teach me to quit this transitory scene
 With decent triumph, and a look serene ;
 Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
 And, having lived to thee, in thee to die.



LESSON CLXXX.

God.—BOWRING.

[Translated from the Russian of DERZHAVIN.]

O THOU Eternal One ! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide ;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight ;
 Thou only God ! There is no God beside !
 Being above all beings ! Mighty One !
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore ;
 Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone :
 Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
 Being, whom we call GOD!—and know no mor ,

In its sublime research, philosophy

May measure out the ocean-deep ; may count
The sands, or the sun's rays ; but, God ! for thee

There is no weight nor measure :—none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,

Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark ;

And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call

First chaos, then existence. Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundation : all

Sprung forth from thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin ;—all life, all beauty thine.

Thy word created all, and doth create ;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.

Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious ! great !
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate !

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround ;

Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath.

Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,

And beautifully mingled life and death.

As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee ;

And, as the spangles in the sunny rays

Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,

Wander unwearied through the blue abyss :

They own thy power, accomplish thy command,

All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them ? Piles of crystal light ?

A glorious company of golden streams ?

Lamps of celestial ether burning bright ?

Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams ?

But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes ; as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost :
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee ?
And what am *I*, then ? Heaven's unnumbered host,—
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,—
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness ; is a cipher brought
Against infinity ! Oh ! what am I then ?—Nought !

Nought ! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too ;
Yes ; in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.
Nought ! But I live, and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager, towards thy presence ; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell ; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God ; and surely *thou* must be !

Thou art ! directing, guiding all, thou art !
Direct my understanding, then, to thee ;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart :
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand !
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land !

The chain of being is complete in me ;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity !
I can command the lightning, and am dust !
A monarch, and a slave ; a worm, a god !
Whence came I here, and how so marvellously
Constructed and conceived ? unknown ! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy ;
For, from itself alone, it could not be !

Creator, yes; thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou Source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its Source—to thee—its Author, there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blessed!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God, thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence, Being wise and good;
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

LESSON CLXXXI.

Scene from "The Vespers of Palermo :"—Eribert and Constance.—MRS. HEMANS.

Constance. WILL you not hear me?—Oh! that they who
need

Hourly forgiveness, they who do but live,
While Mercy's voice, beyond the eternal stars,
Wins the great Judge to listen, should be thus,
In their vain exercise of pageant power,
Hard and relentless!—Gentle brother, yet
'Tis in your choice to imitate that Heaven,
Whose noblest joy is pardon.

Eribert. 'Tis too late.

You have a soft and moving voice, which pleads
With eloquent melody;—but they must die.

Constance. What, die!—for words?—for breath, which
leaves no trace

To sully the pure air, wherewith it blends,
And is, being uttered, gone?—Why, 'twere enough,
For such a venial fault, to be deprived
One little day of man's free heritage,
Heaven's warm and sunny light!—Oh! if you deem
That evil harbors in their souls, at least
Delay the stroke, till guilt, made manifest,
Shall bid stern Justice wake.

Eribert. I am not one
Of those weak spirits, that timorously keep watch
For fair occasions, thence to borrow hues
Of virtue for their deeds. My school hath been
Where power sits crowned and armed.—And mark me, sister;
To a distrustful nature, it might seem
Strange, that your lips thus earnestly should plead
For these Sicilian rebels. O'er *my* being
Suspicion holds no power.—And yet take note.
—I have said, and they must die.

Constance. Have you no fear?

Eribert. Of what?—that heaven should fall?

Constance. No; but that earth
Should arm in madness. Brother, I have seen
Dark eyes bent on you, e'en midst festal throngs,
With such deep hatred settled in their glance,
My heart hath died within me.

Eribert. Am I then
To pause, and doubt, and shrink, because a girl,
A dreaming girl, hath trembled at a look?

Constance. Oh! looks are no illusions, when the soul,
Which may not speak in words, can find no way
But theirs, to liberty! Have not these men
Brave sons, or noble brothers?

Eribert. Yes; whose name
It rests with me to make a word of fear,
A sound forbidden midst the haunts of men.

Constance. But not forgotten!—Ah! beware, beware!—
Nay, look not sternly on me.—There is one
Of that devoted band, who yet will need
Years to be ripe for death. He is a youth,
A very boy, on whose unshaded cheek

The spring-time glow is lingering. 'Twas but now
 His mother left me, with a timid hope
 Just dawning in her breast;—and I—I dared
 To foster its faint spark.—You smile!—Oh! then
 He will be saved!

Eribert. Nay, I but smiled to think
 What a fond fool is hope! She may be taught
 To deem that the great sun will change his course
 To work her pleasure, or the tomb give back
 Its inmates to her arms. In sooth, 'tis strange!
 Yet, with your pitying heart, you should not thus
 Have mocked the boy's sad mother—I have said,
 You should not thus have *mocked* her!—Now, farewell.

Constance. Oh, brother! hard of heart! for deeds like
 these
 There must be fearful chāstening, if, on high,
 Justice doth hold her state. And I must tell
 Yon desolate mother, that her fair young son
 Is thus to perish!—Haply the dread tale
 May slay *her* too; for Heaven is merciful.—
 'Twill be a bitter task!



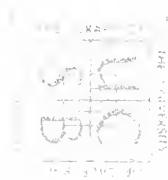
LESSON CLXXXII.

Address to Light.—MILTON.

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of Heaven first born,
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and, at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.

————— Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign, vital lamp; but thou
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old,
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind, through all her powers,
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.





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